
The Key to the Rehearsal.


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The DRAMATICK

WORKS

Of his GRACE

George Villiers,

Late Duke of

BUCKINGHAM.

VOL. II.

VIZ.

A Key to the Rehearsal: Or, a critical View of the Authors exposed in that Play

The Rehearsal: A Comedy Acted at the *Theatre Royal*, by Her Majesty's Servants.

The Chances: A Comedy Acted by Her Majesty's Servants, at the *Theatre-Royal*

A Conference on the Doctrine of *Transubstantiation*, between the *Duke* and an *Irish Priest*.

WITH HIS

Miscellaneous POEMS, ESSAYS and LETTERS.

Adorn'd with Cuts.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Briscoe*, *Rich. Wellington*, *George Strahan*, *Ralph Smith*, and *Jonas Brown*. 1715.

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THE CONTENTS.

Dramatick Works.

LETTERS.

Poems on ſeveral Occaſions.

A further Collection of the most remarkable Speeches in both Houses of Parliament. From the Year 1640. to this present Time.

The End of the Contents.

A Key

A

Key to the Rehearsal:

OR A

Critical View

OF THE

AUTHORS,

AND

Their Writings,

That are expos'd in that Celebrated PLAY.

Written by His Grace, GEORGE, *Late Duke of* Buckingham.

LONDON,

Printed for S. BRISCOE, MDCCXIV.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THOU can'ſt not be ignorant, That the Town has had an eager Expectation of a *Key* to the *Rehearſal*, ever ſince it firſt appear'd in Print; and none has more earneſtly deſir'd it, than my ſelf, tho' in vain: 'Till lately, a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, recommended me to a Perſon, whom he believ'd, cou'd give me a further Light into this Matter, than I had hitherto met with from any Hand.

In a ſhort Time I trac'd him out; and when I had found him, he appear'd ſuch a Poſitive, Dogmatical Spark, that I began to repent of my Trouble, in ſearching after him.

It was my Misfortune over a Pot of Beer, to begin a ſhort Diſcourſe of the *Modern Poets* and *Actors*; and immediately he fell into a great Paſſion, and ſwore, That there were very few Perſons now Living, which deſerv'd the Name of a *good Dramatick Poet*, or a *Natural Actor*; and declaim'd againſt the preſent Practice of the *Engliſh* Stage, with much Violence, ſaying, he believ'd the two *Companies* were joyn'd in a *Confederacy* againſt *Smithfield*, and reſolv'd to ruin their *Fair*, by out-doing them in their Bumbaſtick Bills, and ridiculous repreſenting their Plays; adding, That he hoped e're long Mr. *Collier*, and others wou'd write them down to the Devil. At the ſame time, he cou'd not forbear to extol the excellent Decorum, and Action of former Years: And magnify'd the Poets of the laſt Age; eſpecially *Johnſon*, *Shakeſpear* and *Beaumont*.

I bore all this with tolerable Patience; knowing it to be too common with *Old Men*, to commend the *paſt Age*, and rail at the Preſent; and ſo took my Leave of him for that Time, with an Intent never to trouble him more; and without Acquainting him with my Buſineſs.

When next I ſaw the Gentleman, my Friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertain'd by his *Cynical* Acquaintance. He laugh'd, but bid me not be diſcourag'd; ſaying, that Fit of Railing

Railing wou'd ſoon have been over; and when his juſt Indignation had ſpent it ſelf, you might have imparted your Buſineſs to him, and receiv'd a more ſatisfactory Account. However (ſaid he) go to him again from me; take him to the Tavern, and mollify his Aſperity with a Bottle; thwart not his Diſcourſe, but give him his own Way, and I'll warrant you he'll open his *Budget*, and ſatisfy your Expectation.

I follow'd my Friend's Directions; and found the Event anſwerable to his Prediction.

Not long after, I met him in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and carry'd him to the *Old Devil*; and e're we had empty'd One Bottle I found him of a quite different Humour, from what I left him in the Time before: He appear'd in his Diſcourſe, to be a very Honeſt true *Engliſh-Man*; a hearty Lover of his Country, and the Government thereof, both in *Church* and *State*, a Loyal Subject to his Sovereign; an Enemy to *Popery* and *Tyranny*; *Idolatry* and *Superſtition*; *Antimonarchical Government* and *Confuſion*; *Irreligion* and *Enthuſiaſm*. In ſhort, I found him a Perſon of a competent Knowledge in the Affair I went to him about, and one who underſtood the *Engliſh* Stage very well; and tho' ſomewhat Poſitive; as I ſaid before, yet I obſerv'd, he always took Care to have *Truth* on his Side, before he

Affirm'd, or Deny'd any Thing with more than ordinary Heat; and when he was ſo guarded, he was Immoveable.

When I had diſcover'd thus much, and call'd for the Second Bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the Cauſe of my Addreſſing to him. He deſir'd my Patience 'till he ſtept to his Lodgings, which were near the Tavern; and after a ſhort Space he return'd, and brought with him the *Papers*, which contain the following Notes.

When he had read them to me; I lik'd them ſo well, that I deſir'd the Printing of them, provided they were *Genuine*; he aſſur'd me they were, and told me farther:

That, while this *Farce* was Compoſing, and Altering, he had frequent Occaſions of being with the *Author*, of peruſing his Papers, and hearing him diſcourſe of the ſeveral *Plays* he expos'd, and their *Authors*: Inſomuch, that few Perſons had the like Opportunities of knowing his true Meaning, as he himſelf had.

If any other Perſons had known the Author's Mind ſo exactly, in all the ſeveral Particulars, 'tis more than probable, they wou'd have been made Publick before now; but nothing of this Nature having appear'd theſe *Two* and *Thirty* Years; (for ſo long has this *Farce* flouriſh'd in Print:) We may reaſonably, and ſafely conclude, that there is

no

no other ſuch like Copy in being; and that theſe Remarks are *Genuine*, and taken from the great Perſon's own Mouth, and Papers.

I was very well ſatisfy'd with this Account, and more deſirous to Print it, than ever; only I told him, I thought it wou'd be very advantageous to the Sale of theſe *Annotations*, to have a *Preface* to them, under the Name of him, who was ſo well acquainted with the *Author*; but could not, by all the Arguments I was Maſter of, obtain his Conſent; tho' we debated the Point a pretty while.

He alledg'd for his Excuſe, that ſuch an Undertaking would be very improper for him, becauſe he ſhould be forc'd to name ſeveral Perſons, and ſome of *great Families*, to whom he had been oblig'd; and he was very unwilling to offend any Perſon of Quality, or run the Hazard of making ſuch who are, or may be his *Friends*, become his *Enemies*; tho' he ſhou'd only act the Part of an Hiſtorian; barely reciting the Words he heard from our Author.

However, ſaid he, if you think a Preface of ſuch abſolute Neceſſity, you may eaſily recollect Matter enough from the Diſcourſe which had paſs'd between us, on this Subject, to enable your ſelf, or any other for you to write one; eſpecially if you conſi-

der, there are but two Topicks to be insisted on.

1. To give the Reader an Account of the Writer of this Farce.

2. The Motives which induc'd him to Compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he, but if you desire any further Direction in this Matter, meet me here to Morrow Night, and I will Discourse more particularly on those two Heads, and then take my Leave of you; wishing you good Success with your Preface, and that your *Key* may prove a *Golden One.*

Now, *Kind Reader*, having receiv'd all the Instructions I could gain from my Resolute Spark, at our several Meetings, I must stand on my own Legs, and turn *Prefacer*, tho' against my Will: And thus I set out.

1. To tell thee, what all Persons, who are any Thing acquainted with the Stage, know already; *viz.* That this *Farce* was wrote by the most Noble *George Villiers*, Late Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. A Person of a great Deal of Natural Wit and Ingenuity, and of excellent Judgment, particularly in Matters of this Nature; his forward Genius was improv'd by a Liberal Education,

tion, and the Converſation of the greateſt Perſons in his Time: And all theſe cultivated, and improv'd by STUDY and TRAVEL.

By the *former*, he became well acquainted with the *Writings* of the moſt Celebrated Poets of the Late Age; *viz. Shakeſpear*, *Beaumont*, and *Johnſon*, (the Laſt of whom he knew Perſonally, being thirteen Years Old when he dy'd) as alſo with the Famous Company of Actors at *Black-Fryars*, whom he always admir'd.

He was likewiſe very intimate with the Poets of his Time, as Sir *John Denham*, Sir *John Suckling*, the Lord *Falkland*, Mr. *Sidney Godolphin*, (a near Relation to the Late Lord High Treaſurer of *England*, the GLORY of that Ancient Family,) Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*; on the laſt of whom he beſtow'd a Gentile Annuity during his Life; and a Noble Monument in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, after his Deceaſe.

By *Travel* he had the Opportunity of obſerving the Decorum of *Foreign*-Theatres, eſpecially the *French*, under the Regulation of Monſieur *Corneille*, before it was ſo far *Italianated*, and over-run with *Opera* and *Farce*, as now it is; and before the Venom thereof had croſs'd the narrow Seas, and poyſoned the *Engliſh*-Stage: We being naturally prone to Imitate the *French* in their Faſhions, Manners, and Cuſtoms, let 'em be

be never ſo Vitious, Fantaſtick, or Ridiculous.

By what has been ſaid on this Head, I hope thou art fully ſatisfy'd who was the *Author* of this Piece, which the Learned and Judicious Dr. *Burnet* (now Biſhop of *Sarum*) calls a *Correction*, and an *Unmerciful Expoſing*; and I believe, thou haſt as little Cauſe to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this Great Perſon been indu'd with *Conſtancy* and *Steadineſs* of Mind, equal to his other *Abilities*, both Natural and Acquir'd, he had been the moſt Compleat Gentleman in his Time.

I ſhall proceed, *Secondly*, to ſhow

2. The *Motives* which induc'd him to undertake it.

The *Civil-War* ſilenc'd the *Stage* for almoſt Twenty Years, tho' not near ſo Leud then, as it is ſince grown; and it had been happy for *England*, if this had been the worſt Effect of that WAR. The many *Changes* of *Government*, that ſucceeded the Diſſolution of the *Ancient Conſtitution*, made the People very Uneaſy, and unanimouſly Deſirous of its *Reſtitution*; which was effected by a Free Parliament, in the Year 1660.

This ſudden *Revolution*, which is beſt known by the Name of the *Reſtauration*, brought

brought with it many *ill Customs*, from the several Countries, to which the *King* and the *Cavaliers* were retir'd, during their Exile, which prov'd very pernicious to our *English Constitution*, by Corrupting our *Morals*; and to which the Reviving the *Stage*, and bringing Women on't, and Encouraging and Applauding the many Leud, Senseless, and Unnatural Plays, that ensu'd upon this great *Change*, did very much Contribute.

Then appear'd such Plays as these, *The Siege of* Rhodes, *Part* 1. Acted at the *Cock-Pit*, before the *Restauration*; The *Play-House to be Lett*; The *Slighted Maid*; The *United Kingdoms*; The *Wild Gallant*; The *English Monsieur*; The *Villain*; and the like.

You will meet with several Passages out of all these, except the *United Kingdoms*, (which was never Printed) in the following Notes; as you will find out of several other Plays, which are here omitted.

Our *most Noble Author*, to manifest his just Indignation, and Hatred of this Fulsom New-way of Writing, us'd his utmost Interest and Endeavours to stifle it at its first Appearing on the Stage, by Engaging all his Friends to Explode, and Run down these Plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his Life in Danger.

The

The Author of it being Nobly born, of an Ancient and Numerous Family, had many of his Relations and Friends in the *Cock-Pit*, during the Acting it; some of 'em perceiving his *Grace* to head a Party, who were very active in Damning the Play, by Hissing and Laughing immoderately at the strange Conduct thereof; there were Persons laid wait for him as he came out; but there being a great Tumult and Uproar in the House, and the Passages near it, he escap'd: But he was threaten'd hard; however the Business was compos'd in a short Time, tho' by what Means I have not been inform'd.

After this, our *Author* endeavour'd by Writing, to expose the *Follies* of these New-fashion'd Plays in their proper Colours, and to set them in so clear a Light, that the People might be able to discover what *Trash* it was, of which they were so fond; as he plainly hints in the *Prologue*. And so set himself to the Composing of this *Farce*.

When his *Grace* began it, I cou'd never learn; nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the Editions of the *Plays* reflected on in it, that it was before the End of 1663, and finish'd before the End of 1664; because it had been several Times *Rehears'd*, the *Players* were perfect in their Parts, and all Things in Readiness for its Acting, before the *Great Plague* 1665; and that then prevented it.

But

But what was so ready for the Stage, and so near being Acted, at the Breaking out of that *Terrible Sickness*, was very different from what you have since seen in Print. In that he call'd his Poet *Bilboa*; by which Name the Town generally understood Sir *Robert Howard* to be the Person pointed at; besides there were very few of this New Sort of Plays then extant, except these beforemention'd, at that Time; and more than were in Being cou'd not be Ridicul'd.

The Acting of this *Farce* being thus hinder'd, it was laid by for several Years, and came not on the Publick Theatre, till the Year 1671.

During this Interval many great Plays came forth, writ in Heroick Rhyme; and on the Death of Sir *William D'Avenant* 1669, Mr. *Dryden*, a new *Laureat*, appear'd on the Stage, much admir'd, and highly Applauded; which mov'd the Duke to change the Name of his Poet from *Bilboa*, to *Bayes*, whose Works you will find often mention'd in the following *Key*.

Thus far, *Kind Reader*, I have follow'd the Direction of my New Acquaintance, to the utmost Extent of my Memory, without Transgressing the Bounds he Assign'd me, and am free from any Fear of having displeas'd him: I wish I cou'd justly say as much, with Relation to the Offences I have committed against your self, and all Judi-

Judicious Perſons, who ſhall peruſe this poor Addreſs.

I have nothing to ſay in my own Defence; I plead Guilty, and throw my ſelf at your Feet, and beg for Mercy; and not without Hope, ſince what I have here writ, did not proceed from the leaſt Malice in me, to any Perſon or Family in the World; but from an honeſt Deſign to enable the meaneſt Readers to underſtand all the Paſſages of this *Farce*, that it may ſell the better.

I am

With all Submiſſion,

Your moſt Obliged,

Humble Servant,

Plays

Plays nam'd in this KEY.

I. THE Loſt Lady: *By* Sir *William Barcley.*

II. Love *and* Honour: *By* Sir *William D'Avenant.*

III. Love *and* Friendſhip. } *By* Sir *William Killigrew:*

IV. *Pandora.* }

V. Siege of *Rhodes.* Part I. *By* Sir *William D'Avenant.*

VI. Play-Houſe to be Lett: *By* Col. *Henry Howard.*

VII. United Kingdoms.

VIII. Slighted Maid: *By* Sir *Robert Stapleton.*

IX. Wild Gallant: *By* Mr. *Dryden.*

X. *Engliſh*

X. *Engliſh* Monſieur : *By* Mr. *James Howard.*

XI. The Villain: *By* Major *Tho. Porter.*

XII. The *Prologue* to the *Maiden Queen* : *By* Mr. *Dryden.*

XIII. The Amorous Prince: *By* Mrs. *Behn.*

XIV. Tyrannick Love *and* Prologue : *By* Mr. *Dryden.*

XV. Granada : II Parts. *By* Mr. *Dryden.*

XVI. Marriage Al-a-mode : *By* Mr. *Dryden.*

XVII. Love in a Nunnery : *By* Mr *Dryden.*

THE

Second Volume

OF THE

WORKS

OF

GEORGE VILLIERS,

Late Duke of *Buckingham.*

THE

Key to the Rehearſal:

ACT the Firſt.

(a) *Note* 1. *REHEARSAL, p.* 35.

BAyes. *In fine, it ſhall Read, and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Shew; Ay, and Pit, Box, and Gallery it, I Gad, with any Play in* Europe.

The uſual Language of the Honourable *EDWARD HOWARD*, Eſq; at the Rehearſal of his Plays.

(b) *Note* 2. *REHEARSAL*, *p.* 36.

Bayes. *Theſe my Rules.*

He who Writ this, not without Pain and Thought,

From *French* and *Engliſh* Theaters, has brought

The Exacteſt Rules, by which a Play is wrought.

The Unity of Action, Place, and Time;

The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled Chime

Of *Johnſon*'s Humour, with *Corneille*'s Rhime.

Prologue to the Maiden Queen.

(c) *Note* 3. *p.* 39.

Bayes. *I writ that Part only for her. You muſt know She is my Miſtreſs.*

The Part of *Amaryllis* was Acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves*, who, at that Time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*.

(d) *Note*

(d) *Note* 4. *p.* 40.

Two Kings of *Brentford*, ſuppoſed to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke.

See the *firſt Note* on the *Fourth Act.*

(e) *Note* 5. *p.* 4, 43.

See the two Prologues to the Maiden Queen.

I have printed above a hundred Sheets of Paper, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes.

There were printed Papers given the Audience, before the Acting the *Indian* Emperor; telling them, that it was the Sequel of the *Indian* Queen, Part of which Play was written by Mr. *Bayes*, &c.

Perſon. I Gad, I vow to Gad, and all that, is the conſtant Stile of *Failer* in the *Wild Gallant*; for which take this ſhort Speech, inſtead of many.

Note 7. *p.* 16.

Failer. *Really, Madam, I look upon you, as a Perſon of ſuch Worth, and all that, that I vow to Gad, I honour you of all Perſons in the World; and tho' I am a Perſon that am inconſiderable in the World, and all that, Madam, yet for a Perſon of your Worth and Excellency I would.*

Wild Gallant, *Page* 8.

(f) *Note* 8. *p.* 43.

Bayes. *No, Sir, there are certain Tyes upon me, that I cannot be diſengag'd from.*

He Contracted with the King's Company of *Actors* in the Year 1668. for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year.

(g) *Note* 9. *p.* 44.

So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and ſmell it gathering in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Cheſnut-Groves,
And there Conſummate their unfiniſh'd Loves:
Penſive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And Snore, and Gruntle to each others Moan.

In Ridicule of this,

So two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,
Look up, and ſee it gath'ring in the Sky;
Each calls his Mate to ſhelter in the Groves,
Leaving in Murmurs their unfiniſh'd Loves:

Pearch'd

Pearch'd on ſome dropping Branch, they ſit alone,

And Coo, and hearken to each others Moan.

Conqueſt of Granada. *Part* 2. *p.* 48.

(h) *Note* 10. *p.* 45.

I am the Evening dark as Night.

Slighted Maid. *p.* 48.

REHEARSAL.

Thun. *I am the bold* Thunder.

Light. *The brisk* Lightning, *I.*

(i) *Note* 11. *p.* 45.

Let the Men wear the Ditches.

Maids, look to their Breeches,

We'll ſcratch them with Briars and Thiſtles,

Ibid. p. 49.

(k) *Note* 12. *p.* 46.

Abraham Ivory had formerly been a conſiderable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards ſtupify'd himſelf ſo far, with drinking ſtrong Waters, that, before the firſt Acting of this *Farce*, he was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands; for which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Sallary.

ACT the Second.

(l) *Note* 1. *p.* 46.

I *Begin this Play with a Whiſper.* *Drake Sen.* Draw up our Men; and in low Whiſpers give our Orders out.

Play-Houſe to be lett, p. 100.

See the Amorous Prince, *Pag.* 20, 22, 39, 69. where you will find all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whiſpers.

(m) *Note* 2. *p.* 45.

Mr. *William Winterſhull* was a moſt Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the beſt Inſtructor of others: He dy'd in *July*, 1679.

(n) *Note* 3. *p.* 50.

Bayes. *If I am to write Familiar Things, as Sonnets.* See Note 6. *on* Act 3.

(o) *Note* 4. *p.* 50.

Take Snuff. He was a great Taker of Snuff; and made moſt of it himſelf.

(o) *Note*

(p) *Note* 5. *p.* 52.

Prince Pretty-Man *comes in, and falls aſleep making Love to his Miſtreſs.*

The *loſt Lady* by Sir *Robert Stapleton.*

(q) *Note* 6. *p.* 53.

As ſome tall Pine, which we on *Ætna*, find

T'have ſtood the Rage of many a boiſt'rous Wind,

Feeling without, that Flames within do play,

Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;

He ſpreads his worſted Arms unto the Skies,

Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:

So, ſhrouded up, your bright Eye diſappears.

Break forth, bright, ſcorching Sun, and dry my Tears.

In Imitation of this Paſſage.

As ſome fair Tulip, by a Storm oppreſt,

Shrinks up, and folds its Silken Arms to reſt:

And bending to the Blaſt, all Pale, and Dead,

Hears from within the Wind ſing round its Head:

So ſhrouded up your Beauty diſappears;

Unveil, my Love, and lay aſide your Fears:

The Storm, that caus'd your Fright, is paſt and gone.

Conqueſt of Granada. *Part* 1. *p.* 55.

(r) *Note* 7. *p.* 57.

Bayes. *The whole State's.*

Such eaſy Turns of State are frequent in our Modern Plays; where we ſee Princes Dethron'd, and Governments Chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on ſlight Occaſions: Particularly, in *Marriage al-a-Mode*; a Play, writ ſince the firſt Publication of this Farce. Where (to paſs by the Dulneſs of the State-part, the Obſcurity of the Comic, the near Reſemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Pretty-Man*, being ſometime a King's Son, ſometimes a Shepherd's; and not to queſtion how *Amalthea* comes to be a Princeſs, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our While to obſerve, how eaſily the Fierce and Jealous Uſurper is Depos'd, and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne; as it is thus related by the ſaid Imaginary Princels.

Amalth.

Amalth. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have
Loyalty,

Or Courage, ſhow it now: *Leonidas*,

Broke on a ſudden from his Guards, and
ſnatching

A Sword from one, his Back againſt the Scaf-
fold,

Bravely defends himſelf; and owns aloud

He is our long loſt King, found for this Mo-
ment;

But, if your Valours help not, loſt for ever.

Two of his Guards, mov'd by the Senſe of
Virtue,

Are turn'd for him; and there they ſtand at
Bay,

Againſt a Hoſt of Foes.

Marriage al-a-Mode, p. 69.

This ſhows Mr. *Bayes* to be a Man of Conſtancy, and firm to his Reſolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own Method; Agreeable to what he ſays in the next Act.

As

As long as I know my Things are Good, what care I what they ſay?

(s) *Note* 8. *p.* 57.

Hey day! Hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay.

I know not what to ſay, or what to Think!
I know not when I ſleep, or when I Wake!

Love and Friendſhip, p. 46.

My Doubts and Fears my Reaſon do diſmay;
I know not what to Do, or what to Say.

Pandora, *p.* 46.

ACT

ACT the 3d, Sce. 1.

(t) *Note* 1. *p.* 60.

PRince *Pretty-man*, and *Tom. Thimble*, *Failer*, and *Bibber* his *Taylor*, in the *Wild Gallant*, Pag. 5, 6.

(u) *Note* 2. *p.* 61.

Bayes. *There's a Bob for the Court:*

Nay, if that be all, there's no ſuch Haſte. The Courtiers are not ſo forward to pay their Debts. *Wild Gallant*, *p.* 9.

(w) *Note* 3. *p.* 60.

Tom. Thim. *Ay, Sir, in your own Coin, you give me nothing but Words.*

Take a little *Bibber*,

And throw him in the River,

And if he will Truſt never,

Then there let him lye ever.

Bibber. Then ſay I,

Take a little *Failer*,

And

And throw him to the *Jaylor*,

And there let him lye

Till he has paid his Taylor.

Wild Gallant, *p.* 12.

(x) *Note* 4. *p.* 62.

Bayes. *Ay, 'tis pretty well; but he does not Top his Part.*

A great Word with Mr. *Edward Howard.*

(y) *Note* 5. *p.* 62.

Bayes. *As long as I know my Things are good, what care I.*

See the *7th* Note on the 2*d* Act.

(z) *Note* 6. *p.* 63.

Song. In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis ſafer to be,

Than in a ſtrong Caſtle remoted from thee:

My Death's Bruiſe pray think you gave me, tho' a Fall

Did give it more from the Top of a Wall:

For then if the Mote on her Mud wou'd firſt lay,

And after, before you my Body convey;

The

The blue on my Breaſt when you happen to ſee,

You'll ſay with a Sigh, there's a true blue for me.

In Imitation of this,

On Seas, and in Battels, through Bullets, and Fire,

The Danger is leſs, than in hopeleſs Deſire;

My Death's Wound you gave me, tho' far off I bear

My Fall from your Sight, not to coſt you a Tear:

But if the kind Flood on a Wave wou'd convey,

And under your Window my Body wou'd lay;

When the Wound on my Breaſt you happen to ſee,

You'll ſay with a Sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter Part of a Song, made by Mr. *Bayes* on the Death of Captain *Digby*, Son

Son of *George* Earl of *Briſtol*, who was a paſſionate Admirer of the Dutcheſs *Dowager* of *Richmond*, call'd by the Author, *Armida*; he loſt his Life in a Sea-Fight againſt the *Dutch*, the 28*th* of *May*, 1672.

(aa) *Note* 7. *p.* 63.

Johnſon. *Pit, Box and Gallery.* Mr. *Bayes.*

Mr. *Edward Howard*'s Words.

Enter *Cordelio.*

(bb) *Note* 8. *p.* 64.

Cordel. *My Liege, News from* Volſcius, *the Prince.*

Uſh. *His News is welcome whatſoe'r it be.*

Albert. Curtius. I've ſomething to deliver to your Ear.

Cur. Any Thing from *Alberto* is welcome.

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

(ee) *Note* 10. *p.* 69.

Volſc. Harry, my Boots; for I'll go range among

My Blades encamp'd, and quit the *Urban* Throng.

Let

Let my Horſes be brought ready to the Door, for I'll go out of Town this Evening.

Into the Country I'll with Speed,

With Hounds and Hawks my Fancy feed, *&c.*

Now I'll away a Country Life

Shall be my Miſtreſs, and my Wife.

Engliſh Monſieur, *p.* 36, 38, 39.

(dd) *Note* 11. *p.* 70.
Fair Madam, give me Leave to ask her Name.

And what's this Maid's Name? *Ibid. p.* 40.

(ee) *Note* 12. *p.* 70.
Thou bring'ſt the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Siege of Rhodes, *Part* 1. *p.* 10.

(ff) *Note* 13. *p.* 70.
Ama. *How! Prince* Volſcius *in Love? Ha, ha, ha.*

Mr. *Comely* in Love!

Engliſh Monſieur, *p.* 49.

(gg) *Note*

(gg) *Note* 14. *p.* 71.

Bayes. *You ſhall ſee a Combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has writ a whole Play on't.*

Sir *William D'Avenant*'s Play of Love and Honour.

(hh) *Note* 15. *p.* 71.

Volſc. *Go on, crys Honour, tender Love ſays Nay.*

But Honour ſays, Not ſo.

Siege of Rhodes. *Part* 1. *p.* 19.

(ii) *Note* 16. *p.* 72.

Bayes. *I remember once in a Play of mine, I ſet off a Scene beyond Expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly-Ach.*

Love in a Nunnery, p. 34.

ACT

ACT 4. *SCE.* 1.

(kk) *Note* 1. *p.* 74.

Bayes. *Gentlemen, becauſe I wou'd not have any two Things alike in this Play; the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I begin this with a Funeral.*

Coll. *Henry Howard*, Son of *Thomas* Earl of *Barkſhire*, made a Play, call'd the *United Kingdoms*, which began with a Funeral; and had alſo two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a juſt Occaſion to ſet up two Kings in *Brentford*, as 'tis generally believ'd; tho' others are of Opinion, that his Grace had our two Brothers in his Thoughts. It was Acted at the *Cock-Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, ſoon after the *Reſtoration*; but miſcarrying on the Stage, the Author had the Modeſty not to Print it; and therefore, the Reader cannot reaſonably expect any particular Paſſages of it. Others ſay, that they are *Boabdelin* and *Abdalla*, the two contending Kings of *Granada*, and Mr. *Dryden* has in moſt of his ſerious Plays two contending Kings of the ſame Place.

Note 2. *p.* 74.

I'll speak a bold Word, It shall Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battle, Egad with any of the most Warlike Tragedies, either Ancient, or Modern.

Conquest of Granada *in Two Parts.*

(ll) *Note* 3. *p.* 76.

Smi. *Who is the Sister of* Drawcansir.

Bayes. *A Lady that was drowned at Sea, and had a Wave to her Winding-Sheet.*

On Seas I bore thee, and on Seas I dy'd,

I dy'd: And for a Winding Sheet, a Wave

I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

Conquest of Granada. *Part* 2. *p.* 113.

(mm) *Note* 4. *p.* 78.

Bayes. Since Death my earthly Part will thus remove,

I'll come an humble-Bee to your chast Love.

With silent Wings I'll follow you, dear Cuz;

Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams buz.

And

And when to Melancholy Groves you come
An Airy Ghoſt, you'll know me by my Hum;
For Sound, being Air, a Ghoſt does well become.

At Night, into your Boſom I will creep,
And buz but ſoftly if you chance to ſleep:
Yet in your Dreams, I will paſs ſweeping by,
And then both Hum and Buz before your Eye.

In Ridicule of this,

---------- My Earthly Part
Which is my Tyrant's Right, Death will remove,
I'll come all Soul, and Spirit to your Love.
With ſilent Steps I'll follow you all Day;
Or elſe, before you, in the Sun-beams play.
I'll lead you thence to Melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our paſt Loves.

At Night, I will within your Curtains peep;

With empty Arms, embrace you, while you ſleep:

In gentle Dreams I often will be by,

And ſweep along before your cloſing Eye;

All Dangers from your Bed I will remove,

But guard it moſt from any future Love.

And when at laſt in Pity you will dye,

I'll watch your Birth of Immortality:

Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair,

And teach you your firſt Flight in open Air.

Tyrannick Love, p. 25.

(nn) *Note* 5. *p.* 80.

Pal. *Lo! from this conquering Lance,*

Does flow the pureſt Wine of France.

And to appeaſe your Hunger, I

Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:

Laſtly,

Laſtly, to bear a Part with theſe,

Behold my Buckler made of Cheeſe.

See the Scene in the *Villain*, p. 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53.

Where the Hoſt furniſhes his Gueſts with a Collation out of his Cloaths; a Capon from his Helmet, a Tanſey out of the Lining of his Cap, Cream out of his Scabbard, *&c.*

(oo) *Note 6. p.* 80.

K. Phyſ. *What Man is this that dares diſturb our Feaſt?*

Draw. *He that dares drink, and for that Drink dares dye,*

And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Almah. Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

Alman. He who dares love, and for that Love muſt dye.

And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Granada, *Part* 2. *p.* 14, 115.

(pp) *Note* 7. *p.* 81.

Bayes. *Now there are ſome Criticks that have adviſ'd me to put out the ſecond* Dare, *and Print* Muſt *in the Place on't; but, I gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.*

It was at firſt, *Dares dye.* Ibid.

(qq) *Note* 8. *p.* 81.

Draw. *You ſhall not know how long I here will ſtay;*

But you ſhall know I'll take your Bowls away.

Alman. I wou'd not now, if thou wou'dſt beg me ſtay;

But I will take my *Almide* away.

Conqueſt of Granada. *p.* 32.

K. Uſh. *Tho', Brother, this grum Stranger be a Clown,*

He'll leave us ſure a little to gulp down.

Draw. *Who e're to gulp one Drop of this dares think,*

I'll ſtare away his very Pow'r to drink.

Alman.

Alman. Thou dar'ſt not Marry her, while I'm in Sight;

With a bent Brow, thy Prieſt, and thee I'll Fright:

And, in that Scene, which all thy Hopes and Wiſhes ſhou'd content,

The thoughts of me ſhall make thee impotent.

Ibid. p. 5.

(rr) *Note* 10. *p.* 81.

Draw. *I drink, I huff, I ſtrut, look big, and ſtare;*

And all this I can do, becauſe I dare.

Spite of my ſelf, I'll ſtay, fight, love, deſpair;

And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. *Part* 2. *p.* 89.

Granad.

(ss) *Note* 11. *p.* 82.

Bayes. *Why, Sir, my Deſign is gilded Truncheons, forc'd Conceit, ſmooth Verſe, and a Rant.*

(tt) *Note* 12. *p.* 84.

Volſci. *Gods would themſelves, un-god themſelves to ſee.*

Max. Thou lyeſt: There's not a God inhabits there,

But, for this Chriſtian, wou'd all Heaven forſwear;

Ev'n *Jove* wou'd try new Shapes her Love to win,

And in new Birds, and unknown Beaſts wou'd ſin;

At leaſt, if *Jove* cou'd love like *Maximin.*

Tyrannick Love, p. 17.

(uu) *Note* 13. *p.* 84.

Pret. *Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,*

I'd make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.

Some God now, if he dare relate what paſt;

Say, but he's dead, that God ſhall mortal be:

Ibid. p. 7.

Provoke my Rage no farther, leſt I be

Reveng'd at once upon the Gods, and thee.

p. 8.

What

What had the Gods to do with me, or mine, *p.* 57.

(xx) *Note* 14. *p.* 84.

He is too proud a Man to creep ſervilely after Senſe I aſſure you.

Poets, like Lovers, ſhould be bold, and dare;
They ſpoil their Buſineſs with an Over-care;
And he, who, ſervilely, creeps after Senſe,
Is ſafe; but ne're can reach to Excellence.

Prologue to Tyrannick Love.

ACT

ACT 5. *Sce.* 1.

(yy) *Note* 1. *p.* 86.

K. Uſh. *But ſtay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?*

What various Noiſes do my Ears invade;

And have a Conſort of Confuſion made?

Siege of Rhodes, *p.* 4.

(zz) *Note* 2. *p.* 86.

K. Uſh. *Haſte, Brother King, we are ſent from above;*

Let us move, let us move;

Move to remove the Fate

Of Brentford's *long united State.*

Naker. Hark, my *Damilcar*, we are call'd below:

Daniel.

Daniel. Let us go, let us go:

Go to remove the Care

Of longing Lovers in Deſpair, *&c.*

Tyrannick Love, p: 26, 27.

(1) *Note* 3. *p.* 88.

Bayes. *This, Sir, you muſt know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.*

See *Tyrannick Love*, Act 4. Sce. 1.

(2) *Note* 4. *p.* 89.

What dreadful Noiſe is this that comes and goes?

Sold. *Haſte hence, Great Sirs, your Royal Perſons ſave,*

For the Event of War no Mortal knows:

The Army wrangling for the Gold you gave,

Firſt fell to Words, and then to Handy-Blows.

What new Misfortunes do theſe Cries preſage?

1 *Meſſ.* Haſte all you can, their Fury to aſſwage:

You are not ſafe from their Rebellious Rage.

2 *Meſſ.*

2 *Meſſ.* This Minute, if you grant not their Deſire,

They'll ſeize your Perſon, and your Palace fire.

Granada, *Part* 2. *p.* 71.

(3) *Note* 5. *p.* 91.

Bayes. *True*; *and ſo, I gad, I'll make it too, a Tragedy, in a Trice.*

Algaura, and the *Veſtal Virgin*, are ſo contriv'd by a little Alteration towards the latter End of them, that they have been Acted both Ways, either, as Tragedies, or Comedies.

The Deſcription of the Scene of the Generals, &c.

(4) *Note* 9. *p.* 90.

There needs nothing more to explain the Meaning of this Battle, than the Peruſal of the firſt Part of the Siege of *Rhodes*, which was perform'd in *Recitative Muſick*, by ſeven Perſons only: And the Paſſage out of the *Play-Houſe to be Lett.*

(5) *Note* 7. *ib.*

Arm, Arm, Gonſalvo, *Arm.*

The Siege of *Rhodes* begins thus.

Admiral. Arm, Arm, *Valerius*, Arm.

Note

Note 8. *ib.*

Gen. *Draw down the* Chelſey *Curiaſiers.*

The Third Entry thus -------

Solym. Pyrrhus, draw down our Army wide;

Then, from the Groſs, two ſtrong Reſerves divide,

And ſpread the Wings,

As if we were to fight,

In the loſt *Rhodians* ſight,

With all the *Weſtern* Kings:

Each with *Janizaries* line;

The Right, and Left to *Haly*'s Sons aſſign;

The Groſs, to *Zangiban.*

The Main Artillery

To *Muſtapha* ſhall be:

Bring thou the Rear, we lead the Van.

(5) *Note*

(5) *Note* 9. *p.* 92.

Lieut. *The Band you boaſt of* Chelſey *Curiaſiers,*

Shall, in my Putney *Pikes, now meet their Peers.*

More Pikes! more Pikes! to reinforce

That Squadron, and repulſe the Horſe.

Play-Houſe to be lett, p. 72.

Note 10. *p.* 92.

Lieut. Gen. *Give Fire, give Fire, at once give Fire,*

And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive mine Ire.

Point all the Cannon, and play faſt:

Their Fury is too hot to laſt.

That Rampier ſhakes; they fly into the Town!

Pyr. March up with thoſe Reſerves, to that Redoubt,

Faint Slaves the *Janizaries* reel!

They bend! they bend! and ſeem to feel

The Terrors of a Rout.

Muſt:

Muſt. Old *Zanger* halts, and Reinforcement lacks.

Pyr. March on!

Muſt. Advance thoſe Pikes, and Charge their Backs.

Note 11. *p.* 94.

Orb. *Who calls* Terra firma, *pray?*

Luna. Luna, *that ne'er ſhines by Day.*

Orb. *What means* Luna *in a Veil?*

Luna. Luna *means to ſhew her Tail.*

Phœb. Who calls the World's great Light?

Aur. *Aurora*, that abhors the Night.

Phœb. Why does *Aurora*, from her Cloud,

To drouſy *Phœbus* cry ſo loud?

Slighted Maid. p. 80.

Note 12. *p.* 92.

Luna. *To Morrow ſoon, e'er it be Noon,*

On Mount Veſuvio.

The burning Mount *Veſuvio.* Ibid. *p.* 81.

Note

(7) *Note* 13. *p.* 92.

Luna. *And I will drink nothing but Lipary Wine.*

Drink, drink Wine, *Lipara* Wine. *Ibid.* p. 81.

(8) *Note* 14. *p.* 95.

Come, I'll ſhew you how they ſhall go off. Riſe, riſe, Sirs, and go about your Buſineſs. There's go off for you now.

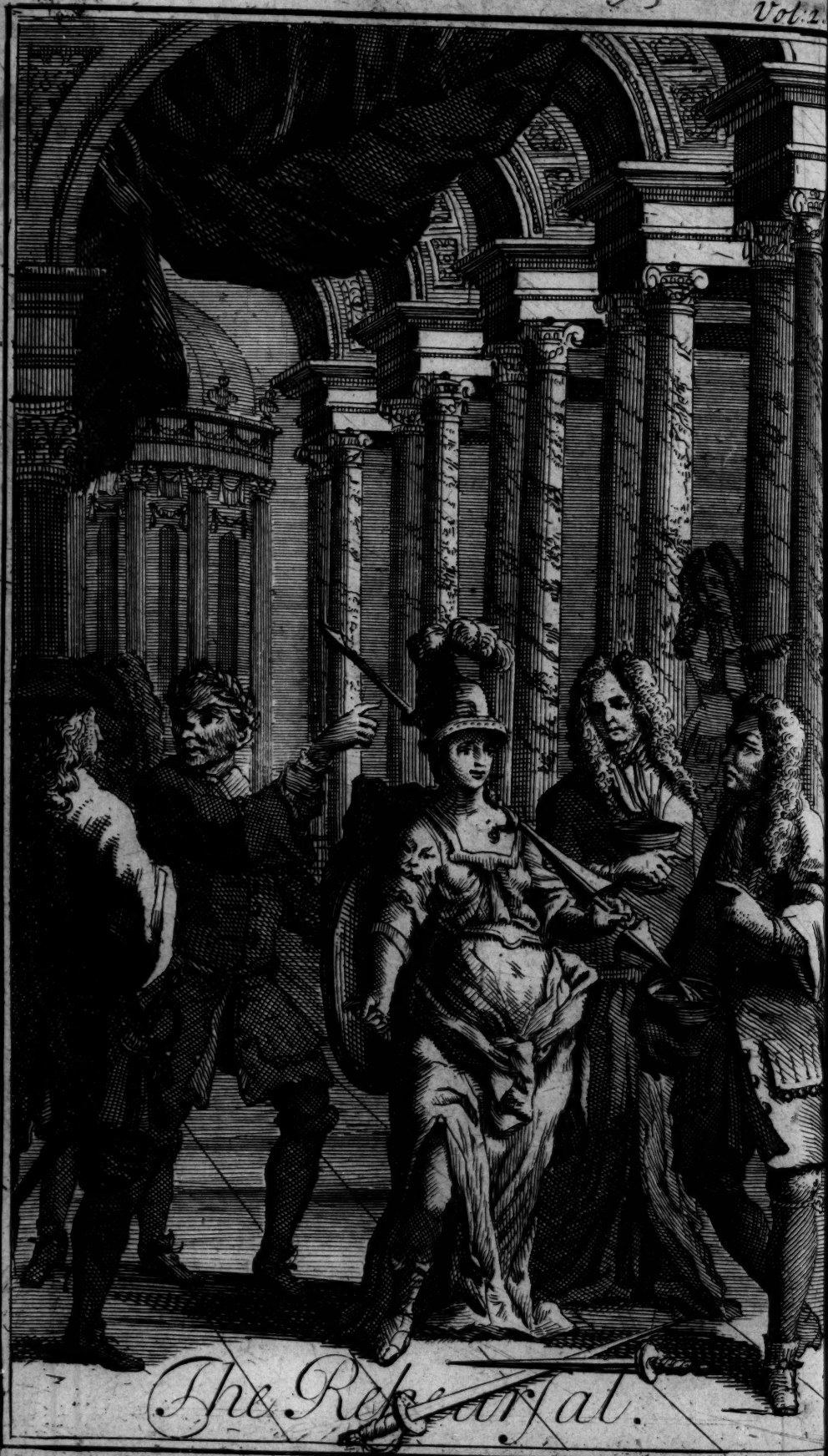
Valeria, Daughter to *Maximin*, having killl'd her ſelf for the Love of *Porphyrius*, when ſhe was to be carry'd off by the Bearers, ſtrikes one of them a Box on the Ear, and ſpeaks to him thus ——

Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded Dog?

I am to Riſe, and ſpeak the Epilogue:
Tyrannick Love.

The End of the KEY.

THE



The Rehearsal.

THE

REHEARSAL,

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

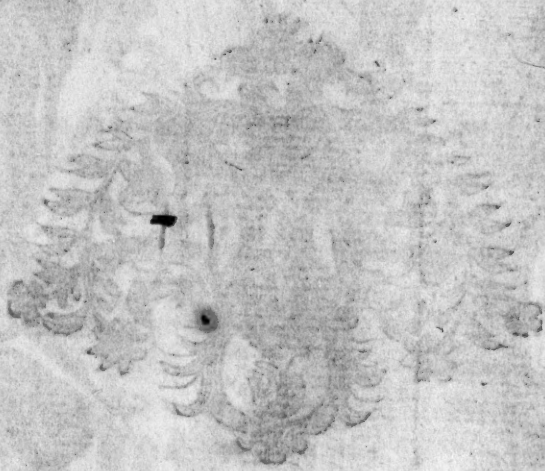
BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by His Grace, GEORGE, *Late Duke of* Buckingham.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, MDCCXIV.



PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this ſhort Mock-Play of ours
A Poeſy made of Weeds, inſtead of Flowers;
Yet ſuch have been preſented to your Noſes,
And there are ſuch, I fear, who thought 'em Roſes.
Would ſome of 'em were here, to ſee this Night,
What Stuff it is in which they took Delight.
Here, briſk inſipid Rogues, for Wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Senſe; but oft'ner none at all:
There, ſtrutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd Train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyſes *Vein,*
For (changing Rules, of late, as if Men writ
In ſpite of Reaſon, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Criticks, do your worſt, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I ſhall aſſume the State
Of thoſe High-flyers whom I imitate:
And juſtly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before:
I will not only ſhew the Feats they do,
But give you all their Reaſons for 'em too.
Some Honour may to me from hence ariſe:
But if, by my Endeavours, you grow wiſe,
And what you once ſo prais'd, ſhall now deſpiſe;
Then I'll cry out, ſwell'd with Poetick Rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, *have reform'd your Stage.*

The Actors Names.

Bayes.
Johnson.
Smith.
2 Kings of *Brentford.*
Prince *Prettyman.*
Prince *Volscius.*
Gentleman Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisherman.
Shirley.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Soldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals, } Mutes.
Judges, }
Mayor, }
Serjeants at Arms }

WOMEN.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene *BRENTFORD.*

THE

THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Johnſon *and* Smith.

Johnſ. HONEST *Frank!* I am glad to ſee thee with all my Heart. How long haſt thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith not above an Hour: And, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

Johnſ. And by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull and fantaſtick! that's an excellent Compoſition. Pray what are our Men of Buſineſs doing?

Johnſ. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knoweſt my humour lies another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: And therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable

of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought Men of Buſineſs.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever obſerv'd, that your grave lookers are the dulleſt of Men.

Johnſ. I, and of Birds, and Beaſts too: Your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

Smi. Well, but how doſt thou paſs thy time?

Johnſ. Why, as I uſe to do; eat, and drink as well as I can, have a ſhe-friend to be private with in the Afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play: Where there are ſuch things (*Frank*) ſuch hideous, monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to the ſolid Nonſenſe of your Men of Buſineſs, as the more ingenious Paſtime.

Smi. I have heard indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country Wits commend 'em.

Johnſ. I, ſo do ſome of our City-Wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind! what kind is that?

Johnſ. Why, your Virtuoſi, your civil Perſons, your Drolls: Fellows that ſcorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to Elevate and Surprize.

Smi. Elevate and Surprize! pr'ythee make me underſtand the meaning of that.

Johnſ. Nay, by my troth; that's a hard Matter: I don't underſtand that my ſelf. 'Tis a Phraſe they have got among them, to expreſs their no meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can, what it is. Let me ſee: 'Tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhiming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Senſe.

Mr. Bayes

Mr. Bayes *passes over the Stage.*

Bayes. Your most Obsequious, and most Observant, very Servant, Sir.

Johns. God so, this is an Author? I'll go fetch him to you.

Smi. No pr'ythee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord I'll have him.

[*Goes after him.*

Here he is, I have caught him. Pray Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this Friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small Capacity to do Favours, but receive 'em; especially from a Person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this.——Sweet Sir, your Servant.

Smi. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. I, Sir: What is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot.

Johns. I, I; any thing.

Bayes. Faith Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my Head; but I have a new one, in my Pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all new Wit; and though I say it, a better than my last: And you know well enough how that took. (*a*) In fine, it shall Read and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Shew, Ay, and Pit, Box, and Gallery it, I Gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This Morning is it's last Rehearsal in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be Acted; and if you, and your Friend will do it but the Honour to see it in its virgin Attire, though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be a-

ſham'd to diſcover its Nakedneſs unto you —— I think it is in this Pocket. [*Puts his hand in his Pocket.*

Johnſ. Sir, I confeſs, I am not able to anſwer you in this new way; but if you pleaſe to lead, I ſhall be glad to follow you; and I hope my Friend will do ſo too.

Smi. Sir, I have no Buſineſs ſo conſiderable, as ſhould keep me from your Company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you Mercy: This is my Book of *Drama Common-Places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

Johnſ. Drama Common-Places! Pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, ſome certain helps, that we Men of Art have found it convenient to make uſe of.

Smi. How, Sir, helps for Wit?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my Poſition. And I do here aver, That no Man yet the Sun e'er ſhone upon, has parts ſufficient to furniſh out a Stage, except it were by the help of theſe my Rules. (*b*)

Johnſ. What are thoſe Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my firſt Rule is the Rule of Tranſverſion, or *Regula Duplex:* changing Verſe into Proſe, or Proſe into Verſe, *alternative* as you pleaſe.

Smi. Well, but how is this done by Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing ſo eaſie when underſtood; I take a Book in my Hand, either at home or elſewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has ſome, I Tranſverſe it; that is, if it be Proſe put it into Verſe, (but that takes up ſome time) and if it be Verſe put it into Proſe.

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verſe into Proſe ſhould be called Tranſpoſing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

Smi.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis ſo chang'd that no Man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table-book. Pray obſerve.

Johnſ. We hear you Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus, I come into a Coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where witty Men reſort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks, pop I ſlap it down, and make that too my own.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not ſometime in danger of their making you reſtore, by Force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the World's unmindful: They never take notice of theſe things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third Rule that I have here in my Pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my Head about it, as other Men do; but preſently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one View, all that *Perſius*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca*'s *Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch*'s *Lives*, and the reſt, have ever thought upon this Subject; and ſo in a trice, by leaving out a few Words, or putting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as ſure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacy of theſe my Rules, do but come to the Play-Houſe, and you ſhall judge of 'em by the Effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes I have it without Book; but I don't underſtand how it is to be ſpoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is ſuch a one, as I can't gueſs for my Life what humour I'm to be in; whether Angry, Melancholly, Merry, or in Love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here preſently, and he'll tell us all. You muſt know, this is the new way of Writing, and theſe hard things pleaſe forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand deſign upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in ſuſpence; for to gueſs preſently at the Plot, and the Senſe, tires them before the end of the firſt Act: Now, here every line ſurprizes you, and brings in Matter. And then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dances we put quite down, all that ever went before us: And thoſe are the things you know, that are eſſential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy Mind; but, ſo it gets us Money, 'tis no great Matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnſon *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr. ---a--- Ha' you your part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes Sir.

Bayes. But do you underſtand the true humour of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Armarillis*, how does ſhe do? Does not her Armour become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty Conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call me anon, in this Play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armarillis*, becauſe of her Armour. Ha, ha, ha.

Johnſ. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little Rogue; I knew her face would ſet off Armor extremely; and, to tell you true, I writ that part only for her. You muſt know ſhe is my Miſtreſs (*t*).

Johnſ. Then I know, another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou haſt had her, I gad.

Bayes. No, I gad, not yet; but I am ſure I ſhall: For I have talk'd Baudy to her already.

Johnſ. Haſt thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the *French* Tongue, a certain Criticiſm, which, by the variation of the Maſculine Adjective inſtead of the Fœminine, makes a quite different ſignification of the Word: As for Example, *Ma Vie* is my Life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* inſtead of *Ma*, you make it baudy.

Johnſ. Very true.

Bayes. Now Sir, I having obſerv'd this, ſet a Trap for her, the other day in the Tyring Room; for this ſaid I, *Adieu bel Eſperanſa de ma Vie*; (which I gad is very pretty) to which ſhe anſwer'd, I vow, almoſt as prettily every jot; for ſaid ſhe, *Songes a ma Vie Monſieur*; whereupon I preſently ſnapp'd this upon her; *Non, non, Madam*——— *Songes vous a mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richeſt Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you muſt know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman, in the City.

Smi. How kept? for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Garſon:* I am, ifackins.

Smi. Nay, then we ſhall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is ſo fond of me, Mr. *Johnſon*, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with my ſelf.

Johnſ. Do with thy ſelf! no; I wonder how thou canſt make a ſhift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes, O Devil, I can toil like a Horſe; only ſometimes, it makes me melancholly: and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to ſay you one good thing if it were to ſave my life.

Smi. That we verily believe, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I gad, which mads me in my Amours; for I'll tell you, as a Friend, Mr. *Johnſon*, my Acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull: Now I am the fartheſt from it in the whole World, I gad; but only forſooth, they think I am ſo, becauſe I can ſay nothing.

Johnſ. Phoo, Pox. That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no truſting o'theſe Rogues; but-----a------Come, let's ſit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that cauſes the variety of all the ſeveral Accidents, which you know, are the thing in Nature that makes up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I ſuppoſe two King's of the ſame Place: As for Example, at *Brentford*, for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the ſame relations to 'em both; the ſame Affections, the ſame Duty, the ſame Obedience, and all that; are divided amongſt themſelves in point of devoir and intereſt, how to behave themſelves equally between 'em: the Kings differing ſometimes in particulars; tho', in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood.)

Johnſ.

Johnſ. I did not obſerve you Sir; pray ſay that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beſeech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or elſe you'll never underſtand my notion of the thing) the People being embarraſt by their equal ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal Regard, as well as to their own Intereſt, as the good of the People; may make a certain kind of a ——you underſtand me——upon which, there does ariſe ſeveral diſputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that——In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you ſee it. [*Exit to call the Players.*

Smi. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any Senſe out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for either: (that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue:) [do you mark?] nay, they may both ſerve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smi. Very well. That's indeed, ~~Artificial~~.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your Judgments, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue? For, you muſt know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by Civility, by Inſinuation, good Language, and all that,——a----in a manner, ſteal your plaudit from the courteſie of the Auditors: The other, by making uſe of ſome certain perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch cenſuring Perſons, as cannot otherways, a gad, in nature, be hindred from being to free with their Tongues. *(d)* To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out

out in a long black Veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell'm plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, I gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping——a——

Smi. I, But ſuppoſe they don't.

Bayes. Suppoſe! Sir, you may ſuppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your ſuppoſe, Sir; nor am not at all mortified at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppoſe quoth a! ——ha, ha, ha. [*walks away.*

Johnſ. Phoo! pr'y thee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſays: He is a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the reliſh here of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for ſome Perſons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is: And they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnſ. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm ſure the deſign's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have Printed above hundred ſheets of paper, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my Friends, to be ready in the Pit, who I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt you know muſt follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your ſuppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

Johnſ. Nay, if the buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir: and therefore would chuſe this to be the Prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to

to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know it would be ſo much the better; becauſe they were engag'd: For let a Man write never ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of perſons, they call Criticks, that I gad, have no more wit in them than ſo many Hobby-horſes; but they'l laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things, that, I gad, I'm ſure, they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious perſons, that emulate the glories of perſons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniation of perſons, that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all perſons in the World are, in nature, the perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that as——a——In fine, I'll ſay no more of 'em.

Johnſ. Nay, you have ſaid enough of 'em, in all conſcience: I'm ſure more than they'll e'er be able to anſwer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, ſincerely and *bona fide*; were it not for the ſake of ſome ingenious perſons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a value for me, I would ſee 'em all hang'd, I gad, ſee 'em all hang'd before I would e'er ſet Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johnſ. I Marry! that were away to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: And if I were in your place, now, I would do ſo.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain tyes upon me, that I cannot be diſingag'd from; otherwiſe, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hangman?

Smi. By my troth, Sir, I ſhould like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it Sir? (for I ſee you can judge) would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue.

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, 'tis ſo good, let it e'en ſerve for both.

Bayes.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Beſides, I have made another.

Johnſ. What other Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning.*

Johnſ. That's greater, I'd rather ſtick to that.

Bayes. Do you think ſo? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll ſay this is a *non pareillo*: I'm ſure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be a Dialogue; and as in my firſt, you ſee I ſtrive to oblige the Auditors by Civility, by good Nature, good Language, and all that; ſo, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuſe for the perſons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the Conceit?

Johnſ. Phoo, Pox! then you have it cock ſure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the moſt delicate dainty *Smile*'s in the whole World, I gad, if I knew how to apply it.

Smi. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an alluſion of Love.

(*e*) So Boar and Sow, when any ſtorm is nigh,
Snuff up, and ſmell it gath'ring in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Cheſtnut-Groves,
And there conſummate their unfiniſh'd Loves:
Penſive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And Snore and Gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johnſ. Faith 'tis extraordinary fine: And very applicabe to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, becauſe it ſpeaks of a Storm.

Bayes.

Bayes. I gad, and ſo it does, now I think on't, Mr. *Johnſon*, I thank you; and I put it in *profecto*. Come out *Thunder* and *Ligthning*.

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, pr'ythee ſpeak that a little louder, and with a hoarſe Voice. I'm the bold *Thunder!* Pſhaw! ſpeak it in a Voice that Thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*. (*f*)

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, but you muſt be quick and nimble. The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the braveſt *Hector* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I ſtrike Men down.

Light. I Fire the Town.

Thun. Let Criticks take heed how they grumble,
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blaſt all the paint on their Faces,
And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Criticks look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will ſhoot.

Thun. I'll give you daſh for daſh.

Light. I'll give you flaſh for flaſh.
Gallants I'll ſinge your Feather.

Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, w'ell do't: Look to't, we'll do't.

[*Twice or thrice repeated.*

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flaſh of a Prologue: A Droll. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Smi. Yes, 'Tis ſhort indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes.

Bayess. Ay, when the *Simile*'s in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad. Come, come begin the Play.

Enter firſt Player.

1 *Play.* Sir, (*g*) Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'll be here preſently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Bayes, Johnſon *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOW, Sir, becauſe I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, inſtead of beginning with a Scene that diſcovers ſomething of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whiſper. (*h*)

Smi. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your Seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician.

Phyſ. Sir, by your Habit, I gueſs you to be the Gentleman-Uſher of this ſumptuous place.

Uſh. And by your Gait and Faſhion, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect you rule the Healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Phyſician.

Phyſ. You hit my Function right.

Uſh. And, you mine.

Phyſ. Then let's embrace.

Uſh. Come.

Phyſ. Come.

Johnſ. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe ſo very civil perſons?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Uſher, and Phyſician of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

Johnſ. But, pray then, how comes it to paſs, that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot.

Johnſ. Very well.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir, you muſt know, they had been a talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? in the Tyring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay Sir. He's ſo Dull! Come ſpeak again.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Tallents of a wary Pilot, ſtud all theſe threatning Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our Heads, will (when they once are graſp'd but by the eye of reaſon) melt into fruitful Showers of Bleſſings on the People.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johnſ. Yes, that graſping of a ſtorm, with the Eye is admirable.

Phyſ. But yet ſome Rumors great are ſtirring; and if *Lorenzo* ſhould prove falſe, (which none but the Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now he Whiſpers.

Uſh. Alone, do you ſay?

Phyſ. No, attended with the Noble———

[*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Again.

Uſh. Who, he in Gray?

Phyſ. Yes, and at the Head of——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Uſh.

Uſh. Then, Sir, moſt certain, 'twill in time appear.
Theſe are the reaſons that have mov'd him to't.
Firſt, he ——. [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now the other Whiſpers.

Uſh. Secondly, they ——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. At it ſtill.

Uſh. Thirdly, and laſtly, both he, and they —— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now they both Whiſper.

[*Exeunt Whiſpering.*

Now Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johnſ. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the ſame place?

Bayes. Why? Becauſe it's new; and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your *Johnſon* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature; I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you, of Sir *John Suckling?*

Bayes. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this Whiſpering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is new, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppoſed to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why ———

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but reſpite your Curioſity till the end of the fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of Patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the Door.*

Johnſ. How doſt thou like this *Frank?* Is it not juſt as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never before this, ſee any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* ſays) ſo fooliſh, but I could give ſome gueſs at what mov'd the

the Fop to do it; but this I confeſs, does go beyond my reach.

Johnſ. It is all alike: (*h*) Mr. *Winterſhall* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou ſhalt not ſee one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canſt imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very Fantaſtical, moſt abominably dull, and not one word to the purpoſe.

Smi. It does ſurprize me, I'm ſure very much.

Johnſ. I, but it won't do ſo long: By that time thou haſt ſeen a Play or two, that I'll ſhew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smi. Pox on't, but there's no Pleaſure in him; He's too groſs a Fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johnſ. I'll ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, you have done this Scene moſt admirably; tho', I muſt tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to Pen a Whiſper well.

Bayes. I, Gentlemen, when you come to write your ſelves, o'my word, you'll find it ſo.

Johnſ. Have a care of what you ſay, Mr. *Bayes*, for Mr. *Smith* there, I aſſure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifakins? Why then pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the moſt part, I am in pretty good Health.

Bayes. I, but I mean, what do you, when you Write?

Smi. I take Pen, Ink and Paper, and ſit down.

Bayes. Now I write ſtanding; that's one thing: And then another thing is, with what do you prepare your ſelf?

Smi. Prepare my ſelf! what the Devil, does the Fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, now what I do. (*i*) If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make uſe of ſtew'd Prunes only; but when I have a grand deſign in hand, I ever take Phyſick, and let Blood; For, when you would have pure ſwiftneſs of Thought, and fiery flights of Fancy, you muſt have a care of the penſive part. In fine, you muſt purge the Belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a moſt admirable Receipt, for Writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret; and in good earneſt, I think one of the beſt I have.

Smi. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be Sir, I gad, I'm ſure on't: *Experto crede Roberto.* But I muſt give you this caution by the way, be ſure you never take (*k*) Snuff, when you write.

Smi. Why ſo Sir?

Bayes. Why, it ſpoil'd me once, I gad, one of the Sparkiſheſt Plays in all *England.* But a Friend of mine at *Greſham-College*, has promis'd to help me to ſome Spirit of Brains, and I gad, that ſhall do my Buſineſs.

SCENA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. OH, Theſe are now the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their ſtile: 'Twas never yet upon the Stage; but if you like it, I could make a ſhift perhaps to ſhew you a whole Play, writ all juſt ſo.

1 *King.*

1 *King.* Did you obſerve their Whiſpers Brother King?

2 *King.* I did, and heard, beſides a grave bird ſing,
That they intend ſweet-heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar, becauſe they are both perſons of the ſame Quality.

Smi. S'death, this would make a Man Spew.

1 *King.* If that deſign appears,
I'll lug 'em by the Ears.
Until I make 'em crack,

2 *King.* And ſo will I, i'fack.

1 *King.* You muſt begin, *Mon foy:*

2 *King.* Sweet Sir, *Pardonnes moy:*

Bayes. Mark that: I make 'em both ſpeak *French* to ſhew their Breeding.

Johnſ. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 *King.* Then ſpite of Fate, we'll thus combined ſtand;
And like true Brothers, walk ſtill Hand in Hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*

Johnſ. This is a Majeſtick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a Cruſt, a laſting Cruſt for your Rogue Criticks, I gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad: if they do, this ſhall rub their Gumbs for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I you muſt know, that have written a whole Play juſt in this very ſame Stile; it was never Acted yet.

Johnſ. How ſo?

Bayes. I gad, I can hardly tell you, for Laughing (ha, ha, ha) it is ſo pleaſant a Story: Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. What is't?

Bayes. I gad the Players refus'd to Act it. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impoſſible.

Bayes. I gad they did it, Sir, point-blank refus'd it, I gad, ha, ha'ha.

Johnſ. Fie that was Rude.

Bayes. Rude! Ay I gad, they are the rudeſt, uncivileſt perſons, and all that in the whole World, I gad: I gad, there's no living with 'em: I have written Mr. *Johnſon*, I do verily believe, a whole Cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet I vow to gad, theſe inſolent Raſcals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johnſ. Strange fellows indeed!

Smi. But pray Mr. *Bayes*, how came theſe two Kings to know of this Whiſper? for as I remember, they were not at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the two Kings ſhould (a Pox take 'em) have popp'd both their heads in at the Door, juſt as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed wou'd ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I gad, theſe fellows are able to ſpoil the beſt things in *Chriſtendom*. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, I vow to gad, I have been ſo highly diſoblig'd by the peremptorineſs of theſe Fellows, that I'm reſolv'd hereafter, to bend my Thoughts wholly for the ſervice of the *Nurſery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad. *(l)* So now Prince *Pretty-man* comes in, and falls a-ſleep, making love to his Miſtreſs, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honeſt Gentleman; by a Knight.

SCENA

SCENA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret. HOW ſtrange a Captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my (Fate?
My Love I cannot, that is too Divine:
And againſt Fate, what mortal dares re-
Enter Cloris. [pine?
But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet! Is it not?
[*Lies down.*

Bayes. Blazing Comet! Mark that, I gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpriz'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt. [*ſleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that now ſurprize you, to fall aſleep in the nick?
His Spirits exhale with the heat of his Paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls aſleep as you ſee. Now here ſhe muſt make a *Simile.*

Smi. Where's the neceſſity of that Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpris'd; That's a general Rule; you muſt ever make a *ſimile*, when your are ſurpris'd; 'tis a new way of Writing.

Cloris. (*m*) As ſome tall Pine, which we on *Ætna* find
T'have ſtood the rage of many a boiſt'rous [Wind.
Feeling without, that flames within to play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his woorſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So ſhrouded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth bright ſcorching Sun and dry my [Tears. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, methinks, this *ſimile* wants a little Application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to paſſion, to conſuming, to dying, and all that; which you know, are the natural effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you ſad; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

Smi. No truly, Sir, my Spirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

Prince Pretty-man *ſtarts up and ſays----*

Pret. It is reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you one Queſtion now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord Sir, you may ask me any thing what you pleaſe; I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: You do not know me if you ſay that Sir.

Smi. Then pray Sir, what is it, that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep?

Bayes. Why I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one, that is not acquainted with this new way of Writing. But you muſt know Sir, that to out do all my fellow Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* ſecret, till the very laſt Scene before the Dance; I now Sir, (do you mark) ---a---

Smi. Begin the Play and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all.

Bayes. I do ſo, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do I gad. If they cannot find it out themſelves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here now is a Scene of Buſineſs: pray obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'll think this no unwiſe Diſcourſe, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Diſcourſe I over-heard once betwixt too grand, ſober, governing Perſons.

SCENA

SCENA. IV.

Enter Gentleman Uſher and Phyſician.

Uſh. COme Sir, let's ſtate the matter of Fact, and lay our heads together.

Phyſ. Right, lay our heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head cloſe to it, with a Snuff-Box in my Hand, and then I fegue it away i'faith.

Bayes. I do juſt ſo I gad, always.

Uſh. The grand Queſtion is, Whether they heard us whiſper? Which I divide thus.

Phyſ. Yes, it muſt be divided ſo indeed.

Smi. That's very complaiſant I ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of another Man's Opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well bred Perſons, I aſſure you.

Uſh. I divide the Queſtion into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably divided I ſwear!

Uſh. As to the when; you ſay juſt now: So that is anſwer'd. Then as for what; why, what anſwers it ſelf; for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that naturally, and of Neceſſity, we come to the laſt Queſtion, *Videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smi. This is a very wiſe Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both Politicians.

Uſh. Pray then, to proceed in Method, let me ask you that Queſtion.

Phyſ. No you'll anſwer better, pray let me ask it you.

Uſh. Your Will muſt be a Law.

Phyſ. Come then, what is't I muſt ask?

Smi. This Politician I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has ſomewhat a ſhort Memory.

Bayes. Why Sir, you muſt know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

Uſh. You muſt ask me whether they heard us whiſper.

Phyſ. Well I do ſo.

Uſh. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the braveſt work that ever I ſaw.

Johnſ. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way, 'Tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I gad, in Buſineſs.

Phyſ. Did they hear us whiſper?

Uſh. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be ſaid upon the word Whiſper; to whiſper, in Latin is *Suſurrare*, which is as much as to ſay, to ſpeak ſoftly; now, if they heard us ſpeak ſoftly, they heard us whiſper: but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the how; How did they hear us whiſper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one by chance or accident, the other on purpoſe; that is, with deſign to hear us whiſper.

Phyſ. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Phyſick more.

Uſh. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this: for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smi. I ſuppoſe, that's the reaſon why you brought in this Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Partly it was, Sir; but I confeſs, I was not unwilling, beſides to ſhew the World a pattern here, how Men ſhould talk of Buſineſs.

Johnſ. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think, this will do.

Phyſ. Well, if they heard us whiſper, they'll

turn

turn us out, and no body elſe will take us.

Smi. Not for Politicians, I dare anſwer for it.

Phyſ. Let's then no more our ſelves in vain be-(moan:
We are not ſafe until we them unthrone.

Uſh. 'Tis right:
And ſince occaſion now ſeems debonair,
I'll ſeize on this, and you ſhall take that Chair.

[*They draw their Swords, and ſit in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*

Bayes. There's now an odd ſurprize; (*n*) the whole State's turn'd quite topſie-turvy, without any puther or ſtir in the whole World, I gad.

Johnſ. A very ſilent change of Government, truly as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is ſo. And yet you ſhall ſee me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Uſurpers march out flouriſhing their Swords.*

Enter Shirly.

Shir. (*o*) Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, in my Opinion now, that Gentleman might have ſaid a little more upon this occaſion.

Bayes. No Sir, not at all; for I under writ his part, on purpoſe to ſet off the reſt.

Johnſ. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi. But pray Sir, how came they to depoſe the Kings ſo eaſily?

Bayes. Why Sir, you muſt know, they long had a deſign to do it before; but never could put it in Practice till now: and to tell you true, that's one reaſon that I made 'em whiſper ſo at firſt.

Smi. O very well, now I'm fully ſatisfy'd.

Bayes. And then to ſhew you Sir, it was not done ſo very eaſily neither; in the next Scene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

Smi.

Smi. O ho: ſo then you make the ſtruggle to be after the buſineſs is done?

Bayes. Ay.

Smi. O, I conceive you; that I ſwear is very natural.

SCENA V.

Enter four Men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* STand: Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A Friend.

1 *Sol.* What Friend?

2 *Sol.* A Friend to the Houſe.

1 *Sol.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Muſick ſtrikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold, (*To the Muſick. It ceaſeth.*) Now here's an odd ſurpriſe: All theſe dead Men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear dead Men? Remember your Note in *Effaut flat*.

Play on. (*To the Muſick.*

Now, now, now. (*The Muſick play his Note, and the dead Men riſe; but cannot get in order.*

O Lord! O Lord!

Out, out, out! Did ever Men ſpoil a good thing ſo! no Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing? Udzookers, you Dance worſe than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempeſt*, I gad.

1 *Sol.* Why Sir, 'tis impoſſible to do any thing in time to this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impoſſible? Why Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a perſon that's a Chriſtian, I ſate up two whole Nights in compoſing this Air, and apting it for the Buſineſs: For if you

you obſerve, there are two ſeveral Deſigns in this Tune; it begins ſwift, and ends ſlow. You talk of time, and time; you ſhall ſee me do't: Look you now. Here I am Dead. (*Lies down flat on his Face.*

Now mark my Note *Effaut flat.* Strike up Muſick. Now, (*As he riſes up haſtily, he falls down again.* Ah gadzookers, I have broke my Noſe.

Johnſ. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut.*

Bayes. A Plague of this damn'd Stage, with your Nails and Tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach to Act, but he muſt break his Noſe, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown Paper?

Smi. No indeed Sir, I don't uſually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you ſome within preſently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray Dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a Moment. Remember you Dance like Horſe-men.

Smi. Like Horſe-men! what a plague, can that be? (*Exit Bayes.*

They Dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with ſo.

(*Dance and Exeunt.*

Smi. What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Noſe?

Johnſ. Pr'ythee let's go ſee.

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA. I.

Bayes *with a Paper on his Noſe, and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW Sirs, this I do, becauſe my Fancy, in this Play is, to end every Act with a Dance.

Smi. Faith, that Fancy is very good; but I ſhould hardly have broke my Noſe for it, tho'.

Johnſ. That Fancy I ſuppoſe is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are ſo. I tread upon no Man's heels; but make my flight upon my own Wings, I aſſure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of ſheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I gad, between Prince *Pretty-man* and his Taylor: It might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you ſhall ſee 'em come in upon one another ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, as faſt as can be. Firſt one ſpeaks, then preſently t'others upon him, ſlap, with a Rapertee, then he at him again, daſh with a new Conceit; and ſo eternally, eternally, I gad till they go quite off the Stage.

(*Goes to call the Players.*

Smi. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, and daſh?

Johnſ. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's Life: What doſt talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man *and* Tom Thimble. (*p*) This Scene will make you die with Laughing, if it be well Acted, for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an Orange ſtuff'd with Cloves, as for Conceit.

Pret. But pr'ythee *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man; and one Woman cannot be ſatisfied with nine Men:

What

What work art thou cutting out here for my ſelf, trow?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I ſhan't want Journey-men enow to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men tho', *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good ſtill.

Thim. However if my Wife ſits but Croſs-legg'd as I do, there will be no great danger: Not half ſo much as when I truſted you, Sir, for your Coronation-Suit.

Bayes. Very good i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon truſt; it was the faſhion. You would not be out of time, at ſuch a time, as that, ſure: A Taylor, you know, muſt never be out of Faſhion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm ſure Sir, I made your Cloaths in the Court-faſhion, for you never me paid yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court. (*q*)

Pret. Why *Tom*, thou art a ſharp Rogue when thou art angry, I ſee: thou pay'ſt me now methinks.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay! as good as ever was written, I gad!

Thim. (*r*) I Sir, in your own Coin: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirably before gad!

Pret. Well *Tom*, I hope ſhortly I ſhall have another coin for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I ſhall grow to be a Man of Mettal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johnſ. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. I pretty well, but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part. *(s)*

Thim. That's the way to be ſtamp'd your ſelf, Sir. I ſhall ſee you come home, like an Angel for the Kings Evil, with a hole bor'd thro' you.

(Exeunt.

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the Hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?

Smi. 'Tis ſnip ſnap, Sir, as you ſay; but methinks, not pleaſant, nor to the purpoſe, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smi. Yes, but the Plot ſtands ſtill.

Bayes. Plot ſtands ſtill! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not; nor many things more, that I am Maſter of. Now Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writer's: Let us ſoar but never ſo little, above the common pitch, I gad, all's ſpoil'd, for the vulgar never underſtand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of theſe things.

Johnſ. 'Tis a ſad fate, I muſt confeſs: but you write on ſtill for all that?

Bayes. Write on? I, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk ſhall ſtop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. *(t)* As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they ſay? What are they gone, without ſinging my laſt new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, if I have any skill in theſe Matters, I vow to gad, this Song is peremptorily the very beſt that ever yet was written: you muſt know, it was made by *Tom Thimble*'s firſt Wife after ſhe was dead?

Smi.

Smi. How Sir, after ſhe was dead?

Bayes. Ay Sir, after ſhe was dead. Why, what have you to ſay to that?

Johnſ. Say? Why nothing; he were a Devil, that had any thing to ſay to that.

Bayes. Right.

Smi. How did ſhe come to die, pray Sir.

Bayes. Phoo! that's no Matter; by a fall? but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing ſhe was killed by an Accident, he ſuppoſes, with a Sigh, that ſhe dy'd for love of him.

Johnſ. I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of Farewell, fair *Armida*, on Seas, and in Battles, in Bullets, and all that.

SONG.

(*u*) In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis ſafer to be,
Than in a ſtrong Caſtle, remoted from thee:
My deaths bruiſe pray think you gave me, tho' (a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the Moat on her Mud would firſt lay,
And after before you my body convey:
The blue on my breaſt when you happen to ſee,
You'll ſay, with a Sigh, there's a true blue for (me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write theſe things as faſt as hops, I gad; for you muſt know, I am as pleaſant a Debauchee, as ever you ſaw: I am I faith.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for methinks, there is no great occaſion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing; you muſt, ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghoſts, and Dances, if you mean to----a----

Johnſ. (*w*) Pit, Box and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes.

Bayes. I gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johnſon*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johnſ. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnſon*, I faith this muſt not be ſaid, amongſt us that have it. I know you have wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the meaſure I go by: my Play is my Touchſtone. When a Man tells me ſuch a one is a perſon of parts; is he ſo ſay I? what do I do, but bring him preſently to ſee this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your moſt humble Servant, Sir; I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I gad. Now here we go on to our Buſineſs.

SCENA II.

Enter the two Uſurpers, hand in hand.

Uſh. BUT what's become of *Volſcius* the great?
His preſence has not grac'd our Court of late.

Phyſ. I fear ſome ill, from emulation ſprung,
Has from us that illuſtrious *Hero* wrung.

Bayes. Is not that Majeſtical?

Smi. Yes, but who a Devil is this *Volſcius?*

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

Smi. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio. (*x*)

Cor. My Lieges, News from *Volſcius* the Prince.

Uſh. His news is welcome, whatſoe'er it be.

Smi. How Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad.

Bayes. Nay, pray Sir, have a little patience:

Smi.

Godzookers, you'll ſpoil all my Play. Why Sir, 'tis impoſſible to anſwer every impertinent queſtion you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy Sir.

Cor. His Highneſs Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair perſon whom you both do know,
Deſparing of forgiveneſs for her fault,
In a deep ſorrow, twice ſhe did attempt
Upon her precious life; but by the care
Of ſtanders by prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what ſtuff's here?

Cor. At laſt,
Volſcius the Great this dire reſolv'd embrac'd:
His Servants he into the Country ſent,
And he himſelf to *Peccadilla* went,
Where he's inform'd, by Letters that ſhe's dead.

Uſh. Dead! is that poſſible? Dead!

Phyſ. O ye Gods!

Bayes. There's a ſmart expreſſion of a paſſion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold ſtrokes I gad.

Smi. Yes; who is the fair perſon that's dead?

Bayes. That you ſhall know anon, Sir.

Smi. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that ſhe's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Bayes. Now here's the Man brought in that is ſuppos'd to have kill'd her. (*A great ſhout within.*

SCENA III.

Enter Armarillis *with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.*

Ama. WHat ſhout triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Shie Maid, upon the River brink, near *Twic'nam*-Town, the falſe Aſſaſſinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance. I hope,
It's ſlow beginning will portend,
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Piſh there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future end: you muſt lay the accent upon end, or elſe you loſe the conceit.

Smi. I ſee you are very perfect in theſe matters.

Bayes. I Sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know ſomething.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old Fiſher-man.

Ama. Villain, what Monſter did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the nobleſt Soul of human kind;
Tell me who ſet thee on.

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty-man?*

Fiſh. No: Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Volſcius* hire you to kill Prince *Volſcius?*

Fiſh. No, Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. So drag him hence,
Till torture of the Rack produce his Senſe.

(*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horrour of his guilt confound his Intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the deſign of this Scene.

Smi. I ſee Sir, you have a ſeveral deſign for every Scene.

Bayes. I that's my way of Writing; and ſo Sir, I can diſpatch you a whole Play before another Man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot.

Scena IV.

So now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he?

Why *Pretty man?* why when, I ſay? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo pox! you are come too late Sir, now you may go out again, if you pleaſe. I vow to gad, Mr. -----a-----I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What Sir?

Bayes. What Sir! 'Slife Sir, you ſhould have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, juſt as the other went off. Muſt a Man be eternally telling you of theſe things?

Johnſ. Sure this muſt be ſome very notable matter that he's ſo angry at.

Smi. I am not of your Opinion.

Bayes. Piſh! Come let's hear your part Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?

Altho' a Fiſherman he is my Father:
Was ever Son, yet brought to this diſtreſs,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherleſs?
Ah, you juſt Gods, rob me not of a Father:
The being of a Son take from me rather.

Smi. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

Johnſ. A Devil this is worſt of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy Sir: I proteſt I had forgot to tell you. Why Sir, you muſt know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fiſher-man.

Smi. How Sir, taken Priſoner?

Bayes. Taken Priſoner! O Lord, what a queſtion's there! did ever any Man ask ſuch a queſtion?

Godzookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd queſtion. What was I going to ſay?

Johnſ. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me ſee; taken: O 'tis true. Why Sir, as I was going to ſay, his Highneſs here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſher-man, and brought up as his Child.

Smi. Indeed!

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And ſo Sir, this murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſher-man upon ſuſpicion, was ſeiz'd, and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smi. So, ſo; now 'tis very plain.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this ſome diſparagement to a Pince, to paſs for a Fiſher-man's Son? Have a care of that I pray.

Bayes. No, no, not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I ſhall fetch him off again preſently, you ſhall ſee.

Enter Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'll ſet the World on Fire,
Rather then let 'em raviſh hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo you now; there he's off again.

Johnſ. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darkneſs can evince?
Some times a Fiſhers Son, ſometimes a Prince.
It is a ſecret, great as is the World;
In which I, like the Soul, am toſs'd and hurl'd.
The blackeſt Ink of Fate, ſure was my Lot,
And when ſhe writ my name, ſhe made a blot.

(*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a bluſtering Verſe for you now.

Smi. Yes Sir; but why is he ſo mightily troubled to find he is not a Fiſher-man's Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not becauſe he has a mind to be

be his Son, but for fear he ſhould be thought to be no bodies Son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a Man indeed.

Bayes. So, let me ſee.

SCENA V.

Enter Prince Volſcius, *going out of Town.*

Smi. I Thought he had been gone to *Peccadille.*

Bayes. Yes he gave it out ſo; but that was only to cover his Deſign.

Johnſ. What Deſign?

Bayes. Why to head the Army, that lies conceal-led for him at *Knightsbridge.*

Johnſ. I ſee here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we ſhall have a World of more buſineſs anon.

Enter Prince Volſcius, Cloris, Amarillis, *and* Harry *with a Riding Cloak and Boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country ſolitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we ſhould at leaſt
Have held the Honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the Honour of your Company; pret-tily expreſt, held the Honour of your Company! Godzookers, theſe fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johnſ. I aſſure you Sir, I admire it extreamly: I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great Matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this ſingle boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, ſtill remain.
Before your Horſes come, pronounce our fate,
For then alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volſ. (z) *Harry*, my Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little dif-

ficult, that you were ſaying, e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge?*

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge?* ſtay.

Johnſ. No, not if Inn-keepers be his Friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay Sir, his intimate Acquaintance; or elſe indeed I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, ſo it might be very eaſie.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things eaſie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of Town; but you ſhall ſee how prettily I have contriv'd to ſtop him preſently.

Smi. By my troth Sir, you have ſo amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volſ. Bleſs me! how frail are all my beſt reſolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpoſe chang'd!
Too ſoon I thought my ſelf ſecure from Love.
(*a*) Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does ſo gently rob me of my Fame?
For I ſhould meet the Army out of Town,
And if I fail, muſt hazard my Renown

Par. My Mother, Sir, ſells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me her dear *Parthenope* ſhe calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

Johnſ. I, I, I gad you are very right.

Volſ. Can vulgar veſtments high born beauty (ſhroud?
(*b*) Thou bring'ſt the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A gadzookers, what a Conceit is there!

Par. Give you good ev'n Sir. (*Exit.*

Volſ. O inauſpicious Stars! that I was born
To ſudden love, and to more ſudden ſcorn!

Ama. } How! Prince *Volſcius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.
Clo. } (*Exeunt laughing.*

Smi. Sure Mr. *Bayes*, we have loſt ſome jeſt here, that they laugh at ſo.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, did you not obſerve? He firſt reſolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love with her, ha, ha, ha.

Smi. Well, and where lies the jeſt of that?

Bayes. Ha! *(Turns to* Johnſ.

Johnſ. Why, in the Boots, where ſhould the jeſt lie?

Bayes. I gad, you are in the right; it does. *(Turns to* Smith. Lie in the Boots——Your Friend, and I know where a good jeſt lies, tho' you don't Sir.

Smi. Much good de't you Sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr. *Johnſon*; (*c*) you ſhall ſee a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have diſpatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volſcius *ſits down to pull on his Boots:* Bayes *ſtands by, and over-acts the Part as he ſpeaks it.*

Volſ. How has my paſſion made me *Cupid*'s ſcoff?
This haſty Boot is on, the other off,
And ſullen lies, with amorous deſign
To quit loud Fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smi. Pr'ythee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes*, takes to Act this Speech himſelf!

Johnſ. Yes, the Fool I ſee, is mightily tranſported with it.

Volſ. My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what ſad diſtraction I am brought.
Sometimes with ſtuborn Honour, like this Boot,
My mind is guarded, and reſolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Diſarm'd, like this other Leg does prove.
Shall I to Honour, or to Love give way?
(*d*) Go on cries Honour; tender Love ſays nay:
Honour aloud commands, pluck both Boots on;
But ſofter Loves does whiſper, put one none.
What ſhall I do? what conduct ſhall I find
To lead me thro' this twilight of my Mind?

For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzling light?
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me ſo, I can reſolve for neither.

(Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.

Johnſ. By my troth Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I ſaw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither ſide.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now, I gad, ha? For to go off hip hop hip hop upon this occaſion, is a thouſand times better than any concluſion in the World, I gad.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip hop, in this place as you ſay, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all Sir; they are theſe little things that mar, or ſet you off a Play; as I remember once in a Play of mine, I ſet off a Scene I gad, beyond expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly-ake.

Smi. Pray how was that Sir?

Bayes. Why Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's-Chamber, whoſe Father was not to ſee it, that came in by change.

Johnſ. God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smi. I but, Mr. *Bayes*, How could you contrive the Belly-ake?

Bayes. The eaſieſt i'th' World I gad: I'll tell you how, I made the Prince ſit down upon the Petticoat, no more than ſo, and pretend to his Father that he had juſt then got the Belly-ake: whereupon his Father went out to call a Phyſician, and his Man run away with the Petticoat.

Smi. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no earthly thing, I vow to gad.

Johnſ. O' my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes it gave a World of Content. And then I paid 'em away beſides; for I made 'em all talk

talk baudry; ha, ha, ha, Beaſtly, down right baudry upon the Stage, I gad; ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of Wit, that I muſt ſay.

Johnſ. That we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No I gad, can't it. Come bring in the Dance. (*Exit to call the Players.*

Smi. Now the Devil take thee for a ſilly Confident, unatural fulſome Rogue.

Enter Bayes *and* Players.

Bayes, Pray Dance well before the Gentlemen: You are commonly ſo lazie; but you ſhould be light and eaſie, tah, tah, tah. (*All the while they Dance,* (Bayes *puts 'em out with teaching 'em.* Well Gentlemen, you'll ſee this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take Sir; but I am ſure you ſweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay Sir, it coſts me more pains and trouble to do theſe things, than almoſt the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think ſo Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themſelves; for I could write you Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but I gad, theſe Players are ſuch dull perſons, that if a Man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn I gad, they'll miſtake you Sir, and ſpoil all.

Enter a Player.

What! is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis juſt now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it my ſelf.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes, A match: But Mr. *Johnſon,* I gad, I am not like other Perſons, they care not what becomes of their things, ſo they can but get Money for 'em;

now

now I gad, when I write, if it be not juſt as it ſhould be in every Circumſtance, to every particular, I gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my ſelf, I'm out of my Wits, and all that, I'm the ſtrangeſt perſon in the whole World: For what care I for Money? I write for Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Bayes, *and two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. (e) GEntlemen, becauſe I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reaſon for it, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. No Sir, I have a Precedent for it beſides. A perſon of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral juſt ſo: And he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any Man in *England*, I gad,

Johnſ. Nay if that be ſo, you are ſafe.

Bayes. I gad, but I have another device a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters; (for in my heroick Plays, I make no difference as to thoſe Matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. What is that I pray?

Bayes. Why I have deſign'd a Conqueſt, that cannot poſſibly, I gad be acted in leſs than a whole Week: And I'll ſpeak a bold Word; it ſhall (f) Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battle, I gad, with any the moſt warlike Tragedy we have either ancient or modern.

Johnſ. I marry Sir, there you ſay ſomething.

Smi.

Smi. And pray Sir, how have you order'd this ſame frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For Example, They divided their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many Tomes as they pleaſe: Now I would very fain know what ſhould hinder me, from doing the ſame with my things if I pleaſe?

Johnſ. Nay, if you ſhould not be a Maſter of your own Works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my Senſe: And then Sir, this contrivance of mine has ſomething of the reaſon of a Play in it too; for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do I, but make five Plays to one Plot; by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing

Johnſ. Moſt admirably good, i'faith! and muſt certainly take, becauſe it is not tedious.

Bayes. I Sir, I know that, there's the maint point. And then upon *Saturday* to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole matter to'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.

Johnſ. That Conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed I think will be very neceſſary.

Smi. And when comes in your ſhare pray Sir?

Bayes. The third Week.

Johnſ. I'll vow you'll get a world of Money.

Bayes. Why i'faith, a Man muſt live: and if you don't thus pitch upon ſome new Device I gad, you'll never do't; for this Age (take it o' my word) is ſomewhat hard to pleaſe. But there's one pretty odd paſſage in the laſt of theſe Plays, which may be executed two ſeveral ways, wherein I'd have your Opinion Gentlemen.

Johnſ. What is't Sir?

Bayes. Why Sir, I make a Male Perſon to be in Love with a Female.

Smi. Do you mean that Mr. *Bayes* for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes Sir, as I have order'd it. You ſhall hear: He having paſſionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at laſt, that ſhe conſents to his Love, juſt after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghoſt, he kills himſelf, That's one way: The other is, that ſhe coming at laſt to love him, with as violent a Paſſion as he lov'd her, ſhe kills herſelf. Now my Queſtion is, which of theſe two Perſons ſhould ſuffer upon this occaſion?

Johnſ. By my troth, it is a very hard Caſe to decide.

Bayes. The hardeſt in the World I gad, and has puzled this Pate very much. What ſay you Mr. *Smith?*

Smi. Why truly Mr. *Bayes*, if it might ſtand with your Juſtice now, I would ſpare 'em both.

Bayes. I gad, and I think----ha----why then I'll make him hinder her from killing herſelf. Ay, it ſhall be ſo: Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Uſurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there, no, no, here Sir: So now ſpeak.

K. Uſh. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our (grief
Receive from its embraces ſome relief.

K. Phyſ. Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her (breath,
And in Life's ſtead, to leave us nought (but Death?
The World diſcovers now its emptineſs,
And by her loſs demonſtrates we have leſs.

Bayes. Is not this good Language now? Is not that elevated? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You muſt know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her; with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

Smi. Lardella! I, who is ſhe?

Bayes. (*g*) Why Sir, the Siſter of *Drawcanſir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for her Winding-ſheet.

K.

K. Uſh. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick iſſues of our Love.
Pity us, ſinking under grief and Pain.
For thy being caſt away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you ſee I told you true.

Smi. I Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay I gad, but you will not have patience; honeſt M---a---you will not have patience.

Johnſ. Pray Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanſir?*

Bayes. Why Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Miſtreſs, ſnubbs up King's, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to Numbers, good Manners, or Juſtice.

Johnſ. A very pretty Character.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been Men of great Humanity and Juſtice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been ſo; but for my part, I prefer that one quality of ſingly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral Virtues put together, I gad. You ſhall ſee him come in preſently. Zookers, why don't you read the Paper?

K. Phyſ. O, cry you mercy. (*To the Players.*

Bayes. Piſh! Nay you are ſuch a Fumbler. Come I'll Read it my ſelf. (*Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.* Stay, it's an ill hand, I muſt uſe my Spectacles. This now is a Copy of Verſes, which I make *Lardella* compoſe, juſt as ſhe is dying, with deſign to have it pinn'd upon her Coffin, and ſo read by one of the Uſurpers, who is her Couſin.

Smi. A very ſhrewd deſign that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. And what do you think now, I fancy her to make Love like here in the Paper?

Smi. Like a Woman, what ſhould ſhe make Love like?

Bayes. O my word you are out tho' Sir; I gad you are.

Smi. What then, like a Man?

Bayes.

Bayes. No Sir, like an Humble-Bee.

Smi. I confeſs, that I ſhould not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be ſo Sir, but it is tho' in order to the opinion of ſome of your ancient Philoſophers, who held the Tranſmigration of the Soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz. King* Phyſ.

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho' Sir, by your favour for a Humble-Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but as for Poetry, give me leave to ſay, I underſtand that better; it has been longer my Practice; it has indeed Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it. [*Reads.*

(h) Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a Humble-Bee to your chaſte love.
With ſilent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or elſe before you in the Sun-beams buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghoſt you'll know me by my Hum;
For ſound being Air, a Ghoſt does well become.

Smi. (After a pauſe) Admirable!

Bayes. At night into your boſom I will creep,
And buz but ſoftly if you chance to ſleep:
Yet in your Dreams, I will paſs ſweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye.

Johnſ. By my troth that's a very great promiſe.

Smi. Yes, and a moſt extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your Bed of Love from dangers I will free;
But moſt from Love of any future Bee.
And when with pity your heart-ſtrings (ſhall crack,
With empty Arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pach, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay I gad, but is not that *tuant* now ha? Is it not *tuant?* Here's the end.

Then

Then at your birth of Immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
And teach you your firſt fluttering in the Sky,

Johnſ. O rare! This is the moſt natural, refin'd fancy that ever I heard I'll ſwear.

Bayes. Yes I think for a dead Perſon, it is a good enough way of making Love: For being diveſted of her Terreſtial part, and all that, ſhe is only capable of theſe little pretty amourous deſigns that are innocent, and yet paſſionate. Come draw your Swords.

K. Phyſ. Come Sword, come ſheath thy ſelf within this Breaſt,
Which only in *Lardella*'s Tomb can Reſt.

K. Uſh. Come Dagger come, and penetrate this Heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella*'s Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, ſtop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas*'s commands:
For the ſuppoſed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act ſuch deadly things.
Lardella Lives, I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could die.
Such Cœleſtial Conſtancy
Shall by the Gods rewarded be:
And from theſe Funeral Obſequies
A Nuptial Banqueſt ſhall ariſe.

(The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is diſcover'd.

Bayes. So take away the Coffin. Now it's out: This is the very Funeral of the fair perſon which *Volſcius* ſent word was dead, and *Pallas* you ſee, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is the Banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you Sir, we muſt firſt have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at leaſt.

Smi. That indeed I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Bayes.

Bayes. O, d'ye ſo Sir? I am glad you will confeſs your ſelf once in an Error Mr. *Smith.*

Dance.

K. Uſh. Reſplendant *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fireceſt Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And ſince to thee *Lardella*'s life we owe,
We'll ſuple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phyſ. Well, ſince alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let in full Bowls, her Health go round.

(*The two Uſurpers take each of them a Bowl in their hands.*

K. Uſh. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That ſhall be mine.
(*i*) Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the pureſt Wine of *France.*
(*Fills the Bowls out of her Lance.*
And to appeaſe your hunger, I
Have in my Helmet brought a Pye:
Laſtly, to bear a part with theſe,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheeſe.
(*Vaniſh* Pallas.

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you ſatisfy'd now Sir?

Johnſ. By my troth, now that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would pleaſe you: For the chief Art in Poetry, is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off ſome extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanſir.

K. Phyſ. What Man is this, that dares diſturb our Feaſt?

Draw. (*k*) He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And knowing this dares yet drink on, am I.

Johnſ. That is, Mr. *Bayes*, as much as to ſay, that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right, that's the conceit on't.

Johnſ. 'Tis a marvellous good one I ſwear.

Bayes.

Bayes. (*l*) Now there are ſome Criticks that have adviſ'd me to put out the ſecond *Dare*, and Print *Muſt* in the place on't; but I gad I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johnſ. Whoo! a thouſand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Uſh. Sir if you pleaſe, we ſhould be glad to (know,
How long you here will ſtay, how ſoon (you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred Perſon I gad? So modeſt, ſo gent!

Smi. O very like: (will ſtay,

Draw. (*m*) You ſhall not know how long I here
But you ſhall know I'll take your Bowls away.

(*Snatches the Bowls out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.*

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modeſt and gent?

Bayes. No I gad Sir, but 'tis great. (Clown,

K. Uſh. Tho' Brother, this grum ſtranger be a
He'll leave us ſure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares (drink,
I'll ſtare away his very power to drink.

(*The two Kings ſneak off the Stage with their Attendants.*

(*n*) I drink, I huff, I ſtrut, look big, and ſtare,
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. (*Exit.*

Smi. I ſuppoſe Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you ſpoke of?

Bayes. Yes, but this is nothing: You ſhall ſee him in the laſt Act, win above a dozen Battels, one after another, I gad, as faſt as they can poſſibly come upon the Stage.

Johnſ. That will be a ſight worth the ſeeing indeed.

Smi. But pray Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the King's let him uſe 'em ſo ſcurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raiſe the Character of *Drawcanſir*,

Johnſ. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now Sirs, I'll ſhew you a Scene indeed; or rather indeed, the Scene of Scenes: 'Tis an Heroic Scene.

Smi. And pray Sir, what's your deſign in this Scene.

Bayes. (*o*) Why Sir, my deſign is guilded Truncheons, forc'd Conceit, ſmooth Verſe, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene do not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in Mr.---a---nay, come in as mnay as you can. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the Stage,

Smi. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O Sir, becauſe your Heroick Verſe never ſounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCENA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, *and Prince* Volſcius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you Sir, the drift of this Scene is ſomewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out, becauſe they are not in love with the ſame Woman.

Smi. Not in love? you mean I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in love Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes, No Sir, I ſay not in love; there's a new conceit for you. Now ſpeak. (the way

Pret. Since Fate, Prince *Volſcius,* now has found
For our ſo long'd for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volſ. I gladly would that ſtory from thee learn.
But thou to love does *Pretty-man* incline,
Yet love in thy Breaſt, is not love in mine.

Bayes. *Antitheſis!* Thine and mine.

Pret. Since love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reaſon! I gad, I love reaſoning in Verſe.

Volſ. Love takes *Camelion* like, a various dye,
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lie.

Bayes. *Simile?* *Pret.*

Pret. Let not thy love the courſe of Nature fright,
Nature does moſt in Harmony delight.
Volſ. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?
Bayes. There's a great Verſe!
Volſ. If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the *Shrine*,
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie lips eternal ſweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames elſe (look pale.
Bayes. I gad that is right.
Pret. Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn aſhes, which her Eyes controul,
The Body they conſume as well as Soul.
Volſ. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amidſt the flames they ne'er give up the Ghoſt
But with her looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of pain and death, they're kept alive,
Her fiery eyes make 'em in fire ſurvive.
Bayes. That is as well, I gad, as I can do.
Volſ. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.
Bayes. Civil I gad.
Pret. I'll ſooner have a Paſſion for a Whale:
In whoſe vaſt bulk, tho' ſtore of Oly doth lie,
We find more ſhape, more beauty in a Fly.
Smi. That's uncivil I gad.
Bayes. Yes, but as far a fetch'd Fancy, tho' I gad, as e'er you ſaw.
Volſ. Soft *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence,
Of perfect Love, defame Love's excellence.
Parthenope is ſure, as far above
All other Loves, as above all is Love.
Bayes. Ah! I gad, that ſtrikes me.
Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.
Bayes. Now Mark. (to mend
Volſ. Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope

My better choice; for fair *Parthenope*,
(*p*) Gods would themſelves, un-god them-
Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming. (ſelves to ſee.
Pret. (*q*) Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'd make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
Bayes. Ah, Godzookers, that's well writ!
(*Scratching his head, his Peruke falls off.*
Volſ. Could'ſt thou that God from Heaven to
(Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a heav'nly State;
Parthenope on Earth, can Heav'n create.
Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it ſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the Joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! S'death, I have loſt my Peruke. Well Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write but my ſelf. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through, I gad. So ſo, pray clear the Stage. (*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

Johnſ. I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the Knack of writing ſmooth Verſe thus.

Smi. Why there's no need of Brain for this: 'Tis but ſcanning the Labours on the Finger; but where's the Senſe of it?

Johnſ. O, for that he deſires to be excus'd: (*r*) he is too proud a Man to creep ſervilly after Senſe, I aſſure you. But pray Mr. *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verſe?

Bayes. O Sir, the Subject is too great for Proſe.

Smi. Well ſaid I faith, I'll give thee a Pot of Ale for that Anſwer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my Heart.
I'll make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
That ſingle Line, I gad, is worth all that my Brother Poets ever writ.
Let down the Curtain. (*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW Gentlemen, I will be bold to ſay, I'll ſhew you the greateſt Scene that ever *England* ſaw: I mean not, for Words, for thoſe I don't value; but for State, ſhew, and Magnificence. In fine I'll juſtifie it to be as grand to the Eye every whit I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too I gad: for inſtead of two Biſhops, I bring in here four Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, the two Uſurping Kings appear in State, with the Four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, *Prince* Volſcius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them Heralds, and Serjeants at Arms, with Maces.*

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, Pray what is the reaſon that two of the Cardinalsare in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why Sir, becauſe---By gad I won't tell you. Your Country-Friend Sir, grows ſo troubleſome.

K. Uſh. Now Sir, to the Buſineſs of the Day.

K. Phyſ. Speak *Volſcius.*

Volſ. Dread Soveraign Lords, my Zeal to you, muſt not invade my Duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* firſt do ſpeak; whoſe high prehemience in all things do bear the Name of good, may juſtly claim that priviledge.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive now, that he is his Son.

Johnſ. Yes Sir, and we are very much beholding to you for that Diſcovery.

Pret. Royal Father upon my knees I beg,
That the Illuſtrious *Volſcius* firſt be heard.

Volſ. That Preference is only due to *Amarillis* Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her ſpeak very well, by and by, you ſhall ſee.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns—— (*Soft Muſick.*

K. Uſh. (*s*) But ſtay, what Sound is this invades (our Ears ?

K. Phyſ. Sure 'tis the Muſick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold with wonder yonder comes from far,
A God like Cloud, and a triumphant Carr.
In which our two right Kings ſit one by one
With Virgins Veſts, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Uſh. Then Brother *Phy's*, 'tis time we ſhould (be gone.

(*The two Uſurpers ſteal out of the Throne, and go away.*

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you, that this would be as eaſie a change as the other ?

Smi. Yes faith you did ſo, tho' I confeſs, I could not believe you ; but you have brought it about, I ſee.

(*The two right Kings of* Brentford *deſcend in the Clouds, ſinging, in white Garments ; and three Fidlers ſitting before them in Green.*

Bayes. Now becauſe the two right Kings deſcend from above, I make 'em ſing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* (*t*) Haſte Brother King, we are ſent from (above,
2 *King.* Let us move, let us move ;
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentford*'s long united State.

1 *King.* Tarra, tan, tarra, full Eaſt and by South,
2 *King.* We ſail with Thunder in our mouth.
In ſcorching Noon-day, whilſt the Tra- (vellers ſtays,
Buſie, buſie, buſie, buſie, we buſtle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly Throng,
Haſting to thoſe
Who will feaſt us at night, with a Pigg's (Petty Toes.

1 *King.* And we'll fall with our Plate
In an *Ollo* of hate.

2 *King.*

King. But now Supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Soldiers, to ſtorm a whole half (moon-Pye.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Cuſtards (in Spoons,
But alas, I muſt leave theſe Half Moons
And repair to my truſty Dragoons.

1 *King.* O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray,
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought (Ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play:
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll ſnug in our ſhell,
We'll frisk in our ſhell, (our ſhell,
We'll firk in our ſhell,
And farewell.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to (dance.
And the green Frogs croak out a Co- (ranto of *France.*

Bayes. Is not that pretty now? The Fidlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johnſ. No, but they play a Tune that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth a! That's a good one, with all my Heart. Come ſing on.

2 *King.* Now Mortals that Hear,
How we Tilt and Career,
With wonder will fear.
The event of ſuch things as ſhall never (appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfill what the Gods have (decreed,

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there ſhall (be need.

1 *King.* So firmly reſolv'd is a true *Brentford* King,
To ſave the diſtreſſed, and help to 'em (bring.

That e'er a Full-Pot of good Ale you can (ſwallow,
He's here with whoop, and gone with a (holloe.

(Bayes *fillips his finger, and ſings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holloe. (*u*) This Sir, you muſt know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johnſ. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No faith, not when you conſider it: For thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every wit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne Sir, what thing would you have?

Smi. Well, but methinks the Senſe of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? Why did you ever hear People in the Clouds ſpeak plain? they muſt be all for flight of Fancy, at its full range, without the leaſt check or controul upon it. When once you tye up Spirits and people in Clouds to ſpeak plain, you ſpoil all.

Smi. Bleſs me, what a Monſter's this!

(*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and ſtep into the Throne.* (advance,

1 *King.* Come, now to ſerious counſel we'll

2 *King.* I do agree, but firſt let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right: You did that very well Mr. *Cartwright:* But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be ſure you do it always juſt ſo: for it muſt be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premiditation. But firſt let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can no longer, I muſt gag this Rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johnſ. No prythee make uſe of thy patience a little longer: let's ſee the end of him now.

(*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging

belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but ſince deriv'd, with a little alteration to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What ſaucy Groom moleſts our privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in diſguiſe,
Deſires a word with both your Majeſties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-bridge* hither march'd (by ſtealth,

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our (Health,

Smi. How Mr. *Bayes?* the Army in Diſguiſe?

Bayes. Ay Sir, for fear the Uſurpers might diſcover them that went out but juſt now.

Smi. Why, what if they had diſcover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the Deſign.

1 *King.* Here, take five Guineas for thoſe war-(like Men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the Sum juſt Ten.

1 *Her.* We have not ſeen ſo much the Lord (knows when. (*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on brave *Amarillis.*

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns, blame not my modeſty,
If at this grand Conjuncture ------

(*Drums beats behind the Stage.*

1 *King.* (*x*) What dreadful noiſe is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haſt hence great Sirs, your royal Perſons ſave,
For the event of War no Mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,
Firſt fell to words, and then to handy blows. (*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handſome come off?

2 *King.* O dangerous eſtate of Soveraign power!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for ſhelter in our Cabinet ſtay:
Perhaps theſe threat'ning ſtorms may paſs (away. (*Exeunt.*

Johnſ. But Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promiſe us juſt now to make *Amarillis* ſpeak very well.

Bayes. Ay, and ſo ſhe would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay Sir, the Plot lay ſo, that I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry that was hard.

Johnſ. But pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why the Battel Sir, that's juſt coming in at the door: And I'll tell you now a ſtrange thing, tho' I don't pretend to do more than other Men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to gueſs how I'll repreſent this Battel.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, I aſſure you Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battel, there's the common error. I knew preſently where I ſhould have you. Why pray Sir, do but tell me this one thing, can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have Men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

Johnſ. No faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right on the other ſide, to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johnſ. Excellently reaſon'd by my troth?

Bayes. Wherefore Sir, to avoid both thoſe Indicorums, I ſum up my whole Battel in the repreſentation of two perſons only, no more: and yet ſo lively, that I vow to gad, you would ſwear ten thouſand Men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smi. Yes Sir, but I think I ſhould hardly ſwear tho' for all that.

Bayes. By my troth Sir, but you would tho' when you ſee it: for I make 'em both come out in Armour *Cap-a-pee*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a Scarlet Ribbon at their wriſt, (which you know, repreſents fighting enough.)

Johnſ.

Johnſ. I, I, ſo much, that if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again without ſpeaking one word.

Bayes. No there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

Smi. How Sir? inſtead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler? Pray Sir do you ask no more Queſtions. I make 'em Sir play the Battel in *Recitativo.* And here's the conceit. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf in a Warlike Poſture: ſo that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Muſick and good Language; and your eye ſatisfied with the Garb and Accoutrements of War.

Smi. I confeſs Sir, you ſtupifie me.

Bayes. You ſhall ſee.

Johnſ. But Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting? for I love thoſe Play, where they cut and ſlaſh one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why then to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you ſhall have my *Recitavivo* firſt.

Johnſ. I, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected againſt it.

Bayes. (*y*) True, and ſo I gad, I'll make it too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

Enter at ſeveral doors, the General and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pee, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his Sword drawn, and hung with a Scarlet Ribbon at his wriſt.*

Lieut. (*z*) *Gen.* Villain, thou lyeſt.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonſalvo*, arm; what ho?
The lye no Fleſh can brook I trow. (teers.

Lieut. Gen. Advance from *Acton*, with the Muſque-

Gen. Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſiers.

Lieut.

Lieut. Gen. (*a*) The Band you boaſt of *Chelſey*
(Curiaſiaers,
Shall in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.
Gen. Chiſwickians, aged and renow'd in fight,
Join with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.
Lieut. Gen. You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do
(them right,
Unleſs by *Fulham* numbers over-laid
Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* foot advance,
And line that Eaſtern hedge.
Lieut. Gen. The Horſe I ras'd in *Petty-France*,
Shall try their chance, (Sedge.
And ſcour the Medows overgrown with
Gen. Stand, give the word.
Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.
Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.
Lieut. (*b*) *Gen.* Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive
Gen. Purſue, purſue; they fly (mine ire.
That firſt did give the lye. (*Exeunt.*

Bayes. This now is not improper I think, becauſe the Spectators know all theſe Towns, and may eaſily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

Johnſ. Moſt exceeding well Deſign'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a ſtop to this Battel?

Smi. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipſe: Which let me tell you, is a kind of Fancy that was yet never ſo much as thought of but by my ſelf, and one perſon more that ſhall be nameleſs. *Enter Lieutenant General.*

Lieut. Gen. What mid night darkneſs does in-
(vade the day,
And ſnatch the Victor from his conquer'd
Is the Sun weary of his bloody fight, (prey?
And winks upon us with the eye of light?

'Tis

'Tis an Eclipſe. This was unkind O Moon,
To clap between me and the Sun ſo ſoon.
Fooliſh Eclipſe; thou this in vain haſt done,
My brighter honour had Eclipſ'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipſes two in one. (*Exit.*

Johnſ. This is an admirable repreſentation of a Battel as I ever ſaw.

Bayes. I Sir: But how would you fancy to repreſent an Eclipſe?

Smi. Why that's to be ſuppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your ſuppoſe: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well ſuppoſe the whole Play. No, it muſt come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in ſome odd way, that may delight, amuſe, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am ſure is new, and I believe to the purpoſe.

Johnſ. How's that?

Bayes. Why the truth is, I took the firſt hint of this out of a Dialogue between *Phœbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted Maid:* Which by my troth was very pretty; but I think you'll confeſs this is a little better.

Johnſ. No doubt on't Mr. *Bayes*, a great deal better. (Bayes *hugs* Johnſon, *then turns to* Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue! But---a---Sir you have heard, I ſuppoſe that your Eclipſe of the Moon, is nothing elſe, but an interpoſition of the Earth between the Sun and Moon; as likewiſe your Eclipſe of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and the Sun?

Smi. I have heard ſome ſuch thing indeed.

Bayes. Well Sir, then what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun and Moon, came out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: Hum; and of neceſſity, by the very nature of this dance, the Earth muſt be ſometimes between the Sun: and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun: and there you have both your Eclipſes, by demonſtration.

Johnſ. That muſt needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes.

Bayes. Yes it has fancy in't. And then Sir, that there may be ſomething in't too of Joque, I bring 'em in all ſinging, and make the Moon fell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipſe to the Tune of *Tom Tyler.* *Enter* Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O *Orbis.*
Come to me, thou little Rogue, *Orbis.*

Enter the Earth.

Orb. (*c*) Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?
Luna. Luna, that ne'er ſhines by day.
Orb. What means *Luna* in a Veil?
Luna. Luna means to ſhew her Tail.
Bayes. Ther's the Bargain.

Enter Sol, *to the Tune of* Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, Siſter, fie; thou mak'ſt me muſe,
Derry, derry, down.
To ſee the *Orb* abuſe.
Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I ſhew'd it out of Love.
Hey down derry down.
Orb. Where ſhall I thy true Love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
Luna. (*d*) To morrow ſoon, e'er it be noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio.* (*Bis.*
Sol. Then I will ſhine (*To the Tune of* Trenchmore.
Orb. And I will be fine. (Wine.
Luna. (*e*) And I will drink nothing but Lippary
Omnes. And we, &c.

(*As they dance the Hey*, Bayes *ſpeaks.*

Bayes. Now the Earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun; there's the Eclipſe again.
Smi. He's mightily taken with this I ſee.
Johnſ. I, 'tis ſo extraordinary, how can he chooſe?
Bayes. So now, vaniſh Eclipſe, and enter t'other Battel, and fight, Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

A battel is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horſes. At laſt Drawcanſir *comes in and kills 'em all*

all on both ſides. All this while the battel is fighting, Bayes *is telling 'em when to ſhout, and ſhouts with 'em*

Draw. Others, may boaſt a ſingle man to kill;
But I the bloody of thouſands daily ſpill.
Let petty Kings the name of Parties know:
Where e'er I come I ſlay both friend and foe.
The ſwifteſt Horſe-men my ſwift rage controuls:
And from their Bodies drives their trembling (Souls.
If they had wings, and to the God's could flie,
I would purſue and beat them thro' the Skie:
And make proud *Jove* with all his Thunder ſee,
This ſingle Arm more dreadful is than he (*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now Sirs. You may talk of your *Hectors*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Hiſtories and your Romances too, to ſhew me one ſuch Conqueror as this *Drawcanſir.*

Johnſ. I ſwear I think you may.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how ſhall all theſe dead Men go off? For I ſee none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their Legs: How ſhould they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant poor Man: Your Friend here is very ſilly Mr. *Johnſon*, Igad, he is. Ha, ha, ha. Come Sir, (*ſ*) I'll ſhew you how they ſhall go off. Riſe, riſe Sirs, and go about your Buſineſs. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word Gentlemen, I'll be with you preſently. (*Exit.*

Johnſ. Will you ſo? Then we'll be gone.

Smi. I pr'ythee let's go, that we may preſerve our hearing. One Battel more will take mine quite away. *Enter* Bayes *and Players.* (*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath, this laſt Act is beſt of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. (*Exit.*

1 *Play.*

1 *Play.* What ſhall we do, now he is gone away?

2 *Play.* Why ſo much the better; then let's go to Dinner.

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of paper: Let's ſee what 'tis.

3 or 4 *Play.* I, I; come let's hear it.

(*Reads the Argument of the Fifth Act.*

3 *Play. Cloris* at length, being ſenſible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s Paſſion, conſents to Marry him; but juſt as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandler's Widdow, and remembring it was ſhe that firſt brought him acquainted with *Cloris:* Out of a high point of Honour, brake of his Match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which *Cloris* in deſpair, drowns her ſelf: And Prince *Pretty-man* diſcontentedly walks by the River ſide. This will never do: 'Tis juſt like the reſt. Come let's be gone. (*Exeunt.*

Moſt of the Play. Ay, Pox on't, let's be gone.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me ſweat to run after 'em. A couple of ſenſeleſs Raſcals, that had rather go to Dinner, than ſee this Play out, with a Pox to 'em. What comfort has a Man to write for ſuch dull Rogues? Come Mr.----a----Where are you Sir? Come away quick, quick.

Enter Stage-Keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to Dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Stage. Why an't pleaſe your Worſhip Sir, the Players are gone to Dinner too.

Bayes. How! Are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impoſſible: The Players gone to Dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a Perſon that does them the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited,

ceited, humourous, croſsgrain'd Perſons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the moſt contemptible, deſpicable, inconſiderable Perſons, and all that in the whole World for this Trick. I gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll ſell this Play to the other Houſe.

Stage. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll diſappoint the Company that comes to ſee it Acted here, this Afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one. I muſt reſerve this comfort to my ſelf, my Play, and I ſhall go together, we will not part indeed Sir.

Stage. But what will the Town ſay Sir?

Bayes. The Town! Why, what care I for the Town? I gad the Town has us'd me as ſcurvily as the Players have done: But I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em all. And ſince they will not admit of my Playes, they ſhall know what a Satyriſt I am. And ſo farewell to this Stage I gad, for ever.

Enter Players. (*Exit.* Bayes.

1. *Play.* Come then, let's ſet up Bills for another Play.

2. *Play.* I, I; we ſhall loſe nothing by this, I warrant you.

1. *Play.* I am of your Opinion: But before we go let's ſee *Haynes* and *Shirlay* practice the laſt Dance; for that may ſerve us another time.

2. *Play.* I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tiring-room.

The dance done.

1. *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to Dinner.

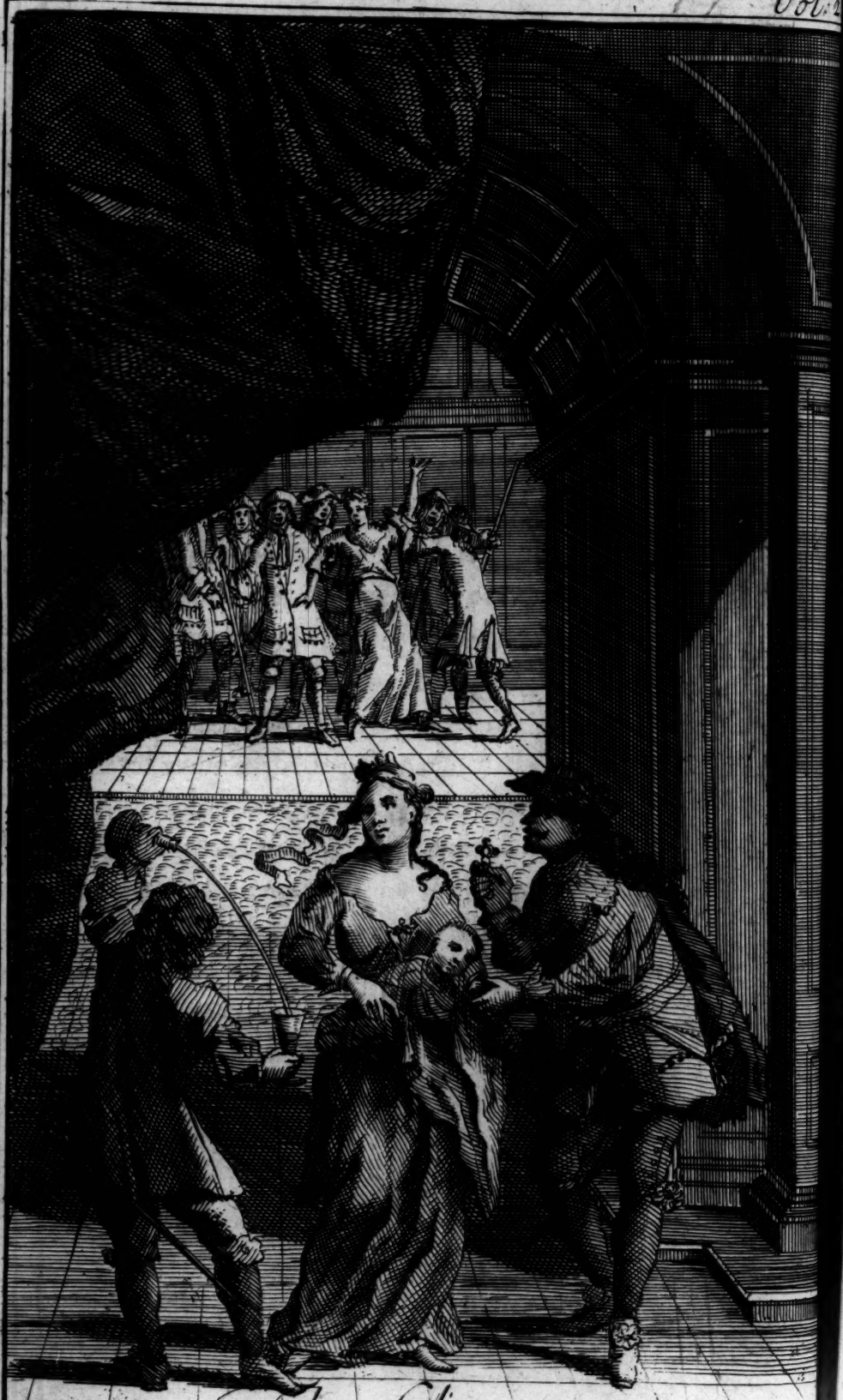
(*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

I EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THE Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That Circumſtance the Poet BAYES *forgot.*
And we can boaſt, tho' 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients plotted tho', and ſtrove to pleaſe,
With ſenſe that might be underſtood with eaſe:
They every Scene with ſo much Wit did ſtore,
That who brought any in, went out with more.
But this new way Wit does ſo ſurprize,
Men loſe their Wits in wondering were it lies.
If it be true, that Monſtrous Births preſage,
The following miſcheifs that afflict the Age:
And ſad diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Playes without head or tail, may do the ſame.
Wherefore for ours, and for the Kingdoms Peace,
May this prodigious way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have, at leaſt, once in our lives, a time,
When we may hear ſome Reaſon, not all Rhyme:
We have this ten Years felt it's Influence;
Pray let this prove a Year of Proſe and Sence.



The Chances.

THE CHANCES, A COMEDY.

ACTED

By Her MAJESTY's Servants,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal.

Written by the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1714.

PROLOGUE.

OF all Men thoſe have reaſon leaſt to care,
For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their ſhare:
And that's a thing our Author's apt to uſe,
Upon occaſion, when no Man can chuſe.
Suppoſe now at this inſtant one of you,
Were tickled by a Fool, what would you do?
'Tis ten to one you'd laugh: here's juſt the caſe,
For there are Fools that tickle with their Face.
Your gay Fool tickles with his Dreſs and Motions,
But your grave Fool of Fools, with ſilly Notions.
Is it not then unjuſt that Fops ſhould ſtill,
Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill?
Yet ſince perhaps to ſome it gives Offence,
That Men are tickled at the want of Sence.
Our Author thinks he takes the readieſt way,
To ſhew all he has laugh'd at here fair play.
For if ill writing be a folly thought,
Correcting ill is ſure a greater fault.
Then Gallants laugh, but chuſe the right place firſt,
For judging ill is of all faults the worſt.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Duke of Ferrara.
Petruchio, *Governour of* Bolognia.
Don John, } *two* Spaniſh *Gentlemen and*
Don Frederick, } *Camrades.*
Antonio, *an old ſtout Gentlemen, Kinſman to* Petruchio.
Three Gentlemen, Friends to the Duke.
Two Gentlemen, Friends to Petruchio.
Franciſco, *a Muſician,* Antonio's *Boy.*
Peter Vecchio, *a Teacher of Latin and Muſick, a reputed Wizard.*
Peter *and* Anthony, } *two Servants to* Don John *and* Frederick.
A Surgeon.

WOMEN.

Conſtantia, *Siſter to* Petruchio, *and Miſtreſs to the Duke.*
Gentlewoman, Servant to Conſtantia.
Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John *and* Frederick.
Conſtantia, *a Whore to old* Antonio.
Bawd.

THE

THE CHANCES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peter *and* Anthony; *two Servingmen.*

Pret. WOuld we were remov'd from this Town (*Anthony*)
That we might taſte ſome Quiet: for mine one part,
I'm almoſt melted with continual trotting
After Enquiries, Dreams, and Revelations,
Of who knows whom or where? ſerving wenching Soldiers,
I'll ſerve a Prieſt in Lent firſt, and eat Bell-ropes.

Ant. Thou art the froward'ſt Fool———

Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony?*
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Ant. To wait upon our Maſters.

Pet. But how *Anthony?*
Anſwer me that. Reſolve me there good *Anthony.*

Ant. To ſerve their Uſes.

Pet. Shew your Uſes, *Anthony.*

Ant. To be employ'd in any thing.

Pet. No *Anthony,*
Not any thing I take it; nor that thing
We travel to diſcover, like new Iſlands,

A ſalt Itch ſerve ſuch uſes. In things of moment,
Concerning things I grant ye, not things errant;
Sweet Ladies things and things to thank the Surgeon:
In no ſuch things, ſweet *Anthony*; put caſe------
Ant. Come, come, all will be mended: this inviſible Woman
Of infinite report for Shape and Beauty,
That bred all this trouble to no purpoſe,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.
Pet. Were there ever,
Men known to run mad with Report before?
Or wander after what they know not where
To find? or if found, how to enjoy? Are Men's Brains
Made now adays of Malt, that their Affections
Are never ſober? but like drunken People
Founder at every new fame? I do believe
That Men in love are ever drunk, as drunken Men
Are ever loving.
Ant. Prethee be thou ſober,
And know that they are none of thoſe, not guilty
Of the leaſt vanity of love, only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The Graces of this Woman made them curious
To find the Truth, which ſince they find ſo
Lock'd up from their Searches, they are now reſolv'd
To give the wonder over.
Pet. Would they were reſolv'd
To give me ſome new Shooes too: for I'll be ſworn
Theſe are e'en worn out to the reaſonable Soals
In their good Worſhip's buſineſs: and ſome Sleep
Would not do much amiſs, unleſs they mean
To make a Bell-man of me: here they come. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Don John *and* Frederick.

Joh. I would we could have ſeen her tho': for ſure
She muſt be ſome rare Creature, or Report lyes,
All Men's Reports too.

Fred.

Fred. I could well wiſh I had ſeen *Conſtantia*;
But ſince ſhe is ſo conceal'd; plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her; ſo guarded
As 'twere impoſſible, tho' known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.
Joh. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her,
But as ſhe came a ſtrange Report unto me,
So the next Fame ſhall loſe her.
Fred. 'Tis the next way:
But whither are you walking?
Joh. My old round
After my Meat, and then to Bed.
Fred. 'Tis healthful.
Joh. Will not you ſtir?
Fred. I have a little Buſineſs,
Joh. I'd lay my Life this Lady ſtill-----
Fred. Then you wou'd loſe it.
Joh. Pray let's walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
Joh. I have ſomething to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miſs to meet you.
Joh. Where?
Fred. I' th' high Street;
For not to lye, I have a few Devotions
To do firſt, then I am yours.
Joh. Remember. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*
Ant. Cut his Wind-pipe, I ſay.
1 *Gen.* Fie *Antonio.*
Ant. Or knock his Brains out firſt, and then forgive him.
If you do thruſt, be ſure it be to th' Hilts,

A Surgeon

A Surgeon may ſee through him.

1. *Gent.* You are too violent.

2. *Gen.* Too open, undiſcreet.

Petr. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my Houſe crack'd? my Blood poyſon'd?
My Credit and my Name?

2. *Gen.* Be ſure it be ſo,
Before ye uſe this violence. Let not Doubt,
And a ſuſpecting Anger ſo much ſway you,
Your wiſdom may be queſtion'd.

Ant. I ſay kill him,
And then diſpute the Cauſe; cut off what may be,
And what is ſhall be ſafe.

2. *Gen.* Hang up a true Man,
Becauſe 'tis poſſible he may be thieviſh:
Alas, is this good Juſtice?

Petr. I know as certain
As Day muſt come again; as clear as Truth,
And open as Belief can lay it to me,
That I am baſely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciouſly abus'd, blaſted for ever,
In Name and Honour, loſt to all remembrance,
But what is ſmear'd and ſhameful; I muſt kill him,
Neceſſity compells me.

1. *Gent.* But think better.

Petr. There is no other Cure left; yet witneſs with me
All that is fair in Man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this Life I ſeek for,
Nor thirſt to ſhed Man's Blood; and would 'twere poſſible,
I wiſh it with my Soul, ſo much I tremble
To offend the ſacred Image of my Maker,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no 'tis
Honour, Honour, my noble Friends, that Idol Honour,
That all the World now Worſhips not *Petruchio*,

Muſt

Must do this Justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you or Honour,
Or both be accessary.

2. *Gen.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The value of the Person, Power, and Greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
So much I am ty'd to Reputation,
And credit of my House, let it raise wild Fires,
And storms that toss me into everlasting ruine,
Yet I must through, if ye dare side me.

Ant. Dare?

Petr. Y'are Friends indeed, if not.

2. *Gen.* Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what design you please, we'll back ye.

1. *Gen.* Is the cause so mortal, nothing but his Life?

Petr. Believe me.
A less Offence has been the Desolation
Of a whole Name.

1. *Gen.* No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2. *Gen.* Think an Hour more,
And if then ye find no safer Road to guide you,
We'll set our Rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part, goes less than Life.

2. *Gen.* If we see noble Cause, 'tis like our Swords
May be as free and forward as your Words.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

Joh. The civil order of this City *Naples*
Makes it belov'd, and honour'd of all Travellers.

As

As a moſt ſafe Retirement in all Troubles;
Beſide the wholeſome Seat and noble Temper
Of thoſe Minds that inhabit it, ſafely wiſe,
And to all ſtrangers courteous; but I ſee
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into ſuſpicion of too late a ſtirrer,
Which all good Governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at Liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not ſo far Night, as I thought; for ſee,
A fair Houſe yet ſtands open, yet all about it
Are cloſe; and no Light's ſtirring: there may be foul play:
I'll venture to look in: If there be Knaves,
I may do a good Office. (*Woman within.*

Within. *Signior?*

Joh. What? how is this?

Within. Signior *Frabritio?*

Joh. I'll go nearer.

Within. *Fabritio?*

Joh. This is a Woman's Tongue, here may be good done.

Within. Who's there? *Fabritio?*

Joh. I.

Within. Where are you?

Joh. Here.

Within. O come for Heaven's ſake!

Joh. I muſt ſee what this means.

Enter Woman *with a Child.*

Within. I have ſtay'd this long hour for you, make no Noiſe.
For things are in ſtrange trouble here, be ſecret.
'Tis worth your care; be gone now, more Eyes watch us
Than may be for our ſafeties.

Joh. Hark ye?

Within. Peace good night. (*Exit.*

Joh.

Joh. She's gone, and I am loaden, fortune for me,
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some Pack of worth, By th' Mass 'tis heavy;
If it be Coin or Jewels, it is worth welcome:
I'll ne'er refuse a Fortune; I am confident
'Tis of no common price: now to my Lodging:
If it be right, I'll bless this Night. (*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
I cannot meet him, sure he has encounter'd
Some light o' Love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well *Don John*,
If you do spring a leak, or get an Itch,
Till you claw off your curl'd pate, than your night walks:
You must be still a Boot-haling; one round more,
Tho', it be late, I'll venture to discover you,
I do not like your out leaps. (*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke *and three Gentlemen.*

Duke. Welcome to Town, are ye all fit?

1. *Gen.* To point, Sir.

Duke. Where are the Horses?

2. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private, and whatsoever Fortune
Offer it self, let us stand sure.

3. *Gen* Fear us not.
E'er you shall be endanger'd or deluded
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your Quarters?

1. *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?

Duke.

Duke. Ye ſhall not be far from me, the leaſt Noiſe
Shall bring ye to my Reſcue.
2. *Gent.* We are counſell'd. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Don John.

Joh. Was ever Man ſo paid for being curious ?
Ever ſo bobb'd for ſearching out Adventures,
As I am ? Did the Devil lead me ? muſt I needs be peeping
Into Men's Houſes where I had no Buſineſs,
And make my ſelf a miſchief ? 'tis well carry'd ;
I muſt take other Men's occaſions on me,
And be I know not whom : moſt finely handled :
What have I got by this now ? what's the purchaſe ?
A piece of Evening Arras work, a Child,
Indeed an Infidel : This comes of peeping :
A lump got out of Lazineſs ; good white Bread,
Let's have no bawling with ye : 'Sdeath, have I
Known Wenches thus long, all the ways of Wenches,
Their Snares and Subtilties ? have I read over
All their School Learning, div'd into their Quiddities
And am I now bumfidled with a Baſtard,
Fetch't over with a Card of five, and in my old days,
After the dire Maſſacre of a Million
Of Maidenheads, caught the common way, 'ith' night too
Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it ? well, *Don John*,
You will be wiſer one day, when you've purchas'd
A Beavy of thoſe Butter-prints together,
With ſearching out concealed Iniquities,
Without commiſſion : Why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this Ginger-bread : Never ſtirr'd me

So

So I had a ſtroke for't: It had been juſtice
Then to have kept it; but to raiſe a Dayry
For other Men's Adulteries, conſume my ſelf in Candles,
And ſcouring work, in Nurſes, Bells, and Babies,
Only for Charity, for Meer I thank you,
A little troubles me: The leaſt touch for it,
Had but my Breeches got it, it had contented me
Whoſe e'er it is. Sure it had a wealthy Mother,
For 'tis well cloath'd, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within: to leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a worſe Sin
Than his that got it; well, I will diſpoſe on't,
And keep it, as they keep Death's Heads in Rings,
To cry *Memento* to me; no more Peeping:
Now all the danger is, to qualifie
The good old Gentlewoman, at whoſe Houſe we live;
For ſhe will fall upon me with a Catechiſm
Of four hours long: I muſt endure all;
For I will know this Mother: Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging: Your ſtarv'd treble
Will waken the rude Watch elſe: All that be
Curious Night-walkers, may they find my Fee.

Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
I have beaten all the Purlews,
But cannot bolt him: If he be a bobbing
'Tis not my care can cure him; to morrow morning
I ſhall have further knowledge from a Surgeon-----
Where he lies moor'd to mend his Leaks.

Enter 1. Conſtantia.

Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you,

Be

Be full of haſte and care, we are undone elſe:
Where are your People? which way muſt we travel?
For Heaven's ſake ſtay not here, Sir.
Fred. What may this prove?
Con. Alas, I am miſtaken, loſt, undone,
For ever periſh'd: Sir, for Heaven's ſake tell me,
Are you a Gentleman?
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, born in *Spain*.
Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your deſires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched Woman but this Benefit,
For I am forc't to truſt ye.
Fred. Y'ave charm'd me,
Humanity and Honour bids me help you;
And if I fail your truſt——
Con. The time's too dangerous
To ſtay your Proteſtations: I believe you,
Alas! I muſt believe you: From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me inſtantly.
And for a time, where nothing but your ſelf,
And honeſt Converſation may come near me,
In ſome ſecure place ſettle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my Credit
Into a Stranger's hand, the fear and dangers,
That force me to this wild courſe, at more leiſure
I ſhall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come be hearty,
He muſt ſtrike through my Life that takes
You from me. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two* Gentlemen.
Petr. He will ſure come. Are ye all well arm'd?
Ant. Never fear us.

Here's

Here's that will make 'em dance without Fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak Foes, my Friends,
Nor unadviſed ones.

Ant. The beſt Gameſters make the beſt Play,
We ſhall fight cloſe and home then.

1. *Gen.* *Antonio*,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? all Phyſicians
And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of Veins this Month: Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for, to fall to cuffs for Apples?
What, would you make the Cauſe a Cudgel Quarrel?

Petr. Speak ſoftly, gentle Couſin.

Ant. I will ſpeak truly;
What ſhould Men do ally'd to theſe Diſgraces,
Lick o'er his Enemy, ſit down, and dance him?

2. *Gen.* You are as far o'th' Bow Hand now.

Ant. And cry,
That's my fine Boy, thou wilt do ſo no more Child.

Petr. Here are no ſuch cold pities.

Ant. By St. *Jaques*,
They ſhall not find me once! Here's old tough *Andrew*,
A ſpecial Friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll ſtrike 'em ſuch a Horn-pipe: knocks I come for,
And the beſt Blood I light on; I profeſs it,
Not to ſcare Coſtermongers; If I loſe my own,
My audit's loſt, and farewel five and fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place your ſelves with ſilence
As I directed ye; and when time calls us,
As ye are Friends, ſo ſhew your ſelves.

Ant. So be it. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John *and his* Land-Lady:

Land. Nay, Son, if this be your regard.

Joh. Good Mother.

Land. Good me no Goods, your Couſin and your ſelf
Are welcome to me, whilſt you bear your ſelves
Like honeſt and true Gentlemen: Bring hither
To my Houſe, that have ever been reputed
A Gentlewoman of a decent and a fair Carriage,
And ſo behaved my ſelf?

Joh. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I ſay, to make my Name
Stink in my Neighbours Noſtrils? Your Devices,
Your Bratsgot out of Alligant and broken Oaths?
Your Linſey-wolſey Work, your Haſty-Puddings?
I foſter up your filch'd Iniquities?
Y'are deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of thoſe Receivers.

Joh. Have I not ſworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and ſhew'd you how I found it?

Land. Ye found an eaſie fool, that let you get it.

Joh. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths? What care you for Oaths to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know ye?
Or what Religion, but your purpos'd Lewdneſs,
As to be look'd for of ye? nay, I will tell ye,
You will then ſwear like accus'd Cut-purſes,
Is far off truth too; and lye beyond all Falconers:
I'm ſick to ſee this dealing.

Joh. Heaven forbid, Mother.

Land. Nay, I am very ſick.

Joh. Who waits there?

Pet.

Pet. Sir? (Within.)
Joh. Bring down the Bottle of Canary Wine.
Land. Exceeding ſick, Heaven help me.
Joh. Haſte ye Sirrah,
I muſt e'en make her drunk; nay gentle Mother.
Land. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpoſe
You fetch'd your Evening walks for your Devotions,
For this pretended Holineſs? No Weather
Not before day could hold ye from the Mattins.
Were theſe your bo-peep Prayers? y'ave pray'd well,
And with a learned Zeal watch'd well too; your Saint
It ſeems was pleas'd as well: Still ſicker, ſicker.

Enter Peter *with a Bottle of Wine.*

Joh. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her.
Give me: Here Mother, take a good round Draught,
'Twill purge Spleen from your Spirits: Deeper Mother.
Land. I, I, Son; you imagine this will mend all.
Joh. All, I faith Mother.
Land. I confeſs the Wine
Will do his part.
Joh. I'll pledge ye.
Land. But, Son *John.*
Joh. I know your meaning, Mother; ouch it once more.
Alas you look not well, take a round Draught,
It warms the Blood well, and reſtores the Colour,
And then we'll talk at large.
Land. A civil Gentleman?
A ſtranger? one the Town holds a good regard of?
Joh. Nay I will ſilence thee there.

Land. One that ſhould weigh his fair name? oh a ſtitch!

Joh. There's nothing better for a ſtitch, good Mother,
Make no ſpare of it; as you love your Health
Mince not the Matter.

Land. As I ſaid a Gentleman,
Lodged in my Houſe? now Heaven's my comfort, *Signior!*

Joh. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A Woman of my Credit; One Heaven knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.

Joh. Dear Mother,
I ever found your kindneſs, and acknowledge it.

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counſel you. Where's the Infant?
Come, let's ſee your Workmanſhip.

Joh. None of mine, Mother;
But there 'tis, and a luſty one.

Land. Heav'n bleſs thee,
Thou hadſt a haſty making; but the beſt is,
'Tis many a good Man's fortune; as I live,
Your own Eyes, *Signior*; and the neither Lip
As like you, as you had ſpit it.

Joh. I am glad on't.

Land. Bleſs me, what things are theſe?

Joh. I thought my labour
Was not all loſt, 'tis Gold, and theſe are Jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.

Land. Well, well, Son *John*.
I ſee ye're a Wood-man, and can chuſe
Your Deer, tho' it be i'th' dark, all your Diſcretion
Is not yet loſt; this was well clap'd aboard;
Here I am with ye now, when as they ſay

Your

Your pleaſure comes with Profit; when you muſt needs do;
Do where you may be done to, 'tis a Wiſdom,
Becomes a young Man well; be ſure of one thing,
Looſe not your Labour and your time together,
It ſeaſons of a Fool, Son, time is precious,
Work warily whilſt you have it; ſince you muſt Traffick
Sometimes this ſlippery way, take ſure hold, *Signior*,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your Lading
As you would make your reſt, adventurouſly,
But with advantage ever.

Joh. All this time, Mother,
The Child wants looking to, wants Meat and Nurſes.

Land. Now bleſſing o' thy heart, it ſhall have all,
And inſtantly; I'll ſeek a Nurſe my ſelf, Son,
'Tis a ſweet Child; ah my young *Spaniard*,
Take you no further care, Sir.

Joh. Yes of theſe Jewels,
I muſt by your good leave Mother; theſe are yours,
To make your care the ſtronger; for the reſt
I'll find a Maſter; the Gold for bringing up on't
I freely render to your charge.

Land. No more words,
Nor any more Children, (good Son) as you love me.
This may do well.

Joh. I ſhall obſerve your Morals.
But where's *Don Federick* (Mother?)

Land Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me
He was to find you out. (*Exit.*

Joh. Why ſhould he ſtay thus?
There may be ſome ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I have found him: Now this Woman's pleas'd,
I'll ſeek my Friend out, and my care is eas'd. (*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Enter Duke *and three* Gentlemen.

1. *Gen.* Believe, Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to move the City, the main Faction,
Swarm through the Streets like *Hornets*, and with angers
Able to ruine States, no safety left us,
Nor means to die like Men, if instantly
You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now, were I more sure
Of death, than thou art of my fears, and with deaths
More, than those fears are too!

1. *Gen.* Sir, I fear not.

Duke. I would not break my Vow, start from my Honour,
Because I may find danger; wound my Soul
To keep my Body safe.

1. *Gen.* I speak not, Sir,
Out of a baseness to you.

Duke. No, nor do not
Out of a baseness leave me: What is danger
More, than the weakness of our Apprehensions?
A poor cold part o'th' Blood? Who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked Livers: Valiant minds
Were made the Masters of it, and as hearty Sea-men
In desperate Storms, stem with a little Rudder
The tumbling ruins of the Ocean;
So with their Cause and Swords do they do dangers,
Say we were sure to die all in this Venture,
As I am confident against it: Is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxriously to lie a bed,
And purge away his Spirits? send his Soul out
In Sugar-sops, and Syrops? give me dying

As

As dying ought to be, upon mine Enemy,
Parting with Mankind, by a Man that's manly:
Let 'em be all the World; and bring along
Cain's Envy with them, I will on.

2. *Gen.* You may Sir,
But with what ſafety?

1. *Gen.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You ſhall perceive, Sir, that here be thoſe amongſt us.
Can die as decently as other Men,
And with as little Ceremony: On brave, Sir,

Duke. That's ſpoken heartily.

1. *Gen.* And he that flinches
May he die louſie in a Ditch.

Duke. No more dying,
There's no ſuch danger in't:
What's a Clock?

3. *Gen.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noiſe, and no trouble will attend us. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick *and* Anthony *with a Candle.*

Fred. Give me the Candle: So, go you out that way.

Ant. What have we now to do?

Fred. And o' your Life, Sirrah,
Let none come near the Door without my knowledge,
No not my Landlady nor my Friend.

Ant. 'Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any ſerious buſineſs, that concerns me.

Ant. Is the Wind there again?

Fred. Be gone.

Ant. I am, Sir, (*Exit.*

Fred. Now enter without fear------

Enter 1. Conſtantia *with a Jewel.*

And noble Lady

That ſafety and civility you wiſh'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude Tongue
Nor rough Behaviour knows this Place, no wiſhes
Beyond the moderation of a Man,
Dare enter here: Your own deſires and Innocence,
Joyn'd to my vow'd Obedience, ſhall protect you.
Con. You are truly noble,
And worth a Woman's Truſt: Let it become me,
(I do beſeech you, Sir) for all your Kindneſs.
To render with my thanks this worthleſs Trifle;
I may be longer troubleſome.
Fred. Fair Offices
Are ſtill their own Rewards: Heaven bleſs me Lady
From ſelling civil Courteſies: May it pleaſe you,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that Cloud aſide, to ſatisfie me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.
Con. It ſhall be.
For I am truly confident ye are honeſt:
The piece is ſcarce worth looking on.
Fred. Truſt me,
The Abſtract of all Beauty, Soul of Sweetneſs,
Defend me honeſt Thoughts, I ſhall grow wild elſe.
What Eyes are there, rather what little Heaven's
To ſtir Men's Contemplations? What a Paradiſe
Runs through each part ſhe has? Good Blood be temperate
I muſt look off: Too excellent an Object
Confounds the Senſe that ſees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further ſervice to caſt on me,
Let it be worth my Life, ſo much I honour you,
Or the engagement of whole Families.
Con. Your Service is too liberal, worthy Sir,
Thus far I ſhall intreat.
Fred. Command me, Lady.
You make your power too poor.

Con.

Con. That presently
With all convenient Haste you would retire
Unto the Street you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Con. There if you find a Gentleman oppress
With force and violence, do a Man's Office,
And draw your Sword to rescue him.
Fred. He's safe.
Be what he will, and let his Foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your Beauty, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this Key will guide ye: All things necessary
Are there before ye.
Con. All my Prayers go with you. (*Exit.*
Fred. You clap on proof upon me: Men say Gold
Does all, engages all, works through all Dangers:
Now I say beauty can do more: The King's Exchequer
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Through half those Miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: we are all like Sea-Cards
All our Endeavours and our Motions,
(As they do to the North) still point to Beauty,
Still to the fairest: for a handsome Woman,
(Setting my Soul aside) it should go hard,
But I would strain my Body: Yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes ye shall die, and thou Tongue rot within me,
E're I infringe my Faith: now to my rescue. (*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Enter Duke *pursu'd by* Petruchio, Antonio, *and that Faction.*

Duke. YOU will not all oppress me?
Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton Eye: Let me come to him.

Duke.

Duke. Then you ſhall buy me dearly.
Petr. Say you ſo, Sir?
Ant. I ſay cut his Weezond, ſpoil his peeping:
Have at your Love ſick Heart, Sir.
Enter Don John.
Joh. Sure 'tis fighting.
My Friend may be engag'd: Fie Gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds. { Duke *falls*, Don Jo. *beſtrides him.*
Ant. I'll ſtop your Mouth, Sir.
Joh. Nay then have at thee freely:
There's a Plumb, Sir, to ſatisfie your longing:
Petr. Away, I hope I have ſped him: here comes reſcue
We ſhall be endanger'd: Where's *Antonio?*
Ant. I muſt have one thruſt more, Sir.
Joh. Come up to me.
Ant. A miſchief confound your Fingers.
Petr. How is it?
Ant. Well.
'Has given me my *Quietus eſt*; I felt him
In my ſmall Guts; I'm ſure 'has feez'd me:
This comes of ſiding with you.
2. *Gent.* Can you go, Sir?
Ant. I ſhould go, Man, and my Head were off,
Never talk of going.
Petr. Come, all ſhall be well then. { *Trampling within.*
I hear more reſcue coming.
Enter the Duke's *Faction.*
Ant. Let's turn back then;
My Scull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.
Petr. Away for Heaven's with him.
Joh. How is it?
Duke. Well, Sir,
Only a little ſtagger'd.
Duke. Fact. Let's purſue 'em.
Duke. No not a Man I charge ye: Thank's good Coat,

Thou

Thou haſt ſav'd me a ſhrew'd welcome: 'twas put home too, with a good mind I'm ſure on't.

Joh. Are you ſafe then?

Duke. My thanks to you brave, Sir, whoſe timely Valour,
And manly Courteſie came to my reſcue.

Joh. You had foul play offer'd you, and ſhame befal him.
That can paſs by Oppreſſion.

Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much Honour more, to know your Name?
And him I am ſo bound to?

Joh. For the Bond, Sir,
'Tis every good Man's tye: To know me further
Will little profit ye; I am a Stranger,
My Country *Spain*, my name *Don John*, a Gentleman
That came abroad to Travel.

Duke. I have heard, Sir,
Much worthy mention of you, yet I find
Fame ſhort of what you are.

Joh. You are pleaſed, Sir,
To expreſs your Courteſie: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what miſchance
Caſt you into this Danger?

Duke. For this preſent
I muſt deſire your Pardon: You ſhall know me
E're it be long, Sir, and a nobler thanks,
Than now my Will can render.

Joh. Your Will's your own, Sir.

Duke. What is't you look for, Sir, have you loſt any thing?

Joh. Only my Hat i'th' Scuffle; ſure theſe Fellows
Were Night ſnaps.

Duke. No, believe, Sir: Pray uſe mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

Joh. No Sir.

Duke. Indeed ye ſhall, I can command another:
I do beſeech you honour me.

Joh.

Joh. Well, Sir, then I will,
And ſo I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within theſe few days
I hope I ſhall be happy in your knowledge.
Till when I love your Memory. (*Exit cum ſuis.*
Joh. I yours.

Enter Frederick.

This is ſome noble Fellow.
Fred. 'Tis his Tongue ſure.
Don John.
Joh. Don Frederick?
Fred. Y'are fairly met, Sir?
I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling: prithee tell me,
What Revelations haſt thou had to Night,
That home was never thought of?
Joh. Revelations?
I'll tell thee *Frederick.* But before I tell thee,
Settle thy Underſtanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepared, Sir.
Joh. Why then mark what ſhall follow. This night *Frederick,*
This bawdy night.
Fred. I thought no leſs,
Joh, This blind night,
What doſt thou think I have got?
Fred. The Pox it may be.
Jo. Would 'twere noworſe: you talk of Revelations
I have got a Revelation will reveal me
An errant Coxcomb whil'ſt I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou haſt loſt nothing?
Joh. No, I have got I tell thee.
Fred. What haſt thou got?
Joh. One of the Infantry, a Child.
Fred. How?
Joh. A chopping Child, Man.
Fred. Give you joy, Sir.

Joh.

Joh. A lump of Lewdneſs, *Frederick*, that's the truth on't:
This Town's abominable:
Fred. I ſtill told ye, *John*,
Your whoring muſt come home; I counſell'd you:
But where no grace is.-----
Joh. 'Tis none of mine, Man.
Fred. Anſwer the Pariſh ſo.
Joh. Cheated in troth.
Peeping into a Houſe, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the Place again: no *Frederick*
'Tis no poor one,
That's my beſt Comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it, Man.
Fred. Where is't?
Joh. At home.
Fred. A ſaving Voyage: But what will you ſay *Signior*,
To him that ſearching out your ſerious Worſhip,
Has met a ſtrange Fortune?
Joh. How, good *Frederick?*
A militant Girl to this Boy would hit it.
Fred. No, mine's a nobler Venture: What do you think, Sir,
Of a diſtreſſed Lady, one whoſe, Beauty
Would over-ſell all *Italy?*
Joh. Where is ſhe-----
Fred. A Woman of that rare Behaviour,
So qualifi'd, as Admiration
Dwells round about her: of that perfect Spirit-----
Joh. I marry, Sir.
Fred. That admirable Carriage,
That ſweetneſs in Diſcourſe; young as the Morning,
Her bluſhes ſtaining his.
Joh. But where's this Creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one ſhe's forth-coming,

I have

I have her ſure, Boy,
Joh. Hark ye, *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my Infant
Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir,
Stick to your charge, good *Don John*, I am well.
Joh. But is there ſuch a Wench?
Fred. Firſt tell me this,
Did you not lately as you walk'd along,
Diſcover People that were armed and likely
To do Offence?
Joh. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had Spirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
Joh. A Gentleman I found engag'd amongſt 'em.
It ſeems of noble Breeding, I'm ſure brave Mettle,
As I return'd to look you I ſet in to him,
And without hurt (I thank Heaven) reſcu'd him.
Fred. My Work's done then:
And now to ſatisfie you there is a Woman,
Oh *John!* There is a Woman - - - - - -
Joh. Oh where is ſhe?
Fred. And one of no leſs worth, than I told ye;
And which is more, fal'n under my Protection.
Joh. I am glad of that; forward, ſweet *Frederick*.
Fred. And which is more, than that, by this nights wandring,
And which is moſt of all, ſhe is at home too, Sir,
Joh. Come, let's be gone then.
Fred. Yes, but 'tis moſt certain,
You cannot ſee her, *John*.
Joh. Why?
Fred. She has ſworn me,
That none elſe ſhall come near her: not my Mother
Till ſome Doubts are clear'd.
Joh. Not look upon her? What Chamber is ſhe in?
Fred. In ours.
Joh. Let's go, I ſay: A Woman's

A Woman's Oaths are Wafers, and break with making,
They must for modesty a little: We all know it.
Fred. No I'll assure you, Sir.
Joh. Not see her?
I smell an old dog trick of yours. Well, *Frederick*
You talk'd to me of Whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish ye.
Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your Spoon shall be as deep as mine, Sir.
Joh. Tell me.
And tell me true, is the cause honourable?
Or for your ease?
Fred. By all our friendship, *John*,
'Tis honest and of great End.
Joh. I am answer'd:
But let me see her tho': leave the Door open
As you go in.
Fred. I dare not.
Joh. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous Husband
Would level at his Wanton Wife through.
Fred. That Courtesie,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye: Come, 'tis now near Morning.
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peter *and* Anthony.

Pet. Nay, the old Woman's gone too.
Ant. She's a Catterwauling
Amongst the Gutters; but conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good Masters should be?
Pet. Where they should be,
I do conceive, but where they are good *Anthony*---
Ant. I, there it goes: My Master's Bo-pee with me,
With his sly popping in and out again

Argu'd

Argu'd a Cauſe Hark. (*Lute ſounds.*

Pet. What?

Ant. Doſt not hear a Lute? Agen?

Pet. Where is't?

Ant. Above, in my Maſter's Chamber.

Pet. There's no Creature: He hath the Key himſelf, Man.

Ant. This is his Lute: Let him have it. } *Sing within a little.*

Pet. I grant you; but who ſtrikes it? }

Ant. An admirable Voice too, hark you.

Pet. *Anthony*,
'Art ſure we are at home?

Ant. Without all Doubt, *Peter.*

Pet. Then this muſt be the Devil.

Ant. Let it be.
Good Devil ſing again: O dainty Devil,
Peter, believe it, a moſt delicate Devil,
The ſweeteſt Devil- - - - - -

Enter Frederick *and* Don John.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.

Joh. I cannot by no means.

Fred. Then come in ſoftly;
And as you love your Faith, preſume no further
Than ye have promiſed.

Joh. *Baſco.*

Fred. What make you up ſo early, Sir?

Joh. You, Sir, in your Contemplations.

Pet. O pray ye peace, Sir.

Fred. Why peace, Sir?

Pet. Do you hear?

Joh. 'Tis your Lute- She's Playing on't.

Ant. The Houſe is haunted, Sir.
For this we have heard this half year.

Fred. Ye ſaw nothing?

Ant. Not I.

Pet. Nor I Sir.

Fred.

Fred. Get you our Breakfaſt then,
And make no words on't; we'll undertake this Spirit,
If it be one.

Ant. This is no Devil, *Peter*,
Mum, there be Bats Abroad. (*Exeunt ambo.*

Fred. Stay, now ſhe ſings.

Joh. An Angels Voice I'll ſwear.

Fred. Why did'ſt thou ſhrug ſo?
Either allay this heat; or as I live
I will not truſt you.

Joh. Paſs; I warrant ye. (*Exeunt.*

Enter 1. Conſtantia.

Con. To curſe thoſe Stars, that Men ſay govern us,
To rail at Fortune, to fall out with Fate,
And tax the general World, will help me nothing:
Alas! I am the ſame ſtill, neither are they
Subject to Helps or Hurts; our own Deſires
Are our own Fates, and our own Stars, all our Fortunes,
Which as we ſway 'em, ſo abuſe or bleſs us.

Enter Frederick, *and* Don John *Peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your Meditations.

Joh. Pox upon you,
Stand out o' th' Light.

Con. I crave your Mercy, Sir;
My mind o'er charg'd with care made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray you ſet that Mind at reſt, all ſhall be perfect.

Joh. I like the Body rarely; a handſome Body,
A wondrous handſome Body; would ſhe would turn:
See, and that ſpightful Puppy be not got
Between me and my Light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command ſhall be: The Gentleman
Is ſafely off all Danger.

Joh. Rare Creature!

Con. How ſhall I thank you, Sir? how ſatisfie?

Fred. Speak ſoftly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded,
Now does he melt like Marmalade.
Joh. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the ſweeteſt Woman, that Eyes e'er look'd on.
Fred. Has none diſturb'd you?
Con. Not any, Sir, nor any ſound come near me,
I thank your Care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
Joh. I would fain pray now,
But the Devil, and that Fleſh there o'th' World,
What are we made to ſuffer?
Fred He'll enter;
Pull in your Head and be hang'd.
Joh. Hark ye, *Frederick*,
I have brought you home your Pack-Saddle.
Fred. Pox upon you.
Con. Nay, let him enter: Fie my Lord the Duke,
Stand peeping at your Friends.
Fred. You are cozen'd Lady,
Here is no Duke.
Con. I know him full well, *Signior*.
Joh. Hold thee there Wench.
Fred. This Mad-brain'd Fool will ſpoil all.
Con. I do beſeech your Grace come in.
Joh. My Grace.
There was a Word of Comfort.
Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e'er he be?
Joh. Well follow'd *Frederick*.
Con. With all my Heart.
Enter Don John.
Fred. Come in then.
Joh. Bleſs you Lady.
Fred. Nay, ſtart not, though he be a Stranger to you.
He's of a noble ſtrain, my Kinſman, Lady,
My Country-Man, and Fellow-Traveller,
One Bed contains us ever, one Purſe feeds us,
And one Faith free between us; do not fear him,
He's

He's truly honeſt.

Joh. That's a Lye.

Fred. And Truſty:
Beyond your Wiſhes: Valiant to defend
And modeſt to converſe with, as your Bluſhes.

Joh Now may I hang my ſelf; this Commendation
Has broke the neck of all my Hopes; for now
Muſt I cry, no forſooth, and ay forſooth, and ſurely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honeſt,
'Has done theſe things for nonce too; for he knows,
Like a moſt envious Raſcal as he is,
I am not honeſt,
This way: H'as watch'd his time,
But I ſhall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit you:

Fred. Go ſalute her, *John.*

Joh. Plague o' your Commendations.

Con. Sir, I ſhall now deſire to be a trouble.

Joh. Never to me, ſweet Lady, thus I ſeal
My Faith, and all my Service.

Con. One word, *Signior.*

Joh. Now 'tis impoſſible I ſhould be honeſt.
What points ſhe at? My Leg, I warrant; or
My well knit Body: Sit faſt, *Don Frederick.*

Fred. 'Twas given him by that Gentleman
You took ſuch care of; his own being loſt i'th' Scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right one
I can aſſure you, Gentlemen; and right happy
May he be in all fights for that noble Service.

Fred. Why do ye bluſh?

Con. 'T had almoſt cozened me,
For not to lye, when I ſaw that, I look'd for
Another Owner of it: But 'tis well.

Fred. Who's there? (*Knock within.*
Stand you a little cloſe: come in, Sir.

Enter Anthony.

Now what's the News with you?

Ant. There is a Gentleman without,
Would ſpeak with *Don John.*

Joh. Who, Sir?

Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he ſhews a Man
Of no mean Reckoning.

Fred. Let him ſhew his Name,
And then return a little wiſer. (*Exit* Anthony.

Fred. How do you like her, *John?*

Joh. As well as you, *Frederick,*
For all I am honeſt, you ſhall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not honeſt?

Joh. Art thou an Aſs?
And modeſt as her Bluſhes? What a Blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out ſuch a dry Apology,
For his dear Friend; and to a Gentlewoman,
A Woman of her Youth, and Delicacy,
They are Arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honeſt moral Man; 'tis for a Conſtable:
A handſome Man, a wholeſome Man, a tough Man,
A liberal Man, a likely Man, a Man
Made up like *Hercules*, unſlack'd with Service:
The ſame to night, to morrow nighr, the next night,
And ſo to perpetuity of Pleaſures,
Theſe had been things to hearken to, things catching;
But you have ſuch a ſpiced Conſideration,
Such Qualms upon your Worſhip's Conſcience,
Such Chilblains in your Blood, that all things prick you,
Which Nature, and the liberal World makes Cuſtom,
And nothing but fair Honour, O ſweet Honour,
Hang up your Eunuch Honour: That I was truſty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modeſt!
A modeſt Gentleman! O Wit where waſt thou?

Fred. I am ſorry, *John.*

Joh. My Lady's Gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a School-Boy, make me bluſh

With

With playing with my Cod-piece-point: fie on thee,
A Man of thy Diſcretion.
Fred. It ſhall be mended;
And henceforth you ſhall have your Due.
Enter Anthony.
Joh. I look for't: how now, who is't?
Ant. A Gentleman of this City,
And calls himſelf *Petruchio.*
Joh. I'll attend him.
Enter Conſtantia.
Con. How did he call himſelf?
Fred. Pretruchio,
Does it concern you ought?
Con. O Gentlemen,
The hour of my Deſtruction is come on me,
I am diſcover'd, loſt, left to my Ruine:
As ever ye ha' pity - - - - - - - -
Joh. Do not fear,
Let the great Devil come, he ſhall come through me firſt:
Loſt here, and we about you?
Fred. Fall before us?
Con. O my unfortunate Eſtate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his - - - - - - - -
Fred. Let his, and all Men's,
Whil'ſt we have Power and Life, ſtand up for Heaven's ſake.
Con I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven knows - - - - - - - -
Joh. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we ſhould have our Deſerts.
What is he?
Con. Too too near to my Offence, Sir:
O he will cut me piece-meal.
Fred. 'Tis no Treaſon?
Joh. Let it be what it will: if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He muſt buy you dear,

With more than common Lives.
Joh. Fear not, nor weep:
By Heaven I'll fire the Town before you periſh,
And then the more the merrier, we'll jog with you.
Fred. Come in, and dry your Eyes.
Joh. Pray no more Weeping,
Spoil a ſweet Face for nothing? my return
Shall end all this I warrant you. (*Exeunt.*
Con. Heaven grant it may.

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio *with a Letter.*
Petr. This Man ſhould be of Quality and Worth
By *Don Alvaro*'s Letter, for he gives
No ſlight Recommendations of him:
I'll e'en make uſe of him.
Enter Don John.
Joh. Save you, Sir: I am ſorry
My buſineſs was ſo unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.
Petr. Occaſions muſt be ſerv'd, Sir:
But is your name *Don John?*
Joh. It is, Sir.
Petr. Then,
Firſt for your own brave ſake I muſt embrace you:
Next, for the credit of your noble Friend
Hernanda de Alvaro, make ye mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this Letter
To look you out, and
Whilſt your occaſions make you reſident
In this Place, to ſupply you, love and honour you;
Which had I known ſooner - - - - - - -
Joh. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a Sword, Sir,
And have a Service to be ſtill diſpos'd of
As you ſhall pleaſe command it.

Petr.

Petr. That manly Courteſie is half my Buſineſs, Sir,
And to be ſhort, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth-like Oracle;
This day *Petruchio*,
A Man that may command the ſtrength of this Place,
Hazard the boldeſt Spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble Office.

Joh. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then:
I do beſeech you mark me.

Joh. I ſhall, Sir.

Petr. *Ferrara*'s Duke, would I might call him worthy,
But that he has raz'd out from his Family,
As he has mine with Infamy. This Man,
Rather this powerful Monſter, we being left
But two of all our Houſe, to ſtock our Memories,
My Siſter *Conſtantia* and my ſelf; with Arts and Witchcrafts,
Vows and ſuch Oaths Heaven, has no mercy for,
Drew to diſhonour this weak Maid, by ſtealth,
And ſecret paſſages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his Wiſhes, oft abus'd her,
I am aſham'd to ſay the reſt: This purchas'd,
And his hot Blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our Name to Ruine.

Joh. This was foul Play,
And ought to be rewarded ſo.

Petr. I hope ſo;
He ſcap'd me Yeſternight:
Which if he dare again adventure for - - - - -

Joh. Pray, Sir, what commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only thus; by word of mouth to carry him
A Challenge from me, that ſo (if he have honour in him)
We may decide all difference between us.

Joh. Fair, and Noble,

And I will do it home: When ſhall I viſit you?

Petr. Pleaſe you this Afternoon, I will ride with you;
For at a Caſtle ſix Miles hence, we are ſure
To find him.

Joh. I'll be ready.

Petr. My Man ſhall
Wait here, to conduct you to my Houſe.

Joh. I ſhall not fail you, Sir. (*Exit* Petruchio.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

Joh. All's well, and better than thou could'ſt expect, for this Wench here is certainly no Maid; and I have hopes ſhe is the ſame that our two curious Coxcombs have been ſo long a hunting after.

Fred. Why do ye hope ſo?

Joh. Why? becauſe firſt ſhe is no Maid, and next becauſe ſhe's handſome; there are two Reaſons for you: Now do you find out a third, a better if you can. For take this, *Frederick*, for a certain Rule, ſince ſhe loves the ſport, ſhe'll never give it over. And therefore (if we have good luck) in time may fall to our ſhares.

Fred. Very pretty Reaſons indeed. But I thought you had known ſome particular, that made you conclude this to be the Woman.

Joh. Yes, I know her Name is *Conſtantia*.

Fred. That now is ſomething; but I cannot believe her diſhoneſt for all this: She has not one looſe thought about her.

Joh. It's no matter, ſhe's looſe i'th' Hilts by Heaven. There has been ſtirring, fumbling with Linen, *Frederick*

Fred. There may be ſuch a ſlip.

Joh. And will be, *Frederick*, whilſt the old Game's afoot. I fear the Boy too will prove hers I took up.

Fred. Good Circumſtances may cure all this yet.

Joh. There thou hit'ſt it, *Frederick*, come let's walk

walk in, and comfort her; that she is here is nothing yet suspected. Anon I shall tell thee why her Brother came, (who by this light is a noble Fellow) and what honour he has done to me, a Stranger, in calling me to serve him. There be Irons heating for some on my word, *Fredrrick*, (*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady *and* Anthony.

Land. COme, Sir, who is it keeps your Master Company?

Ant. I say to you, *Don John.*

Land. I say what Woman?

Ant. I say so too.

Land I say again I will know.

Ant. I say 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee he has a Woman here.

Ant. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever Gentlewoman
So frumpt of with a Fool? Well, sawcy Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpose;
I pay the Rent, and I will know how my House
Comes by these Inflamations: If this geer hold;
Best hang a Sign-Post up, to tell the *Signiors*,
Here ye may have Lewdness at Livery.

Enter Frederick.

Ant. 'Twould be a great ease to your Age.

Fred. How Now?
Why what's the matter Landlady?

Land. What's the Matter?
Ye use me decently among ye, Gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her, you, Sir?

Land. Od's my witness
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Ant. I give her no ill Language.

Land. Thou lyest lewdly.

Thou

Thou took'ſt me up at every word I ſpoke,
As I had been a Mawkin, a flirt Gillian;
And thou think'ſt, becauſe thou canſt write and read,
Our Noſes muſt be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, Sirrah?

Ant. Let but the Truth be known, Sir, I beſeech you,
She raves of Wenches, and I know not what, Sir.

Land. Go too, thou know'ſt too well, thou wicked Varlet,
Thou inſtrument of Evil.

Ant. As I live, Sir, ſhe's ever thus till Dinner.

Fred. Get you in, I'll anſwer you anon, Sir.
(*Exit* Anthony.
Now your grief, what is't? For I can gheſs------

Land. You may, with ſhame enough,
If there were ſhame amongſt ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuſe my Houſe: Not ſatisfied
With bringing home your Baſtards to undo me,
But you muſt drill your Whores here too; my patience
Becauſe I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they ſay (am willing to groan under)
Muſt be your make-ſport now.

Fred. No more of theſe words.
Nor more murmurings Lady; for you know
That I know ſomething. I did ſuſpect your anger,
But turn it preſently and handſomely,
And bear your ſelf diſcreetly to this Woman,
For ſuch a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, Son.

Fred. Leave off your Devil's Matins, and your Melancholies,
Or we ſhall leave our Lodgings.

Land. You have much need
To uſe theſe vagrant ways, and to much Profit:
You had that might content
(At home within your ſelves too) right good, Gen-
men, Wholeſome,

Wholeſome, and you ſaid handſome. But you Gallants,
Beaſt that I was to believe you - - - - - -
Fred. Leave your ſuſpicion:
For as I live there's no ſuch thing.
Land. Mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour.
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your Houſe, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: Sleek up your ſelf, leave crying,
For I muſt have ye entertain this Lady
With all Civility, ſhe well deſerves it
Together with all Service: I dare truſt you,
For I have found you faithful: When you know her
You will find your own fault; no more words, but do it?
Land. You know you may command me.
Enter Don John.
Joh. Worſhipful Lady,
How does thy Velvet Scabbard? by this Hand
Thou lookeſt moſt amiably: Now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abuſing thy *Geneva* print there,)
Venture my Body with thee - - - - - - -
Land. You'll leave this ropery,
When ye come to my Years.
Joh. By this Light,
Thou art not above Fifteen yet, a meer Girl,
Thou haſt not half thy Teeth - - - - - - -
Fred. Prithee *John*
Let her alone, ſhe has been vext already:
She'll grow ſtark mad, Man.
Joh. I wou'd fain ſee her mad,
An old mad Woman - - - - - - -
Fred. Prithee be patient.
Joh. Is like a Millers Mare, troubled wi'th' Tooth-Ach.
She makes the rareſt Faces.
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this Fellow.

Exit.

Exit Landlady, and comes back again presently.

Joh What, agen!
Nay, then it is decreed: Though Hills were set on Hills,
And Seas mets Seas, to guard thee, I would through.

Land. Od's my witness, if ye ruffle me, I'll spoil your sweet Face for you, that I will: Go, go to the Door, there's a Gentleman there would speak with you.

Joh. Upon my Life *Petruchio*; good dear Landlady carry him into the Dining Room, and I'll wait upon him presently,

Land. Well *Don John*, the time will come that I shall be even with you. (*Exit.*

Joh. I must be gone: Yet if my Project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust
A Cat with sweet Milk, *Frederick*; by her Face.

Enter Constantia.

I feel her fears are working.

Con. Is there no way,
I do beseech you, think yet, to divert
This certain Danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible:
Their Honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be Murder,
Which, Gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't: you may, if you please, Sir,
Make all go less.

Joh. Lady, were't mine own Cause,
I could dispence: but loaden with my Friends trust,
I must go on though general Massacres.
As much I fear - - - - - - - -

Con. Do ye hear, Sir; for Heaven's sake
Let me request one Favour of you.

Fred. Yes, any thing.

Con. This Gentleman I find is too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the Cause: as ever
You did a virtuous Deed, for Honour's sake

Go

Go with him and allay him: your fair Temper,
A noble Diſpoſition, like wiſh'd Showers;
May quench thoſe eating Fires, that would ſpoil all elſe.
I ſee in him Deſtruction.

Fred. I will do it, and 'tis a wiſe Conſideration,
To me a bounteous Favour: Hark ye *John*,
I will go with ye.

Joh. No.

Fred. Indeed I will,
You go upon a hazard; no denial;
For as I live I'll go.

Joh. Then make ye ready,
For I am ſtrait a Horſe-back.

Fred. My Sword on, and
I am as ready as you: What my bleſt Labour,
With all the Art I have can work upon 'em,
Be ſure of, and expect a fair end: the old Gentlewoman
Shall wait upon ye, ſhe is diſcreet and ſecret,
You may truſt her in all Points.

Con Ye are noble;
And ſo I take my leave.

Joh. I hope, Lady, a happy iſſue for all this.

Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my Prayers.

Joh. So,
Now my Mind's at reſt

Fred. Away, 'tis late, *John*. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, Surgeon, *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. What Symptoms do ye find in him!

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd:

Gent. Why! What does he do?

Sur. Nothing that he ſhould. Firſt, he will let no Liquor down but Wine, and then he has a fancy that he muſt be dreſt always to the Tune of *John Dory*:

Gent.

Gent. How? To the Tune of *John Dory*?

Sur. Why? he will have Fidlers, and make them play, ſing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd Fancy indeed.

Ant. Give me ſome Wine.

Sur. I told you ſo ------ 'Tis Death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a Horſe, Sir. Doſt think I ſhall recover with the help of Barley-water only?

Gent. Fie, *Antonio*, you muſt be govern'd.

Ant. Why, Sir? he feeds me with nothing but rotten Roots, and drown'd Chickens, ſtew'd *Pericraniums* and *Piamaters*, and when I go to Bed, (by Heaven 'tis true, Sir) he rowls me up in Lints with Labels at 'em, that I am juſt the Man i'th' Almanack; my Head and Face is *Aries* Place.

Sur. Will't pleaſe you to let your Friends ſee you open'd?

Ant. Will't pleaſe you, Sir, to give me a Brimmer? I feel my Body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy Hand, and ſpoil thy Cuſtom.

Sur. How, a Brimmer?

Ant. Why look ye, Sir, thus I am us'd ſtill; I can get nothing that I want. In how long time canſt thou cure me?

Sur. In Forty days.

Ant. I'll have a Dog ſhall lick me whole in Twenty. In how long canſt thou kill me?

Sur. Preſently.

Ant. Do't, that's the ſhorter, and there's more delight in't.

Gent. You muſt have Patience.

Ant. Man I muſt have Buſineſs; this fooliſh Fellow hinders himſelf; I have a dozen Raſcals to hurt within theſe five Days. Good Man mender ſtop me up with Parſely like ſtuff'd Beef, and let me walk Abroad.

Sur. Ye ſhall walk ſhortly.

Ant. I will walk preſently, Sir, and leave your Salads

Salads there, your green Salves and your Oyls, I'll to my odd Dyet again, ſtrong Food, and rich Wine, and try what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddeſt old Fellow I e'er yet met with. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Conſtantia *and* Landlady.

Con. I have told you all I can, and more than yet Thoſe Gentlemen know of me; but are they Such ſtrange Creatures, ſay you?

Land. There's the younger,
Don John, the errant'ſt *Jack* in all this City:
The other, time has blaſted, yet he will ſtoop,
If not o'er flown, and freely on the Quarry;
H'as been a Dragon in his days. But *Tarmont*,
Don Jenkin is the Devil himſelf, the Dog-days,
The moſt incomprehenſive Whoremaſter,
Twenty a night is nothing; the Truth is,
Whoſe Chaſtity, he chops upon, he cares not.
He flies at all; Baſtards upon my Conſcience,
He has now in making multitudes: The laſt night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak Veſſels. Some rich Woman
(For wiſe I dare not call her) was the Mother,
For it was hung with Jewels; the bearing Cloth
No leſs than Crimſon Velvet.

Con. How?

Land. 'Tis true, Lady.

Con. Was it a Boy too?

Land. A brave Boy; deliberation
And judgment ſhew'd in's getting, as I'll ſay for him,
He's as well pac'd for that ſport --------

Con. May I ſee it?
For there is a Neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late Miſchance, which willingly,
I would know further of; now if you pleaſe

To

To be ſo courteous to me.
Land. Ye ſhall ſee it:
But what do you think of theſe Men now you know 'em?
Be wiſe,
You may repent too late elſe; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.
Con. I am adviſ'd.
Land. No more words then; do that,
And inſtantly, I told you of, be ready.
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps.
Con. I ſhall ſee this Child?
Land. Within this half hour.
Let's in, and there think better. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, Frederick.
Joh. Sir, he is worth your Knowledge, and a Gentleman.
(If I that ſo much love him, may commend him)
That's full of Honour; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for Filips.
Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.
Fred. Stay, what Troop
Is that below i'th' Valley there?
Joh. Hawking I take it.
Petr. They are ſo; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw back the Horſes till we call ye,
I know him by his Company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petr. So he does.
Joh. Stand you ſtill,
Within that covert, till I call: He comes

Forward,

Forward; here will I wait him: To your Places
Petr. I need no more inſtruct you.
Joh. Fear me not. (*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Frederick.
Enter Duke *and his Faction.*
Duke. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day: O my bleſt Fortune!
Have I ſo fairly met the Man?
Joh. Ye have, Sir,
And him you know by this.
Duke. Sir, all the Honour,
And love - - - - - - - -
Joh. I do beſeech your Grace ſtay there, and
Diſmiſs your Train a little.
Duke. Walk aſide,
And out of hearing I command you, now, Sir,
Be plain.
Joh. I will, and ſhort;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman, beyond all Juſtice,
Beyond the Mediation of all Friends.
Duke. The Man, and manner of wrong?
Joh. Petruchio;
The wrong, you have diſhonour'd his Siſter.
Duke. Now ſtay you, Sir,
And hear me a little: This Gentleman's
Siſter that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
As true I have enjoy'd her: No leſs truth
I have a Child by her. But that ſhe, or he,
Or any of that Family are tainted,
Suffer Diſgrace or Ruine, by my Pleaſures,
I wear a Sword to ſatisfie the World no,
And him in this Cauſe when he pleaſes; for know,
Sir,
She is my Wife, contracted before Heaven,
(A Witneſs I owe more tie to, than her Brother)
Nor will I fly from that Name, which long ſince
Had had the Churches Approbation,
But for his jealous Nature.

Joh. Your pardon, Sir, I am fully ſatisfied.

Duke. Dear, Sir, I knew I ſhould convert you; had we
But that rough Man here now too - - - - - -

Joh. And you ſhall, Sir,
What hoa, hoa.

Duke. I hope you have laid no Ambuſh?

Enter Petruchio.

Joh. Only Friends.

Duke. My noble Brother welcome:
Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
Unleſs you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that Name.

Petr. Do you ſpeak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my Soul, and truly; the firſt Prieſt
Shall put you out of theſe Doubts.

Petr. Now I love you,
And I beſeech ye pardon my Suſpicions,
Your are now more than a Brother, a brave Friend too.

Joh. The good Man's overjoy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now, how goes it?

Joh. Why, the Man has his Mare again, and all's well.
The *Duke* profeſſes freely he's her Husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

Jo. Yes, for a modeſt Gentleman, I muſt preſent you;
May it pleaſe your Grace
To number this brave Gentleman, my Friend,
And noble Kinſman, amongſt the reſt of your Servants.

Duke. O my brave Friend: You ſhower your Bounties on me.
Amongſt my beſt Thoughts, *Signior*, in which number
You being worthily diſpos'd already,
May freely place your Friend.

Fred. Your Grace does me a great deal of Honour.

Petr. Why this is wondrous happy: But now, other, Now

Now comes the bitter to our ſweet : *Conſtantia.*
Duke. Why ?
Petr. What, nor where do I know :
Wing'd with her fears, laſt Night, beyond my Knowledge,
She quit my Houſe, but whether - - - - - -
Fred. Let not that - - - - - -
Duke. No more, good Sir, I have heard too much.
Petr. Nay, ſink not,
She cannot be ſo loſt.
Joh. Nor ſhall not, Gentlemen
Be free again, the Lady's found; that Smile, Sir,
Shows you diſtruſt your Servant.
Duke. I do beſeech you.
Joh. You ſhall believe me, by my Soul ſhe's ſafe
Fred. You may ſafely.
Joh. And under noble Uſage : This Gentleman
Met her in all her Doubts laſt Night, and to his Guard
(Her fears being ſtrong upon her) ſhe gave her Perſon,
Who waited on her, to our Lodging where all Reſpect,
Civil and honeſt Service, now attend her.
Petr. You may believe now.
Duke. Yes I do, and ſtrongly ;
Well, my good Friends, or rather my good Angels,
For you have both preſerv'd me; when theſe Virtues.
Die in your Friends Remembrance - - - - -
Joh. Good your Grace
Looſe no more time in Conmplements, 'tis too pecious
I know it myſelf, there can be no Hell
To his that hangs upon his Hopes.
Petr. He has hit it.
Fred. To Horſe again then, for this Night I'll crown
With all the Joys you wiſh for.
Petr. Happy Gentlemen. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Franciſco, *and a Man.*

Fran. This is the maddeſt Miſchief, never Fool was never ſo fub'd off as I am, made ridiculous, and to my ſelf, to my own Aſs; truſt a Woman, I'll truſt the Devil firſt, for he dares be better than his word ſometimes. Pray tell me, in what obſervance have I e'er fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that beſt your ſelf.

Fran. Let me conſider.

Enter Don Frederick *and* Don John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where did'ſt thou meet *Conſtantia*, and this Woman?

Fred. Conſtantia! What are theſe Fellows? Stay by all Means.

Man. Why, Sir, I met her in the great Street that comes from the Market-place, juſt at the turn-in by a Goldſmith's Shop,

Fred. Stand ſtill, *John.*

Fran. Well, *Conſtantia* has ſpun her ſelf a fair Thred now:
What will her beſt Friend think of this?

Fred. John, I ſmell ſome Jugling, *John.*

Joh. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be proved ſo.

Fran. But what ſhould the Reaſon be, doſt think of this ſo ſudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis ſhe.

Man. Why, truly I ſuſpect ſhe has been entic'd to it by a Stranger:

Joh. Did you mark that, *Frederick?*

Fran. Stranger? Who?

Man. A young Gentlemen that's newly come to Town.

Fred. Mark that too.

Joh. Yes, Sir.

Fran. Why do you think ſo?

Man.

Man. I heard her grave Conductneſs twattle ſomething as they went along, that makes me gheſs it.

Joh. 'Tis ſhe, *Frederick.*

Fred. But who that he is, *John.*

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they muſt certainly be about the Town. Ha! no more Words? come, let's be gone *(Exeunt.*

Fred. Well. (Fran. *and* Man.

Joh. Very well.

Fred. Diſcreetly.

Joh. Finely carry'd.

Fred. You have no more of theſe Tricks?

Joh. Ten to one, Sir, I ſhall meet with 'em if you have.

Fred. Is this fair?

Joh. Was it in you a Friend's part to deal Double? I am no Aſs, *Don Frederick.*

Fred. And, *Don John*, it ſhall appear I am no Fool: Diſgrace me to make your ſelf thus every Woman's Courteſie, 'tis Boyiſh, 'tis Baſe.

Joh. 'Tis falſe; I privy to this Dog-trick? Clear your ſelf, for I know well enough where the Wind ſits; or as I have a Life. *(Trampling within.*

Fred. No more, they are coming, ſhew no Diſcontent, let's quietly away; if ſhe be at Home, our Jealouſies are over; if not, you and I muſt have a farther Parly, *John.*

Joh. Yes, *Don Frederick*, you may be ſure we ſhall: But where are theſe Fellows? Pox on't, we have loſt them too in our Spleens, like Fools.

Enter Duke *and* Petruchio.

Duke. Come Gentlemen, let's go a little faſter; Suppoſe you have all Miſtreſſes, and mend Your pace accordingly,

Joh. Sir, I ſhould be as glad of a Miſtreſs as another Man.

Fred. Yes, o'my Conſcience would'ſt thou, and

of any other Man's Miſtreſs too; that I'll anſwer for. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Antonio *and his* Man.

Ant. With all my Gold?

Man. The Trunk broken open, and all gone.

Ant. And the Mother in the Plot?

Man. And the Mother and all.

Ant. And the Devil and all: The mighty Pox go with 'em: belike they thought I was no more of this World, and thoſe Trifles would but diſturb my Conſcience,

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you wou'd not live to diſturb them.

Ant. Well, my ſweet Miſtreſs, I'll try how handſomely your Ladyſhip can hang upon a pair of Gallows, there's your Maſter-piece. No Imagination where they ſhould be?

Man. None Sir; yet we have ſearch'd all places we ſuſpected; I believe they have taken towards the Port.

Ant. Get me then a Water-Conjurer, one that can raiſe Water-Devils, I'll port 'em, play at Duck and Drake with my Money? Get me a Conjurer, I ſay, enquire out a Man that let's out Devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every Street *Tom Fool*, any blear ey'd People with red Heads, and flat Noſes can perform it. Thou ſhalt know 'em by their half Gowns, and no Breeches. Find me out a Conjurer, I ſay, and learn his Price, how he will let his Devils out by the Day. I'll have 'em again if they be obove Ground. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, *and* John.

Petr. Your Grace is welcome now to *Naples*; ſo you are all, Gentlemen.

Joh. Don Frederick, will you ſtep in, and give the Lady notice who comes to viſit her?

Petr. Bid her make haſte, we come to ſee no curious Wench, a Night-Gown will ſerve turn. Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you ſay, Sir, (*Exit.*

Petr. Now will the Sport be to obſerve her Alterations, how betwixt Fear and Joy ſhe will behave her ſelf.

Duke. Dear Brother, I muſt entreat you - - - -

Petr. I conceive your Mind, Sir, I will not chide her.

Enter Frederick *and* Petruchio.

Joh. How now?

Fred. You may, Sir; not to abuſe your patience longer, nor hold you off with tedious Circumſtance; for you muſt know - - - - - -

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is ſhe?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How?

Petr. What did you ſay Sir?

Fred. Gone, by Heaven remov'd. The Woman of the Houſe too.

Petr. What, that reverend old Woman that tir'd me with Complements?

Fred. The very ſame.

Joh. Well, *Don Frederick.*

Fred. Don John, it is not well. But ——

Petr. Gone?

Fred. This Fellow can ſatisfie I lye not.

Petr. A little after my Maſter was departed, Sir,

with this Gentlewoman, my Fellow and my ſelf being ſent on Buſineſs, as we muſt think on purpoſe.

Petr. Hang theſe Circumſtances, they always ſerve to uſher in ill Ends.

Joh. Now could I eat that Rogue, I am ſo angry. Gone?

Petr. Gone?

Fred. Directly gone, fled, ſhifted: what would you ha' me ſay?

Duke. Well, Gentlemen, wrong not my good Opinion.

Fred. For your Dukedom, Sir, I would not be a Knave.

Joh. He that is, a Rot run in his Blood.

Petr. But hark you, Gentlemen, are you ſure you had her here? Did you not dream this?

Joh. Have you your Noſe, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

Joh. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are ſo ſhort, believe your having her ſhall ſuffer more Conſtruction.

Joh. Well, Sir, let it ſuffer.

Fred. How, to convince you, Sir, I can't imagine, but my Life ſhall juſtifie my Innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus then ---- for we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis poſſible.

Duke. Here let's part until to morrow this Time; we to our way to clear this Doubt, and you to yours. Pawing our Honours then to meet again? when if ſhe be not found -------

Fred. We ſtand engag'd to anſwer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To morrow certain.

Joh. If we out-live this Night, Sir.

(*Exeunt* Duke *and* Petruchio.

Fred.

Fred. Come, *Don John*, we have ſomewhat now to do.

Joh. I am ſure I would have.

Fred. If ſhe be not found, we muſt fight.

Joh. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die - - - - - - - -

Joh. There's ſo much Money ſav'd in Lechery.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter 2. Conſtantia *and her Mother.*

Mo. HOld, *Cons*, hold, for goodneſs hold, I am in that deſertion of Spirit for want of Breath, that I am almoſt reduc'd to the Neceſſity of not being able to defend my ſelf, againſt the inconvenience of a Fall.

2. *Con.* Dear Mother, let us go a little faſter to ſecure our ſelves from *Antonio*; for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, ſpeak, nor ſtand ſtill, till we are ſafe a Ship-board, and out of ſight of the Shore.

Mo. Out of ſight o'the Shore? Why, do you think I'll depatriate?

2. *Con.* Depatriate? What's that?

Mo. Why, you Fool you, leave my Country: What will you never learn to ſpeak out of the vulgar Road?

2. *Con.* O Lord, this hard word will undo us.

Mo. As I am a Chriſtian, if it were to ſave my Honour, which is Ten thouſand times dearer to me than my Life) I would not be guilty of ſo odious a Thought.

2. *Con.* Pray Mother, ſince your Honour is ſo dear to you, conſider that if we are taken, both it and we are loſt for ever.

Mo.

Mo. Ay, Girl, but what will the World ſay, if they ſhould hear ſo odious a thing of us, as that we ſhould Depatriate?

2. *Con.* Ay, there's it, the World; why, Mother, the World does not care a Pin if both you and I were hang'd; and that we ſhall be certainly, if *Antonio* takes us, for running away with his Gold.

Mo. Proteſt I care not, I'll ne'er depart from the demarches of a Perſon of Quality; and let come what will, I ſhall rather chooſe to ſubmit my ſelf to my Fate, than ſtrive to prevent it by any Deportment that is not congruous in every Degree, to the Steps and Meaſures of a ſtrict Practitioner of Honour.

2. *Con.* Would not this make one ſtark Mad? Her Stile is not more out of the way, than her manner of Reaſoning; ſhe firſt ſells me to an ugly old Fellow, than ſhe runs away with me and all his Gold, and now like a ſtrict Practitioner of Honour, reſolves to be taken, rather than depatriate as ſhe calls it.

Mo. As I am a Chriſtian, *Cons*, a Tavern, and a very decent Sign; I'll in I am reſolv'd, though by it I ſhould run a Riſco of never ſo ſtupendious a Nature.

2. *Con.* There's no ſtopping her; What ſhall I do?

Mo. I'll ſend for my Kinſ-Woman and ſome Muſick, to revive me a little; for really, *Cons*, I am reduc'd to that ſad imbecillity by the injury I have done my poor Feet, that I'm in a greater incertitude whether they will have livelineſs ſufficient to ſupport me up to the top of the Stairs or no. (*Exit.*

2. *Con.* 'Tis ſinning without Pleaſure I cannot endure; to have always a Remoſe, and ne'er do any thing that ſhould cauſe it, is intolerable. If I lov'd Money too, which (I think) I don't, my Mother

ther ſhe has all that; I have nothing to comfort my ſelf with but *Antonio*'s ſtiff Beard, and that alone, for a Woman of my Years, is but a ſorry kind of Entertainment. I wonder why theſe old fumbling Fellows ſhould trouble themſelves ſo much, only to trouble us more. They can do nothing, but put us in mind of our Graves. Well, I'll no more on't; for to be frighted with Death and Damnation, both at once is a little too hard. I do here vow I'll live for ever Chaſt, or find out ſome handſome young Fellow I can love; I think that's the better;

(Mother looks out at the Window.

Mo. Come up, *Cons*, the Fiddles are here.

2. *Con.* I come - - - - *(Mother goes from the Window.* I muſt be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell; theſe Fiddles, and her diſcreet Companions will quickly make an end of all ſhe has Stolen, and then 500 new Pieces ſells me to another old Fellow. She has taken care not to leave me a Farthing; yet I am ſo, better then under her Conduct: 'Twill be at a worſt but begging for my Life,

And ſtarving were to me an eaſier Fate { *Goes up to her*
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate. { *Mother.*

SCENE II.

Enter Don John.

Joh. It will not out of my Head, but that *Don Frederick* has ſent away this Wench, for all he carries it ſo gravely: Yet methinks he ſhould be honeſter than ſo: but theſe grave Men are never touch'd upon ſuch Occaſions: Mark it when you will, and you'll find a grave Man; eſpecially if he pretend to be a preciſe Man, will do you forty things without Remorſe, that would ſtartle one of us mad Fellows to think of: Becauſe they are familiar with Heaven in their Prayers; they think they may be hold with it in any Thing: Now we

that

that are not ſo well acquainted, bear greater Reverence. (*Muſick plays above.*
What's here, Muſick and Women? would I had one of 'em. (*One of 'em looks out of the Window.*
That's a Whore, I know her by her Smile. O my Conſcience! take a Woman masked and hooded; nay, cover'd all o'er, ſo that you cannot ſee one bit of her, and at 12 ſcore diſtance, if ſhe be a Whore, as ten to one ſhe is, I ſhall know it certainly; I have an inſtinct within me never fails.
(*Another looks out.*
Ah Rogue! ſhe's right too I'm ſure on't.

Mo. above. Come, come, let's dance in t'other Room, 'tis a great deal better.

Joh. Say you ſo? what now if I ſhould go up and dance too? It is a Tavern, Pox o' this Buſineſs: I'll in I am reſolv'd, and try my own Fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em.

As he goes to the door 2. Conſtantia *Enters.*
See here's one bolted already: Fair Lady, whither ſo faſt?

2. *Con.* I don't know, Sir.

Joh. May I have the Honour to wait upon you?

2. *Con.* Yes, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Joh. Whither?

2. *Con.* I tell you I don't know.

Joh. She's very quick: Would I might be ſo happy as to know you, Lady.

2. *Con.* I dare not let you ſee my Face, Sir.

Joh. Why?

2. *Con.* For fear you ſhould not like it, and then leave me; for to tell you true, I have at this preſent very great need of you.

Joh. If thou haſt half ſo much need of me, as I have of thee, Lady, I'll be content to be hang'd though.

2. *Con.* It's a proper handſome Fellow: this if he'd but

but love me now, I would never ſeek out farther. Sir, I am young, and unexperienc'd in the World.

Joh. Nay, if thou art Young, it's no great matter what thy Face is.

2. *Con.* Perhaps this freedom in me may ſeem ſtrange; but, Sir, in ſhort, I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate: if I ſhould meet him, will you here promiſe he ſhall not take me from you?

Joh. Yes, that I will before I ſee your Face, your ſhape has charm'd me enough for that already; if any one takes you from me, Lady, I'll give him leave to take from me too——(I was a going to name 'em) certain things of mine, that I would not loſe, now I have you in my Arms, for all the Gems in Chriſtendom.

2. *Con.* For Heaven's ſake then conduct me to ſome Place where I may be ſecured a while from the ſight of any one whatſoever.

Joh. By all the Hopes I have to find thy Face as lovely as thy Shape, I will.

2. *Con.* Well, Sir, I believe you, for you have an honeſt Look.

Joh. 'Slid I am afraid, *Don Frederick*, has been given her a Character of me too. Come, pray unmaſque.

2. *Con.* Then turn away your Face; for I'm reſolv'd you ſhall not ſee a hit of mine till I have ſet it in Order, and then - - - - -

Joh. What?

2. *Con.* I'll ſtrike you dead.

Joh. A mettled Whore, I warrant her; come if ſhe be now Young, and have but a Noſe on her Face, ſhe'll be as good as her Word: I'm e'en panting for Breath already.

2. *Con.* Now ſtand your Ground if you dare.

Joh. By this Light a rare Creature! Ten thouſand times handſomer than her we ſeek for! this

can

can be ſure no common one: Pray Heaven be ſhe a Whore.

2. *Con.* Well, Sir, what ſay you now?

Joh. Nothing, I'm ſo amaz'd, I am not able to ſpeak. I'd beſt fall too preſently, though it be in the Street, for fear of loſing time: Prithee, my dear ſweet Creature, go with me into that Corner, that thou and I may talk a little in private.

2. *Con.* No, Sir, no private Dealing, I beſeech you.

Joh. 'Sheart, what ſhall I do? I'm out of my Wits for her. Hark you, my dear Soul, canſt thou love me?

2. *Con.* If I could, what then?

Joh. Why, you know what then, and then ſhould I be the happieſt Man alive.

2. *Con.* I, ſo you all ſay till you have your Deſires, and then you leave us.

Joh. But my dear Heart, I am not made like other Men; I never can love heartily till I have—

2. *Con.* Got their Maidenheads; but ſuppoſe now I ſhould be no Maid.

Joh. Prithee ſuppoſe me nothing, but let me try.

2. *Con.* Nay, good Sir, hold.

Joh. No Maid? Why, ſo much the better, thou art then the more experienc'd; for my part I hate a Bungler at any thing.

2. *Con.* O dear! I like this Fellow ſtrangely: hark you, Sir, I am not worth a Groat, but though you ſhould not be ſo neither, if you'll but love me, I'll follow you all the World over; I'll work for you, beg for you, do any thing for you, ſo you'll promiſe to do nothing with any body elſe.

Joh. O Heaven's! I'm in another World, this Wench ſure was made a purpoſe for me, ſhe is ſo juſt of my Humour. My dear, 'tis impoſſible for me to ſay how much I will do for thee, or with thee, thou ſweet bewitching Woman; but let's make

make haſte Home, or I ſhall never be able to hold out till I come thither. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick *and* Franciſco.

Fred. And art thou ſure it was *Conſtantia*, ſay'ſt thou that he was leading?

Fran. Am I ſure I live, Sir? Why, I dwelt in the Houſe with her; how can I chuſe but know her?

Fred. But did'ſt thou ſee her Face?

Fran. Lord, Sir, I ſaw her Face as plainly as I ſee yours juſt now, not too Streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis e'en ſo; I ſuſpected it at firſt, but then he forſwore it with that Confidence——— Well, *Don John*, if theſe be your Practices, you ſhall have no more a Friend of me, Sir, I aſſure you. Perhaps though he met her by Chance, and intends to carry her to her Brother, and the Duke.

Enter Don John, *and ſecond* Conſtantia.

A little time will ſhew.——Gods ſo, here he is; I'll ſtep behind this Shop, and obſerve what he ſays.

Joh. Here, now go in, and make me for ever happy.

Fred. Dear *Don John.*

Joh. A pox o' your Kindneſs, how the Devil comes he here juſt at this time? Now will he ask me forty fooliſh Queſtions, and I have ſuch a mind to this Wench, that I cannot think of one excuſe for my Life

Fred. Your Servant, Sir; pray who's that you lock'd in juſt now at the Door?

Joh. Why, a Friend of mine that's gone up to read a Book.

Fred. A Book? that's a queint one i'Faith: Prithee, *Don John*, what Library haſt thou been buying this Afternoon? for i'th' Morning to my knowledge thou

thou had'ſt never a Book there, except it were an Almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

Joh. No, no, it's a Book of his own, he brought along with him. A Scholar that is given to reading.

Fred. And do Scholars (*Don John*) wear Petticoats now adays?

Joh. Plague on him, he has ſeen her. —— Well *Don Frederick*, thou know'ſt I am not good at lying; 'tis a Woman, I confeſs it, make your beſt on't, what then?

Fred. Why then, *Don John*, I deſire you'll be pleas'd to let me ſee her.

Joh. Why, faith, *Frederick*, I ſhould not be againſt the thing, but you know a Man muſt keep his word, and ſhe has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, *John*, you may remember when I met a Lady ſo before, this very ſelf ſame Lady too, that I got leave for you to ſee her *John*.

Joh. Why, do you think then that this here is *Conſtantia?*

Fred. I cannot properly ſay I think it, *John*, becauſe I know it; this Fellow here ſaw her as you led her i'th' Streets.

Joh. Well, and what then? who does he ſay it is?

Fred. Ask him, Sir, he'll tell you.

Joh. Sweet-heart, doſt thou know this Lady?

Fran. I think I ſhould, Sir, I ha' liv'd long enough in the Houſe with her to know her ſure.

Joh. And how do they call her prithee?

Fran. Conſtantia.

Joh. How! *Conſtantia?*

Fran. Yes, Sir, the Woman's name is *Conſtantia*; that's flat.

Joh. Is it ſo, Sir? and ſo is this too. (*Strikes him.*

Fran. Oh, Oh. (*Runs out.*

Joh. Now, Sirrah, you may ſafely ſay you have not born falſe witneſs for nothing.

Fred.

Fred. Fie, *Don John*, Why do you beat the poor Fellow for doing his Duty, and telling Truth?

Joh. Telling Truth? thou talk'ſt as if thou hadſt been hir'd to bear falſe Witneſs too: You are a very fine Gentleman.

Fred. What a ſtrange confidence he has? But is there no ſhame in thee? nor any conſideration of what is juſt, or honeſt, to keep a Woman thus againſt her Will, that thou know'ſt is in love with another Man too; do'ſt; think a Judgment will not follow this?

Joh. Good dear *Frederick*, do thou keep thy Sentences and thy Morals for ſome better Opportunity, this here is not a fit Subject for 'em: I tell thee ſhe is no more *Conſtantia* than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me ſee her then?

Joh. Becauſe I can't: Beſides, ſhe is not for thy turn.

Fred. How ſo?

Joh. Why, thy *Genius* lies another way; thou art for Flames, and Darts, and thoſe fine Things; now I am for the old plain down-right way; I am not ſo curious, *Frederick*, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, Sir; but is this worthy in you, to endeavour to debauch - - - -

Joh. But is there no Shame? but is this worthy---- what a many Buts are here? If I ſhould tell thee now ſolemnly thou haſt but one Eye, and give thee reaſons for it, would'ſt thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, Sir, againſt my own Knowledge.

Joh. Then why doſt thou, with that grave Face, go about to perſuade me againſt mine? You ſhould do as you would be done by, *Frederick*.

Fred. And ſo I will, Sir, in this very Particular, ſince there's no other Remedy; I ſhall do that for the *Duke* and *Petruchio*, which I ſhould expect from

them upon the like occaſion: In ſhort, to let you ſee I am as ſenſible of my Honour, as you can be careleſs of yours; I muſt tell you, Sir, that I'm reſolv'd to wait upon this Lady to them.

Joh. Are you ſo, Sir? Why, I muſt then ſweet, Sir, tell you again, I am reſolved you ſhan't. Ne'er ſtare, nor wonder, I have promis'd to preſerve her from the ſight of any one whatſoever, and with the hazard of my Life will make it good; but that you may not think I mean an injury to *Petruchio*, or the *Duke*, know, *Don Frederick*, that though I love a Wench perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's Baſe, as much as you do. Once more upon my Honour this is not *Conſtantia*; let that ſatisfie you.

Fred. All that will not do —— (*Goes to the Door.*

Joh. No? Why then this ſhall. (*Draws.*) Come not one ſtep nearer, for if thou do'ſt, by Heaven it is thy laſt.

Fred. This is an inſolence beyond the temper of a Man to ſuffer; ——thus I throw off thy Friendſhip, and ſince thy folly has provok'd my patience beyond its natural Bounds, know it is not in thy Power now to ſave thy ſelf.

Joh. That's to be try'd, Sir, tho' by your Favour. (*Looks up to the Window.*) Miſtreſs what you call 'em. ——prithee look now a little, and ſee how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

Joh. O Lord, Sir, your Servant. (*Fight.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke, *and* Petruchio.

Petr. What's here, Fighting? Let's part 'em. How? *Don Frederick* againſt *Don John*? How came you to fall out, Gentlemen?

What's

What's the Cauſe?

Fred. Why, Sir, it is your Quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I ſaw him lock *Conſtantia* up into that Houſe, and I deſir'd to wait upon her to you; that's the Cauſe.

Duke. O, it may be he deſign'd to lay the Obligation upon us himſelf, Sir, we are beholden to you for this Favour, beyond all poſſibility of - - - - -

Joh. Pray, Sir, do not throw away your Thanks, before you know whether I have deſerv'd 'em or not. O! is that your Deſign? Sir, you muſt not go in there. (Petruchio's *going to the Door.*

Petr. How, Sir, not go in?

Joh. No, Sir, moſt certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my Siſter, and I will ſpeak with her.

Joh. If ſhe were your Mother, Sir, you ſhould not, though it were but to ask her Bleſſing.

Petr. Since you are ſo poſitively, I'll try.

Joh. You ſhall find me a Man of my word, Sir. (*Fight.*

Duke. Nay, pray Gentlemen, hold, let me Compoſe this Matter: Why do you make a Scruple of letting us ſee *Conſtantia?*

Joh. Why, Sir, 'twould turn a Man's Head round to hear theſe Fellows talk ſo; there is not one word true of all that he has ſaid

Duke. Then you do not know where *Conſtantia* is?

Joh. Not, I, by Heaven's.

Fred. O monſtrous Impudence! upon my Life, Sir, I ſaw him ſhut her up into that Houſe, and know his Temper ſo, that if I had not ſtop'd him, I dare ſwear by this time he would have raviſh'd her.

Joh. Now that is two Lyes: For firſt he did not ſee her; and next the Lady I led in is not to be Raviſh'd, ſhe is ſo willing.

Duke. But look you, Sir, this Doubt may eaſily be clear'd; let either *Petruchio* or I but ſee her, and if ſhe be not *Conſtantia*, we engage our Honours (though we ſhould know her) never to diſcover who ſhe is.

Joh. I, but there's the Point now, that I can ne'er conſent to.

Duke. Why?

Joh. Becauſe I gave her my word to the contrary.

Duke. And did you never break your Word with a Woman?

Joh. Never before I lay with her; and that's the Caſe now.

Petr. Piſh, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me Enter, or I'll force my way.

Fred. No, pray, Sir, let that be my Office, I will be reveng'd on him for having betray'd his Friendſhip to me.

Petruchio *and* Frederick *offer to fight with* John.

Duke. Nay, you ſhall not offer him foul Play neither.
Hold Brother, pray a Word; and with you too, Sir.

Joh. Pox on't, would they would make an end of this Buſineſs, that I might be with her again. Hark you Gentlemen, I'll make you a fair Propoſition, leave off this Ceremony among your ſelves; and thoſe diſmal Threats againſt me, Phillip up Croſs or Pile who ſhall begin firſt, and I'll do the beſt I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my Fingers itch to be about ſome Bodies Ears for the loſs of my Gold. Ha! What's here to do, Swords drawn? I muſt make one, though it coſt me the ſinging of ten *John Dory*'s more. Courage brave Boy, I'll ſtand by thee as long as this Tool laſts; and it was once a good one.

Petr.

Petr. Who's this? *Antonio?* O, Sir, you are welcome, you ſhall be e'en Judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I Sir, thank you; I'll make work for others to Judge of, I'm reſolv'd to Fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your Swords, or by this Hand I'll lay about me.

Joh. Well ſaid old *Bilbo*, i' faith.

(*They put up their Swords.*

Petr. Pray hear us though; this Gentleman ſaw him lock up my Siſter into that Houſe, and he refuſes to let us ſee her.

Ant. How Friend? Is this true?

Joh. Nay, good Sir, let not our Friendſhip be broken before it is well made. Look you Gentlemen, to ſhew you that you are all Miſtaken, and that my formal Friend there is an Aſs.

Fred. I thank you, Sir.

Joh. I'll give my Conſent that this Gentleman here ſhall ſee her, if his Information can ſatisfie you.

Duke. Yes, yes; he knows her very well.

Joh. Then, Sir, go in here if you pleaſe; I dare truſt him with her, for he is too old to do her Good or Harm.

Fred. I wonder how my Gentleman will get off from all this.

Joh. I ſhall be even with you, Sir, another time for all your Grinning.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where is he?

Ser. He's run out o'the back Door, Sir.

Joh. How ſo?

Ser. Why, Sir, he's run after the Gentlewoman you brought in.

Joh. 'Sdeath, how durſt you let her out?

Ser. Why, Sir, I knew nothing.

Joh. No, thou ignorant Raſcal, and therefore I'll beat ſomething into thee. (*Beats him.*

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

Joh. Nay, come not near me, for if thou doſt, by Heaven's I'll give thee as much; and would do ſo however, but that I won't loſe time from looking after my dear ſweet - - - - a Pox confound you all.

(*Goes in and ſhuts the Door after him.*

Duke. What? he has ſhut the Door.

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back way by that Corner, where we ſhall meet him.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter Antonio's Servant, Conſtables *and* Officers.

Ser. A Young Woman, ſay'ſt thou, and her Mother?

Man. Yes, juſt now come to the Houſe. Not an hour ago.

Ser. It muſt be they, here Friend, here's Money for you; be ſure you take 'em, and I'll reward you better when you have done.

Con. But Neighbour ho---hup---ſhall I now---hup---know theſe Parties? for I would---hup---excute my Office---hup---like---hup a ſober Perſon.

Man. That's hard; but you may eaſily know the Mother, for ſhe is hup---drunk.

Con. Nay---hup---if ſhe be drunk, let---hup---me alone to maul her, for---hup---I abhor a Drunkard---let it be Man---Woman, or---hup---Child.

Man. Ay, Neighbour, one may ſee you hate drinking indeed.

Con. Why, Neighbour—hup—did you ever ſee me drunk? anſwer me that Queſtion: did you ever—hup—ſee me Drunk?

Man.

Man. No, never, never; come away, here's the House. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

1. *Con.* Oh, whither shall I run to hide my self! The Constable has seiz'd the Landlady, and I'm afraid the poor Child too. How to return to *Don Frederick*'s House, I know not; and if I knew, I durst not, after those things the Landlady has told me of him. If I get not from this drunken Rabble, I expose my Honour; and if I fall into my Brother's Hands, I lose my Life: you, Powers above, look down and help me, I am faulty I Confess, but greater Faults have often met with lighter Punishments:

Then let not heavier yet on me be laid,
Be what I will, I am still what you have made.

Enter Don John.

Joh. I'm almost dead with Running, and will be so quite, but I will overtake her.

1. *Con.* Hold, *Don John*, hold.

Joh. Who's that? Ha? is it you, my Dear?

1. *Con.* For Heaven's sake, Sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

Joh. Phoo Pox, this is th'other; now could I almost beat her, for but making me the Proposition: Madam, there are some a coming that will do it a great deal better; but I am in such Haste, that I vow to Gad, Madam ——

1. *Con.* Nay, pray, Sir, stay, you are concern'd in this as well as I; for your Woman is taken.

Joh. Ha! my Woman?

(*Goes back to her.*

I vow to Gad, Madam, I do so highly honour your

Ladyſhip, that I would venture my Life a thouſand times to do you Service. But pray where is ſhe?

1. *Con.* Why, Sir, ſhe is taken by the Conſtable.

Joh. Conſtable! which way went he?

1. *Con.* I cannot tell, for I run out into the Streets juſt as he had ſeiz'd upon your Landlady.

Joh. Plague o'my Landlady, I meant t'other Woman.

1. *Con.* Other Woman, Sir! I have ſeen no other Woman ſince I left your Houſe.

Joh. 'Sheart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your moſt humble——

1. *Con.* Good, Sir, be not ſo cruel, as to leave me in this Diſtreſs.

Joh. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again preſently.

1. *Con.* But pray, Sir, hear me; I'm in that Danger——

Joh. No, no, no, I vow to Gad, Madam, no Danger in the World: Let me alone, I warrant you. (*Exit.*

1. *Con.* He's gone, and I a loſt, wretched miſerable Creature for ever.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O, there ſhe is.

1. *Con.* Who's this, *Antonio?* the fierceſt Enemy I have. (*Runs out.*

Ant. Are you ſo nimble footed, Gentlewoman? If I don't overtake you for all this, it ſhall go hard——

She'll break my Wind with a Pox to her.

A Plague confound all Whores. (*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Mother *to the* 2. Conſtantia, *and* Kinſwoman.

Kinſ. But, *Madam*, be not ſo angry, perhaps ſhe'll come again.

Mo. O *Kinſwoman*, never ſpeak of her more, for ſhe's an odious Creature, to leave me thus i'th' Lurch. I that have given her all her Breeding, and inſtructed her with my own Principles of Education.

Kinſ. Proteſt, *Madam*, I think ſhe's a Perſon that knows as much of all that as———

Mo. Knows, *Kinſwoman?* There's ne'er a Woman in *Italy*, of thrice her Years knows ſo much the procedures of a true gallantry, and the infallible Principles of an honourable friendſhip as ſhe does.

Kinſ. And therefore, *Madam*, you ought to love her.

Mo. No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I am a Chriſtian: When once a Perſon fails in Fundamentals, ſhe's at a Period with me. Beſides, with all her Wit, *Conſtantia* is but a Fool, and calls all the Meniarderies of a bonne mien Affectation.

Kinſ. Indeed I muſt confeſs, ſhe's given a little too much to the careleſs way.

Mo. Ay, there you have hit it, *Kinſwoman*; the careleſs way has quite undone her, Will you believe me, *Kinſwoman?* as I am a Chriſtian, I never could make her do this, nor carry her Body thus, but juſt when my Eye was upon her; as ſoon as ever my back was turned, whip, her Elbows were quite out again: Would not you ſtrange now at this?

Kinſ. Bleſs me ſweet Goodneſs! But, pray, *Madam*, how came *Conſtantia* to fall out with your Ladyſhip? Did ſhe take any thing ill of you?

Mo.

Mo. As I'm a Chriſtian I can't reſolve you, unleſs it were that I led the Dance firſt; but for that ſhe muſt excuſe me, I know ſhe dances well, but there are others who perhaps underſtand the right ſwim of it as well as ſhe.

Enter Don Frederick.

And though I love *Conſtantia.*——

Fred. How's this? *Conſtantia?*

Mo. I know no Reaſon why I ſhould be debaar'd the Privilege of ſhewing my own parts too ſometimes.

Fred. If I am not miſtaken that other Woman, is ſhe *Don John*, that I were directed to, when we came firſt to Town, to bring us acquainted with *Conſtantia*: I'll try to get ſome Intelligence from her. Pray, Lady, have I never ſeen you before?

Kinſ. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another Stranger, a Friend of yours, one day as I was coming out of the Church.

Fred. I'm right then: And pray who were you talking of?

Mo. Why, Sir, of an inconſiderate inconſiderable Perſon, that has at once both forfeited the Ho- of my concern, and the concern of her own Honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed: And is all this intended for the beautiful *Conſtantia?*

Mo. O fie upon her, Sir, an odious Creature as I'm a Chriſtian, no Beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your Ladyſhip think her Handſome?

Mo. Seriouſly, Sir, I don't think ſhe's Ugly, but as I'm a Chriſtian, my Poſition is, That no true Beauty can be log'd in that Creature, who is not in ſome meaſure buoy'd up with a juſt ſence of what is incumbent to the devoir of a Perſon of Quality.

Fred. That Poſition, *Madam*, is a little ſevere, but however ſhe has been incumbent formerly, as your

your Ladyſhip is pleas'd to ſay; now that ſhe's married, and her Husband own's the Child, ſhe is ſufficiently juſtified for all ſhe has done.

Mo. Sir, I muſt bluſhingly beg leave to ſay you are there in an Error. I know there has been Paſſages of love between 'em, but with a temperament ſo innocent, and ſo refin'd, as it did impoſe a Negative upon the very poſſibility of her being with Child.

Fred. Sure ſhe is not well acquainted with her. Pray, *Madam*, how long have you known *Conſtantia?*

Mo. Long enough I think, Sir; for I had the good Fortune, or rather the ill one, to help her firſt to the light of the World.

Fred. Now cannot I diſcover by the fineneſs of this Dialect, whether ſhe be the Mother or the Midwife: I had beſt ask t'other Woman.

Mo. No, Sir, I aſſure you, my Daughter *Conſtantia* has never had a Child: A Child! Ha, ha, ha? O goodneſs ſave us, a Child!

Fred. O then ſhe is the Mother, and it ſeems is not inform'd of the Matter. Well, *Madam*, I ſhall not diſpute this with you any farther; but give me leave to wait upon your Daughter; for her Friend, I aſſure you, is in great impatience to ſee her.

Mo. Friend, Sir? I know none ſhe has; I'm ſure ſhe loaths the very ſight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Mo. Why, of *Antonio*, Sir, he that you were pleas'd to ſay had got my Daughter with Child. Sir--ha---ha--ha---

Fred. Still worſe and worſe; 'Slife cannot ſhe be content with not letting me underſtand her, but muſt alſo reſolve obſtinately not to underſtand me, becauſe I ſpeak plain? Why, *Madam*, I cannot expreſs my ſelf your way, therefore be not offended

at

at me for it; I tell you I do not know *Antonio*, nor ever nam'd him to you: I told you that the *Duke* has own'd *Conſtantia* for his Wife, that her Brother and he are Friends, and are both now in ſearch after her.

Mo. Then as I'm a Chriſtian, I ſuſpect we have both been equally involv'd in the Misfortune of a Miſtake. Sir, I am in the derniere confuſion to avow, that though my Daughter *Conſtantia* has been liable to ſeveral Addreſſes, yet ſhe never had the honour to be produc'd to his Grace.

Fred. So then you put her to Bed to——

Mo. Antonio, Sir, one whom my Ebb of Fortune forc'd me to enter into a Negotiation with, in reference to my Daughter's Perſon; but as I'm a Chriſtian, with that candor in the Action, as I was in no kind deny'd to be a Witneſs of the thing.

Fred. So, now the thing is out: This is a damn'd Bawd, and I as damn'd a Rogue for what I did to *Don John*: For o' my Conſcience, this is that *Conſtantia* the Fellow told me of. I'll make him amends what e'er it coſt me. Lady, you muſt give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your Daughter, for ſome Reaſons I ſhall tell you hereafter.

Mo. Sir, I am ſo highly your Obligee for the manner of your Enquiries, and you have grounded your Determinations upon ſo juſt a Baſis, that I ſhall not be aſham'd to own my ſelf a Votary to all your Commands. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter 2. Conſtantia.

2. *Con.* So I'm once more freed from *Antonio*; but whither to go now, that's the Queſtion; nothing troubles me, but that he was ſent up by that young Fellow,

Fellow, for I lik'd him with my Soul, would he had lik'd me ſo too.

Enter Don John, *and a* Shopkeeper.

Joh. Which way went ſhe?

Shop. Who?

Joh. The Woman?

Shop. What Woman?

Joh. Why, a young Woman, a handſome Woman, the handſomeſt Woman thou ever ſaw'ſt in thy Life: Speak quickly, Sirrah, or thou ſhalt ſpeak no more.

Shop. Why, yonder's a Woman: What a Devil ails this Fellow? (*Exit.*

Joh. O my dear Soul, take pity o' me, and give me Comfort, for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2. *Con.* O you're a fine Gentleman indeed, to ſhut me up in your Houſe, and ſend another Man to me.

Joh. Pray hear me.

2. *Con.* No, I will never hear you more after ſuch an Injury, what would you have done, if I had been kind to you, that could uſe me thus before?

Joh. By my troth that's ſhrewdly urg'd.

2. *Con.* Beſides, you baſely broke your Word.

Joh. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three Men upon me at once, and had I not conſented to let that old Fellow up, who came to my Reſcue; they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2. *Con.* Faith it may be it was ſo, for I remember I heard a Noiſe; but ſuppoſe it was not ſo, what then? Why then I'll love him however. Hark you, Sir, I ought now to uſe you very Scurvily, but I can't find in my heart to do it.

Joh. Then God's bleſſing on thy heart for it.

2. *Con.* But a——

Joh.

Joh. What?

2. *Con.* I would fain———

Joh. I, ſo would I: come let's go.

2. *Con.* I would fain know whether you can be kind to me.

Joh. That thou ſhalt preſently; come away.

2. *Con.* And will you always?

Joh. Always? I can't ſay ſo: but I will as often as I can.

2. *Con.* Phoo! I mean love me.

Joh. Well, I mean that too.

2. *Con.* Swear then.

Joh. That I will upon my Knees: What ſhall I ſay?

2. *Con.* Nay, uſe what words you pleaſe, ſo they be but hearty, and not thoſe are ſpoken by the Prieſt, for that Charm ſeldom proves fortunate.

Joh. I ſwear then by thy fair ſelf, that look'eſt ſo like a Deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore thee to my dying Day.

2. *Con.* And here I vow, the Minute thou do'ſt leave me, I'll leave the World, that's kill my ſelf.

Joh. O my dear heavenly Creature! ———

(*Kiſſes her.*

That Kiſs now has almoſt put me into a Swoon, for Heaven's ſake let's quickly out of the Streets, for fear of another Scuffle. I durſt encounter a whole Army for thy Sake; but yet methinks I had better try my Courage another way; what think'ſt thou?

2. *Con.* Well, well; why don't you then?

(*As they are going out.*

Enter 1. Conſtantia, *and juſt then* Antonio *ſeizes upon her.*

Joh. Who's this, my old new Friend has got there?

Ant. O have I caught you Gentlewoman at laſt? Come,

Come, give me my Gold.

1. *Con.* I hope he takes me for another, I won't answer, for I had rather he should take me for any one than who I am.

Joh. Pray, Sir, who is that you have there by the Hand?

Ant. A Person of Honour, Sir, that has broke open my Trunks, and run away with my Gold; yet I'll hold Ten Pound I'll have it whip'd out of her again.

2. *Con.* Done, I'll hold you Ten Pounds of that now.

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have Reason; and, Lady, I ask your Pardon; but I'll have it whip'd out of you then Gossip.

Joh. Hold, Sir, you must not meddle with my Goods.

Ant. Your Goods? how came she to be yours? I'm sure I bought her of her Mother, for Five hundred good pieces in Gold, and she was a Bed with me all Night too; deny that if you dare.

2. *Con.* Well, and what did you do when I was a Bed with you all Night? confess that if you dare.

Ant. Umph, say you so?

1. *Con.* I'll try if this Lady will help me, for I know not whither else to go.

Ant. I shall be asham'd I see utterly, except I make her hold her Peace. Pray, Sir, by your Leave; I hope you will allow me the Speech of one word with your Goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a small Request.

Joh. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart. How, *Constantia!* Madam, now you have seen that Lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a Fault, you must thank her for it.

1. *Con.*

1. *Con.* Sir, if you will for her ſake, be perſuaded to protect me from the violence of my Brother, I ſhall have reaſon to thank you both.

Joh. Nay, Madam, now that I am in my wits again, and my Heart's at Eaſe, it ſhall go very hard but I will ſee yours ſo too; I was before diſtracted, and 'tis not ſtrange the love of her ſhould hinder me from remembring what was due to you, ſince it made me forget my ſelf.

1. *Con.* Sir, I do know too well the power of Love, by my own Experience, not to pardon all the Effects of it in another.

Ant. Well then, I promiſe you, if you will but help me to my Gold again. (I mean that which you and your Mother ſtole out of my Trunk) that I'll never trouble you more.

2. *Con.* A Match; and 'tis the beſt that you and I could ever make.

Joh. Pray, Madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll ſtand by you, and ſee that your Brother ſhall do you no Harm.

2. *Con.* Hark you, Sir, a word; how dare you talk of Love, or ſtanding by any Lady, but me, Sir?

Joh. By my troth that was a Fault; but I did not mean in your way, I meant it only civilly.

2. *Con.* Ay, but if you are ſo very civil a Gentleman we ſhall not be long Friends: I ſcorn to ſhare your Love with any one whatſoever; and for my part, I'm reſolv'd either to have all or nothing.

Joh. Well, my dear little Rogue, thou ſhalt have it all preſently, as ſoon as we can but get rid of this Company.

2. *Con.* Phoo, you'are always abuſing me.

Enter Frederick *and* Mother.

Fred. Come, now Madam, let not us ſpeak one word more, but go quietly about our Buſineſs; not

not but that I think it the greateſt pleaſure in the World to hear you talk, but-----

Mo. Do you indeed, Sir? I ſwear then good wits jump, Sir; for I have thought ſo my ſelf a very great while.

Fred. Yo've all the reaſon imaginable. O! *Don John*, I ask thy Pardon; but I hope I ſhall make thee amends, for I have found out the Mother, and ſhe has promis'd me to help thee to thy Miſtreſs again.

Joh Sir, you may ſave your Labour, the buſineſs is done, and I am fully ſatisfy'd.

Fred. And doſt thou know who ſhe is?

Joh. No faith, I never ask'd her Name.

Fred. Why, then, I'll make thee yet more ſatisfy'd; this Lady here is that very *Conſtantia*----

Joh. Ha! thou haſt not a mind to be knock'd o'er the Pate too, haſt thou?

Fred. No, Sir, nor dare you do it neither; but for certain this is that very ſelf ſame *Conſtantia* that thou and I ſo long look'd after.

Joh. I thought ſhe was ſomething more than ordinary; but ſhall I tell thee now a ſtranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

Joh. Why, I will never more touch any other Woman for her ſake.

Fred. Well, I ſubmit; that indeed is ſtranger.

2. *Con.* Come Mother, deliver your Purſe; I have deliver'd my ſelf up to this young Fellow, and the Bargain's made with that old Fellow, ſo he may have his Gold again, that all ſhall be well.

Mo. As I'm a Chriſtian, Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of reſtoring it again; for my hard fate having not beſtow'd upon me a Fund which might capacitate to make you Preſents of my own, I had no way left for the exerciſe of my Generoſity,

but by putting my ſelf into a condition of giving back what was yours.

Ant. A very generous deſign indeed. So, now I'll e'en turn a ſober Perſon, and leave of this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your Ladyſhip here; we have been in a very great diſorder ſince we ſaw you! ----What's here, our *Landlady* and the Child again?

Enter Duke, Petruchio, *and* Landlady *with the Child.*

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipp'd, in a drunken Conſtable's hands that took her for another.

Joh. Why, then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipp'd for her ſelf, for on my word ſhe deſerves it.

Land. Yes, I'm ſure of your good word at any time.

1. *Con.* Hark you, dear *Landlady.*

Land. O ſweet Goodneſs! is it you? I have been in ſuch a peck of Troubles ſince I ſaw you, they took me, and they tumbled me, and they hall'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted *Jezebel*, and the poor little Babe here did ſo take on. Come hither, my Lord, come hither; here is *Conſtantia.*

1. *Con.* For Heaven's ſake Peace, yonder's my Brother, and if he diſcovers me I'm certainly ruin'd.

Duke. No, Madam, there is no Danger.

1. *Con.* Were there a Thouſand Dangers in thoſe Arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O my Dear! it were not ſafe that any ſhould be here at preſent, for now my Heart is ſo o'er preſs'd with Joy, that I ſhould ſcarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Siſter, I'm ſo aſham'd of all the Faults, which my miſtake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your Pardon for them.

truth

1. *Con.* No, Brother, the fault was mine, in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first; but having begun my Love without your Consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the Consummation of our present Joys, blot out the Memory of all these past Mistakes.

Joh. And when shall we consummate our Joys?

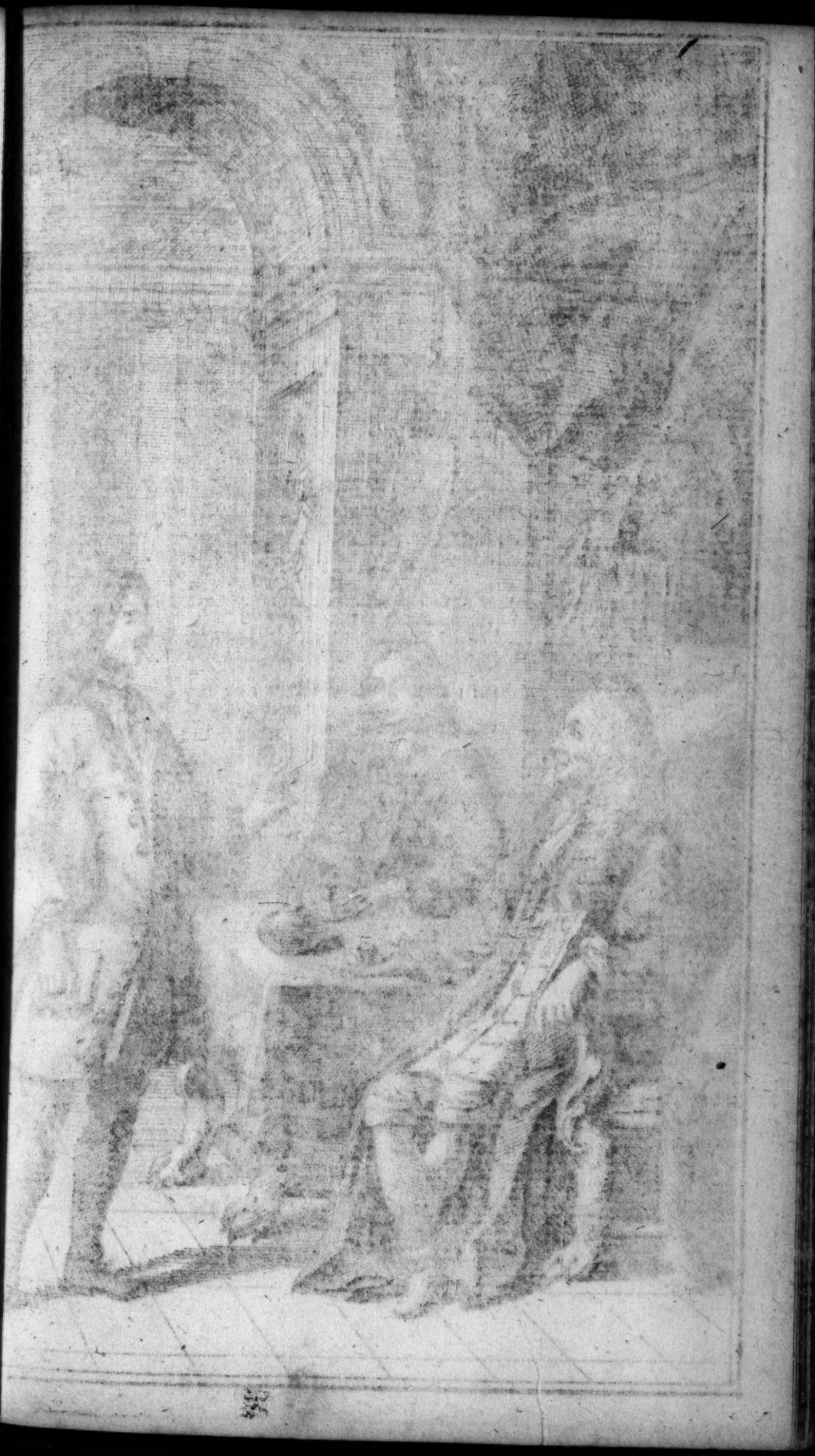
2. *Con.* Never.
We'll find out ways shall make 'em last for ever.

Joh. Now see the odds 'twixt marry'd Folks and Friends:
Our Love begins just where their Passion ends.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

PERHAPS you, Gentlemen, expect to Day
The Author of this Fag-end of a Play,
According to the Modern way of Wit,
Shou'd ſtrive to be before-hand with the Pit;
Begin to rail at you, and ſubtly to
Prevent th' affront by giving the firſt blow.
He wants not Precedents, which often ſway
In matters far more weighty, than a Play:
But he, no grave admirer of a Rule,
Won't by Example learn to play the fool.
The end of Plays ſhould be to entertain,
And not to keep the Auditors in Pain.
Giving our Price, and for what traſh we pleaſe,
He thinks the Play being done, you ſhould have eaſe.
No Wit, no Scene, no Freedom, and a Box,
Is much like paying Money for the Stocks.
Beſides the Author dreads the ſtrut and miene
Of new prais'd Poets, having often ſeen
Some of his Fellows, who have writ before,
When Nel *has danc'd her Jig, ſteal to the Door,*
Hear the Pit clap, and with conceit of that
Swell, and believe themſelves the Lord knows what.
Moſt Writers now adays are grown ſo vain,
That once approv'd, they write, and write again,
Till they have writ away the Fame they got;
Our Friend this way of writing fanſies not,
And hopes you will not tempt him with your Praiſe,
To rank himſelf with ſome, that write new Plays:
For He knows ways enough to be undone
Without the help of Poetry for one.



Faithfully taken by his SECRETARY.

Printed in the Year, 1714.

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN

His Grace GEORGE, *late Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Father* FITZGERALD, *and* Iriſh *Prieſt, whom King* JAMES II. *ſent to his Grace in his Sickneſs, to endeavour to pervert him to the Popiſh Perſwaſion.*

Faithfully taken by his SECRETARY.

Prieſt. MAY it pleaſe your Grace, I come from his Majeſty, who ſent me on purpoſe to wait on you.

Duke. I am exceedingly beholding to his Majeſty for all his Favours. I thought I had long ago been out of his Remembrance. Pray, Sir, take a Chair. And what may your errand be?

Prieſt. His Majeſty being informed of your Grace's Illneſs, and as it becomes a Prince, who has a true regard for his Subjects; compaſſionating the dangerous circumſtances you are in at preſent, commanded me to uſe my beſt endeavours to reclaim your Grace from that heretical Communion, 'tis now your unhappineſs to embrace, and reconcile you to the Catholick Church, out of which there is no Salvation.

Duke. I perceive, Sir, you're a Prieſt, *S....am*, bring up a Bottle of Wine, and clean Glaſſes——do you ſmoak Sir?

Prieſt. An't pleaſe your Grace, I did not come to drink, but——

Duke. Well, well, a Glaſs now and then, won't ſpoil Converſation. But do you ſay, Sir, there's no Salvation to be had out of the Pale of the Catholick Church.

Prieſt. 'Tis not my private Opnion, all the great Doctors of our Church maintain it.

Duke. And by this Catholick Church, you mean the Church of *Rome*, don't you?

Prieſt. I do.

Duke. Why, then Father, I am afraid you'l find it a hard matter to bring me to have a good

good Opinion of her. (*Enter Boy with the bottle and glaſſes.*) Set them down before us, and get you gone. Come, Father, here's to his Majeſty's good Health.

Prieſt. I humbly thank your Grace, but you have fill'd me too unmercifully, I can never ——

Duke. Never take off ſuch a Trifle, you are no Prieſt then. Come, I'll engage it never indiſpoſes you. What wou'd the King ſay to you, ſhou'd he know you refus'd his Health.

Prieſt. Well then I ſubmit: his Majeſty's (*Drinks off his Glaſs.*) Health, and your Grace's commands muſt never be diſputed.

Duke. But all this while, Father, you take no (*playing with the Cork*) notice of my fine Gelding here. Do but obſerve his exquiſite Shape: What a fine turn'd neck is there? His eyes how lively and full? His pace, how majeſtick and noble? I'll lay a hundred Guineas, there's nothing in *New-Market* can compare with him.

Prieſt. An't pleaſe your Grace, I ſee no Horſe.

Duke. Why, don't you ſee me play with his

his Mane, ſtroke him under the Belly, clap his Buttocks, and manage him as I pleaſe.

Prieſt. Either your Grace is merrily diſpos'd, or elſe your Illneſs has had a very unlucky effect upon your Grace's Imagination. Upon my Sincerity I ſee nothing but a Cork in your Hands.

Duke. How, my Horſe dwindled into a ſooliſh piece of Cork? Come, Father, this is very unkindly done of you, to turn the fineſt Gelding in *Europe*, whoſe Sire was a true *Arab*, and had a better Genealogy to ſhow, than the beſt Gentleman in *Wales* or *Scotland* can pretend to: Nay, whoſe illuſtrious Anceſtors have had the honour to carry ſeveral Sultans of *Babylon*, Caliphs of *Ægypt*, Grand Signiors of *Conſtantinople*, and Xeriffs of *Morocco* upon their Backs; to turn I ſay a Creature ſo well deſcended into an inſignificant idle Cork.——It ſurprizes me, it puts me into Confuſion, I can't tell what to ſay or do; therefore at my requeſt once more obſerve him more carefully, and tell me your Opinion.

Prieſt. Not to flatter then this melancholy humour in your Grace, which may but ſerve to confirm and rivet it the more in you, I muſt roundly and fairly tell your Grace, that 'tis a Cork, and nothing but a Cork.

Duke.

Duke. 'Tis hard, that a Perſon of my Quality's word won't be taken in ſuch a Matter, where I have not the leaſt Proſpect of getting a Farthing by impoſing upon you. But, Father, how do you make good your Aſſertion? I ſay ſtill 'tis a Horſe, you tell me 'tis a Cork; How ſhall this difference be made up between us?

Prieſt. Very eaſily; For inſtance, I firſt examine (*taking the Cork from the Duke*) it by my Smell, and that tells me 'tis Cork. I next conſult my Sight, and that affirms the ſame: Then I judge it by my Taſte, and ſtill 'tis Cork. In ſhort my touch aſſures me 'tis Cork, and my Ears that have heard the Deſcription of this Bark a hundred times, concur in the ſame Story. 'Tis impoſſible, that all my Senſes ſhould be banter'd and cheated in an Affair of this Nature, and they are the proper judges to appeal to upon ſuch Occaſions.

Duke. Nay, ſince you are ſo poſitive, Father, I won't conteſt the matter with you, but e'en let it be a Cork. The Fumes ariſing from my Illneſs (which I thank you for not flattering) I perceive had ſomewhat diſorder'd me: But now they are blown over, and I ſee as plain as a pike Staff, that 'tis nothing but a Cork.——So now, Father, if you pleaſe, to the buſineſs in Hand.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. I preſume your Grace believes the Trinity.

Duke. Hark you, Father, before you proceed a ſtep farther; thou'rt plaguily miſtaken, if thou think'ſt to make the Trinity a ſtepping ſtone to Tranſubſtantiation. I thought you came to reconcile me to thoſe Points, about which the two Churches differ; and not to ſpend your breath to no purpoſe upon a Subject, wherein we are agreed.

Prieſt. Be it ſo then, and ſince your Grace has mention'd Tranſubſtantiation, we'll enter into the merits of that Controverſy. I need not remind your Grace, that no Article of our Holy Religion is ſo expreſly laid down in Scripture as that; for what can be plainer than *Hoc eſt Corpus meum?*

Duke. But under favour, Father, 'tis not ſo plain as you imagine. 'Tis certain the Primitive Chriſtians believed nothing of the Matter, nor ever dreamt of a Corporal Preſence; For what Tragical Work wou'd *Lucian*, *Porphyry*, *Celſus*, and the other learned Adverſaries of Chriſtianity, have made with the Chriſtian Apologiſts, who uſed to charge the Pagans with the Barbarity of their human Sacrifices, expoſe the *foible* of their Deities, and droll upon old *Saturn*, for devouring his own Children, had Tranſubſtantiation been

been the avowed Belief of thoſe primitive Times? How wou'd they have inſulted the Chriſtians, and turn'd of the edge of this Recrimination from themſelves. Cou'd they have taxed the Chriſtians with that moſt monſtrous, moſt obſurd, and moſt barbarous Principle of eating the very God that made and redeem'd them?

Prieſt. However, this Article, as abſurd and monſtrous as your Grace repreſents it, has the Countenance of Fathers and Oecumenical Councils, and has been aſſerted by all the celebrated Doctors of the *Greek* and *Latin* Church, not to mention a conſtant ſeries of Miracles, that have ſupported it ever ſince the Inſtitution of our Religion.

Duke. As for your Fathers and Councils, I value them not a Farthing. They were Men as well as we, and conſequently as liable to Miſtakes. Beſides, I muſt tell you plainly, 'tis not fair to mention them out of a Library, where you may immediately be ſatisfied whether the quotation is honeſt, or to any other but ſuch who have carefully read them over in the Originals; whereas, 'tis common with you Prieſts to make a great pother about them to Tradeſmen, and Sea-men. 'Tis plain, the Fathers, and Councils were never intended to be the Regulators of our Faith; for three parts in four of Mankind, have

have neither Capacity nor Leiſure to read them; *and of thoſe few that do, fewer underſtand them*, and even thoſe that pretend to underſtand them are at endleſs Wars, whether they are genuine or no, and make no ſcruple to reject them when they don't ſerve their turn.

Prieſt. To let your Grace ſee I am a fair Adverſary, I will at preſent lay aſide both Fathers and Councils, and appeal even to your own Tranſlation of the Bible, where at the Inſtitution of this Myſterious Sacrament, our Saviour expreſsly tells his Diſciples, *This is my Body.*

Duke. So he tells them in the ſame Book, *I am the Door, and I am the Vine*; and yet I never heard, that any ſet of Men, or any particular Man was ever ſo frantick as to maintain, that he was either a Door, or a Vine, tho' they have as plain a Text to countenance it as you have for Tranſubſtantiation. All theſe are figurative Expreſſions, ſuch as daily occur in common Converſation, and none but Fools out of ignorance, or Knaves out of Intereſt, interpret them in the literal Senſe.——But to diſmiſs this Digreſſion, prithee tell me, honeſt Father, whether at the Celebration of the laſt Supper our Saviour gave himſelf to be verily and really eaten by his Diſciples.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. No doubt on't, for what ſays, St. *Auſtin* upon this Occaſion? *Chriſtus portavit Seipſum manibus ſuis.*

Duke. If that Father was ſuch a Coxcomb as to expreſs himſelf ſo fooliſhly, what's that to me?——Well then, if our Saviour was really eaten by his Diſciples at that Supper, it follows of courſe, that he was really Dead, and that he ſuffer'd Death, and was made an Oblation for the Sins of Mankind, before he offer'd himſelf a Victim to the Juſtice of his Father upon the Croſs, which I ſuppoſe you will hardly maintain.

Prieſt. May it pleaſe your Grace, theſe are Myſteries, imparted to us by Divine Revelation, which we are, with the utmoſt Submiſſion to believe, tho' they ſhock our Reaſon and Senſes never ſo much.

Duke. I ſee Father, I muſt refreſh your Memory, with this piece of Cork, which I poſitively affirm once more to be a Horſe: Juſt now you wou'd be govern'd by the Senſes, in thoſe Matters, that properly belong to their Tribunal, but now you diſown the Juriſdiction of the Court, which is not honeſtly done.

Prieſt. But in matters of Faith——

Duke.

Duke. And what of all that? No Man ſhall ever perſwade me to believe, againſt the plain conviction of my Senſes——Here's a Conſecrated Wafer, you tell me 'tis God Almighty; I ſay 'tis a piece of Bread, and nothing elſe. If I examine it by my Taſte, 'tis Bread, if by my Smell, Sight and Touch, 'tis Bread ſtill. Now why, for the ſake of a dubious Phraſe, which is agreeable to Senſe and Reaſon, when underſtood Metaphorically, but involves a million of Contradictions and Abſurdities, when taken literally, ſhould I ſet up a moſt monſtrous and impious Doctrine, in down-right Oppoſition to common Senſe and Reaſon, to the end of our Saviour's Suffering upon the Croſs, which was to be performed but once, and not daily, as you aſſert in ten thouſand different Places, and laſtly to the Majeſty of the Divine Eſſence.

Prieſt. My Lord Duke, you muſt humble your Reaſon to reconcile your ſelf to this Holy Myſtery, which even the Angels themſelves don't comprehend.

Duke. Our Saviour, when he firſt inſtituted his Religion, wrought ſeveral Miracles before the People, by which he appeal'd to their Senſes, ſo 'tis plain, he thought 'em the proper judges of Miracles. When you have a *Mahumetan* or *Pagan* to Convert, you tell

tell him of these same Miracles, and that they cou'd proceed from nothing but a Divine Power; and so you get him into your Church, but as soon as you have got him there, you preach up quite contrary Doctrine; and tell him he must renounce his Reason and Senses, under pain of Damnation. Thus you subtilly appeal to his Senses, to wheedle him into St. *Peter*'s Net; but when you him safe there, he must trust to them no longer: Nay, he must lay them aside as Enemies to the Catholick Truth.

Priest. As absurd as your Grace looks upon this Doctrine to be, 'tis believed by the Majority of the Christian World.

Duke. That's worse and worse still: In all Ages and Nations of the World; Error ever drew more Proselytes after it, than the Truth——But not to combat so inhuman as well as nonsensical a Tenet any longer, I'll tell you a short Story. When I was sent Ambassador from the late King to *Paris*, in the Year 1670. I took over with me, a young Black-a-more Boy, who cou'd just make a shift to be understood in *English*; and this Boy one Holy-day-Morning, went along with some of my Gentlemen to see the Curiosities of so remarkable a City, and all of them at last went into *Notredame* Church, as the Priest was celebrating Mass, at the high

Maſs. The Lad was perfectly ſurprized at their rich Habits, and fine Muſick; and when the Prieſt came to the *Elevation*, he ask'd one of my Gentlemen, what that white thing was, which the Man in the party-colour'd Coat held up in his Fingers? Why (replies he) theſe People believe it to be God Almighty. Not long after, at a ſide Altar he ſaw a Prieſt giving the Wafer to a parcel of People upon their Knees, and putting it into their Mouths. What, (cries he to the Gentleman) do they eat their God after they have ſo ſolemnly Worſhipt him? Yes, anſwers he, this is their Belief. The Boy was ſo ſtrangely confounded at what he had obſerved, that he ſpoke not a Syllable when he came Home; but was moping and muſing by himſelf. I cou'd not but take notice of this alteration in him at Dinner: So *Tom*, (ſays I to him) what's the matter with thee, if thou'rt Ill, go down to the Houſe-Keeper: No cry's he, I am not Sick, but I have ſeen a very odd ſight this Morning; which I can't help thinking on. I ſaw a Man in fine Cloaths ſhow the People God, and they fell upon their Knees, and beat their Breaſts; and afterwards I ſaw this Man put God into their Mouths, and they ſwallowed him. Well, ſays I, and where's the harm of that, *Tom*; I don't know, ſays the Boy, why they ſhould eat God, ſince he does us no harm; but if they have the ſame Power over

over the Devil, I wiſh we had a hundred or two of theſe fine Men in our Country to eat the Devil for us; for we cannot reſt for him a Nights, he pinches us in the Arms, Sours our Palm Wine, ſpoils our Victuals, and is ſo plaguy Miſchievous, he and his young Cubs, that we ſhould be glad to get rid of him at any rate. And this Reflection a poor Ignorant Lad juſt come from *Guinea* made of himſelf.

Prieſt. I am ſorry to ſee your Grace in a diſpoſition ſo unfit to receive thoſe ſublime Truths, but pray let me ask you one ſober Queſtion. Is it not ſafer as well as more diſcreet, to fly into the Arms of a Church that is infallible, than be guided by a wandring Meteor, by an *Ignis fatuus*, for I never heard the Gentlemen of your Communion pretend to be exempt from Error.

Duke. That ſhows their Modeſty, and I promiſe you, Father, to reply to you more particularly to this point, when your Doctors, have agreed where to lodge their Infallibility. In the mean time, 'tis not worth your while to talk of it, for I ſhall lead you ſuch a Wild-gooſe chace from General Councils, to the Conclave, and from thence to the *Cathedra*, and ſo back again, in an Everlaſting Circle, that you'll ſoon be weary of the Labyrinth.

Prieſt. Well then, your Grace cannot but own, that we are the only Church, that are poſſeſs'd of the Sacred Treaſure of Miracles; and theſe are ſuch evident Demonſtrations of——

Duke. Well, Father, ſince we have fallen again, I don't know how, upon the Chapter of Miracles; I will take care to entertain you with one that happen'd but laſt Winter in *Northumberland*, and comes confirmed from ſo many Hands, both Catholick and Proteſtant, that he muſt be a very rank Infidel indeed, who dares diſpute the Credibility of it. But as I have one of the moſt Treacherous Memories in the World; I won't pretend to relate it to you my ſelf, but one of my Servants ſhall do it.——Here; (*To one of his Gentlemen coming into the Room*) go bid *Long John* come to me immediately.

Prieſt. Your Grace may ſave your ſelf that Trouble, if you pleaſe, for I am as well ſatisfied as if I had heard it.

Duke. Nay, you're no Prieſt for my Money if you refuſe to hear a Miracle, and what is more, a Catholick Miracle. (*Long John Enters.*) Come, *John*, you muſt oblige this Worthy Gentleman here, who is come upon no leſs errand than the Salvation of your Maſter's Soul; with the relation of that famous

mous Miracle that happen'd laſt Winter in *Northumberland.*

John. Your Grace had always a right to command me. Why then, Sir, you are to underſtand; that within two Miles of my Lord *Widdrington*'s Houſe, in the abovemention'd Country, there was a ſmall Village, (I am ſorry I have forgot its Name; but I hope I ſhall recover it anon) which wholly belongs to his Lordſhip; by the ſame Token moſt of the Inhabitants, in Complaiſance, I ſuppoſe to their Landlord, are Roman Catholicks.

Duke. Very well, proceed.

John. An ancient Woman of this Village was accidentally ſitting at her Door, about three in the Afternoon; when my Lord's Prieſt happen'd to bruſh by her. She immediately ran after him, and told him, dear Father, you muſt never think of going to his Lordſhip to Night, the ways are Slippery and full of Sloughs, the days are ſhort, and you'll certainly be benighted before you can have got half the way thither; I tremble to think what wou'd become of you, ſhould you loſe the Road, or fall into a Ditch; therefore let me perſwade you to accept of a ſorry Supper and Lodging at my Houſe; I am ſure my Lord will not be of-

fended with you, and to morrow you'll have thewhole day before you.

Duke. And what Reply made the Prieſt to all this?

John. After a little humming and hawing upon the matter, he conſider'd 'twou'd be his wiſeſt way to take up his Quarters that night at the old Woman's; ſo he follow'd her to her Houſe, ſhe led him into a pretty ſnug warm Parlour, made him a Fire noſe high; then going into the Yard, ſlew a Barn door Fowl with her own Hands, clapt it on the Spit, and when 'twas ready neatly diſh'd up with Egg-ſawce, and who ſo chearful as ſhe and the Prieſt over their Supper?

Duke. 'Twas well done.

John. Reſolving to give ſo worthy a Gueſt the beſt Entertainment her Houſe afforded; after Supper ſhe preſented him with a Diſh of Nuts of her own gathering, and then thwack'd his guts with Apples and Ale; and was very liberal of her Nutmeg and Sugar. Thus they paſs'd away the hours merrily: At laſt Bed-time approached. Our Good old Landlady ſhow'd the Father the Chamber he was to lie in, wiſhed him a happy Night, and departed; but being a curious Woman, as moſt of the Sex are poſſeſs'd with the Spirit

of Curiosity, she peep'd through the Key-hole, to see how the Priest manag'd matters by himself.

Priest. Honest Friend, you may drop your Miracle here, if you please, I'll hear no more on't——

Duke. Father, your Zeal has got the Heels of your Discretion. Upon my Word here's no trap laid for a bawdy Jest; nothing, in short, but what her Majesty and Maids of Honour may hear.

John. To her infinite Surprise and Admiration. She saw him jump stark naked as ever he was born, not into the Sheets, tho' they smelt most deliciously of Lavender and Roses, but into the Blankets. Down Stairs she hurries, full of Grief and Confusion, which wou'd not let her wink all Night; "and "Lord, cries she what a wicked Age is this "we live in, how cold and uncharitable, "when a Person of such Merit and Learning, "who has resided too so long in the Family, "has not a Shirt to put on his Back? I cou'd "never have thought my Lord so niggardly. These afflicting Thoughts, wholly occasioned by her Zeal for Religion and the Professors of it, made that Impression upon her, that she did not enjoy a minute's repose that Night. Early she gets up the next Morning, and measu-

red out ſix Ells of the fineſt flaxen Linnen ſhe had, which was of her own ſpinning. Preſently down comes the Father into her Parlour, ſhe enquires of him how he paſt the Night, and was raviſhed with Joy to hear he had ſlept ſo well. After this, comes in a thundring Toaſt, with a full Tankard of humming Stale Beer: The Prieſt and ſhe ſoon ended it between them, and now ſhe had courage enough to tell him, what ſhe had obſerved the Night before. Father, ſays ſhe, I beg your Pardon for being ſo impudent, as to peep thro' your key-hole laſt night; and truly I was grieved to the Heart to ſee that a Gentleman of your Education and great Parts ſhould be without a Shirt. Come never bluſh for the matter, I know 'tis ſo; but here are ſix Ells of my beſt Linnen, which will make you two very good Shirts, and I humbly deſire you to accept of them.

Duke. Why, Father, here's the Quinteſſence of true Chriſtianity for you.

John. Well, Daughter, replies he, I accept of your Preſent in good Part (for Prieſts and Lawyers are ſeldom guilty of refunding) not that I ſhall have any occaſion of making uſe of it my ſelf, for you muſt underſtand, I belong to an Order, which obliges us to wear Woollen next our Skin, but it may ſerve to make Towels for the Altar, and the like, and there-

fore I will take it with me: Then ordering the good Woman to kneel, he gave her his Benediction, and Pray'd, that whatever ſhe begun to do after he was gone, ſhe might continue a doing till Sun-ſetting.

Duke. And what happen'd upon that?

John. Our Landlady little imagining, that a Miracle was entail'd upon the Father's Bleſſing, very innocently fell to meaſure the ſmall remainder of Linnen ſhe had left, when to her great Aſtoniſhment, and that of her Family, ſhe continued in this Poſture till the Sun was ſet, and got ſuch a prodigious quantity of Linnen by this means, that next Week ſhe was able to buy out her Leaſe, and is now the topping Dame of the Pariſh.

Duke. What think you now, Father, of *Long John*'s Story?

John. This Miracle in a Moment run thro' the four northern Counties; every Village and Hamlet rung of it; nay, it croſs'd the *Tweed*, and fill'd the Ears of the unbelieving *Scots*. The Prieſt wherever he came, was worſhipp'd and reſpected like a little Divinity, and the Woman was magnified by all as a true Pattern of primitive Zeal, Piety and Charity, ſince Heaven had been at the Pains to reward her in ſo extraordinary a manner.

Prieſt.

Priest. Honest Friend, let me desire you to be as concise as you can, for in plain Truth I am weary of your Story already.

John. At the lower end of this Village (where the abovementioned miraculous Scene happen'd) lived another old Woman, a Catholick likewise by Perswasion, who hoping to gain as much by her Godliness as her Neighbour had done before her, looked out as sharply for the Father, as a *Yorkshire* Attorney does for a purse-proud litigious Client. At last to her mighty Satisfaction she sees him go by her door; immediately she trots after him, tells him of the depth of the Ways, and the great Danger he run of being lost, desires him to consult his own Safety, and not expose himself to those Casualties which he might so reasonably expect from the badness of the Ways, and the darkness of the Nights. With these plausible Insinuations she wheedles the Priest into her House, and to secure him entirely to her Interest, treats him with a shoulder of Mutton, and a couple of Capons for Supper.

Duke. She took the right Course to gain her point, I must needs own; for ever while you live, Father, tickle a Priest and a Woman by the Belly, if you intend to make them yours.

John.

John. When the Table-cloth was taken away, our cunning Hypocrite, who was reſolved to out-do her Neighbor's Entertainment in her Proviſions accordingly, brings in a double Bottle of Metheglin, fills a Bumper, and begins Proſperity to the Catholick Religion. She tells the Father, that a judicious Perſon lately told her, that a Cardinal was coming from *Rome*, who was to make his publick Appearance in *Cheapſide*, in Cloth of beaten Silver and Gold, marry was he, and that he was to convert the whole Nation, and then, Father, (ſays ſhe) we ſhall ſee happy times. The honeſt Prieſt was ſo taken up with his Pot and Pipe, that he neither oppoſed, nor ſeem'd to approve her Diſcourſe. In this manner they drank and pratled, till the Liquor find a way into their Peticraniums, they cou'd hardly ſee one another. The Prieſt, unable to hold up his Head any longer, deſired to be conducted to the Room where he was to lie that Night; the old Woman, with much ado, gets him up ſtairs, leads him to his bed, wiſhes him a thouſand Good-nights, and ſo leaves him with a truſty Jug of Ale by his bed-ſide, that if he waked in the night, he might have ſomething to refreſh his Conſcience and Thirſt at once.

Duke. Well ſaid, *John*.

John,

John. By that time the Prieſt had rigged himſelf and was come down into the Parlour, our antient Matron had toſſed up a nice Breakfaſt, out of the remainders of the Capons, which being highly ſeaſon'd proved a very effectual Shoeing-horn for t'other Bumper. And now with Tears in her Eyes, ſhe began the ſame Story, as her Neighbour had done, lamenting the horrid Ingratitude of the Times, that ſo learned and devout a Man, as he ſhould want a Shirt; to prevent which for the future, as far as it lay within her ſmall Capacity, ſhe made bold to make him a ſmall preſent of a dozen Ells of her beſt Linnen Cloath.

Prieſt. You'll never have done I'm afraid.

John. The Prieſt, who was not Conjurer enough to dive into the bottom of her Heart, to know whether ſhe has guided by any Mercenary By-ends, or whether her Intentions were real, heartily thanked her for the noble preſent ſhe had made him, and folding it up under his great-Coat; bid her kneel down, and laying his Sacerdotal Fiſt upon her Head, he gave her his Bleſſing, and pray'd; that whatever this good Woman began to do after he was gone, ſhe might continue a doing till Sun-ſetting.

Duke,

Duke. And what fell out upon this?

John. The Father was no ſooner got over the Threſhold, but our Matron, who had laid all her Tackle in readineſs, was going to meaſure the remainder of her Linnen; but then conſidering upon ſecond Thoughts, what a large Mornings-Draught ſhe had taken with the Prieſt, and being a Wiſe Prudent Woman into the Bargain, ſhe thought it wou'd be convenient to make a little Water, before ſhe fell to her Work. She did ſo, and continued in mingent Circumſtances from the Morning till Night, evacuating ſo plentiful a Stream, that ſhe in a manuer occaſioned a ſecond Deluge. In ſhort, all the low Lands in *Northumberland* ſuffered by it: Twenty fours Mills upon ſtrict examination were found to be overwhelm'd by this ſudden Inundation, beſides, Cottages and Hay-ricks numberleſs. This old Woman, conſcious of her own Deceit and Hypocriſy, has not dared to ſhow her Head among her Neighbours ſince this fatal Accident. All true Catholicks rejoyce at the juſt Diſpenſation of Heaven's Favours, and ſo my Story concludes.

Duke. Come, *John*, there's ſomething to make you amends for the pains yon have taken. (John *bows, and quits the Room.*) Well, Father, what's your Opinion now of this Miracle.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Out of reſpect to your Grace, I was content to ſit out the whole Story; tho' I gueſs'd at firſt whereabouts it wou'd end. But ſince your Grace is pleas'd to demand my Opinion, all I can ſay in the matter is, That it was contrived on purpoſe to make us poor ſuffering Catholicks ridiculous to the People.

Duke. Alas! poor Sufferers, in troth I pitty you. However, Father, I dare lay a ſmall Wager with you, that where your Church has ſuffer'd once, ſhe has made the reformed ſuffer a hundred times. I need not deſcend to Particulars, every Country in *Europe* being able to bear teſtimony to this Truth.

Prieſt. I find then, I can expect to make no Proſelyte of your Grace.

Duke. Be aſſured, that neither you, nor any of your Cloth will ever gain that Point upon me——I tell thee, Father, frankly and freely, that were there no Idolatry, nor Superſtition, nor Cheating practiſed by thy Church, as I am ſure there is, I wou'd have nothing to do with her, while ſhe damns all that are not within her own Pale, which is almoſt three Parts in four of the Globe. A Church without Charity, the diſtinguiſhing Character of our Religion, for all ſhe glitters with Jewels and Gold, is no Church for me I promiſe you.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Tho' I have been unſucceſful in my well-meant Endeavours, yet I ſhall always continue to pray for your Grace's Converſion.

Duke. As for that, do as you pleaſe, it ſignifies nothing; but fail not to commend me to their Majeſties, and tell them, that tho' I cannot bring my ſelf to be of their Perſwaſion, yet they have not a more dutiful Subject in their three Dominions than I am.

After a few Compliments, his Grace and the Prieſt parted.

The End of the Conference.

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The End of the Conference.

AN ESSAY UPON *Reason* and *Religion.*

In a Letter to NEVIL PAINE, *Esq*;
By GEORGE late Duke of *Buckingham.*

IN Compliance with your Desire, I send you some of my Thoughts of Religion, the rest you shall have the first Opportunity.

THere is nothing that gives Men a greater Dissatisfaction, than to find themselves disappointed in their Expectations, especially of those things, in the having or not having of which they themselves are most concerned. And therefore, all that go about to give Demonstrations in matters of Religion, and fail in the Attempt, do not only leave Men less devout, than they were before, but also with great Pains and Industry

Induſtry lay in their Minds the Grounds and Foundation of Atheiſm; for the generality of Mankind, either out of Lazineſs or Diffidence of their being able to judge aright, in Points that are not very clear, are apt rather to take things upon truſt, than to give themſelves the trouble to examine whether they be true or no; but when they find what a Man undertakes to give them for a Demonſtration is really none at all, they do not only conclude that they are deceived by him, but begin to ſuſpect, they have been ill uſed by thoſe who firſt impoſed upon them a Notion, for which perhaps no Demonſtration can be given, and from this Suſpicion they run to another of a more dangerous Conſequence, that what is not demonſtrable, may alſo not be true.

I ſhall therefore in this ſhort Eſſay, make uſe of another Method; and content my ſelf with endeavouring to ſhew, what in my Opinion is moſt probable; Demonſtration being as to matters of Faith abſolutely unneceſſary, becauſe if I can convince a Man, that the Notions I maintain are more likely to be true, than falſe, it is not in his Power not to believe 'em; no Man believing any thing becauſe he has a Mind to believe it, but becauſe his Judgment is convinced, and he cannot chuſe but believe it, whether he will or no; and Belief is all that is required of us in the ſpeculative Part of Religion: Beſides Demonſtration being ſuch an Evidence of a thing as ſhews the contrary of

it to be impoſſible, it is, if you mark it, a pretty whimſical kind of Expreſſion, to ſay, that a Man does but believe a thing to be ſo, which he is ſure cannot poſſibly be otherwiſe; it's juſt as ingenious as if one ſhould profeſs, that he hopes he ſhall begin to have a thing to morrow, which he is already this Day in Poſſeſſion of, Belief and Faith being as entirely ſwallow'd up in Demonſtration, as Hope is in Fruition. My Deſign in this Eſſay, is to induce Men to a Belief of Religion by the Strength of Reaſon, and therefore I am forced to lay aſide all Arguments which have any Dependance upon the Authority of Scripture; and muſt faſhion my Diſcourſe, as if I had to do with thoſe that have no Religion at all.

The firſt main Queſtion, upon the clearing of which I ſhall endeavour to ground the Reaſonableneſs of Mens having a Religion or Worſhip of God, is this: Whether the World has ordered it ſelf to be as it now is, or was contrived to be ſo, by ſome other being of a more perfect, and more deſigning Nature? For whether or no the World has been created out of nothing, is not material to our Purpoſe; becauſe if a ſupreme intelligent Agent has framed the World to be what it is, and has made us to be what we are, we ought, as much to ſtand in awe of it, as if it had made both Us and the World out of nothing, yet becauſe this latter Queſtion ought not to be totally paſs'd by; I ſhall take the Liberty to offer

offer ſome Conceptions of mine upon it. The chief Argument uſed againſt God Almighty's having created the World is, that no Man can imagine how a Thing ſhould be made out of nothing, and for that reaſon it is impoſſible he ſhould have made the World, becauſe there is nothing elſe out of which it could be made.

Firſt, Then, I cannot chuſe but obſerve, that to ſay, becauſe we are not able to imagine how a thing ſhould be, therefore the Being of that thing muſt be impoſſible, is in it ſelf a diſingenuous way of Argumentation, eſpecially in thoſe who at the ſame time declare they believe this World to be eternal, and yet are as little able to comprehend how it ſhould be eternal, as how it ſhould be made out of Nothing.

In the next place I conceive that nothing can be properly ſaid to endure any longer than it remains juſt the ſame, for in the Inſtant any Part of it is changed, that thing as it was before is no more in Being. In the third Place, that every part of this World we live in, is changed every Moment, and by Conſequence that this whole World is ſo too; becauſe the whole is nothing elſe but what is compoſed of every Part, and that therefore we cannot properly ſay, that this World has continued for many Ages, but only that all things in this World have been changed for ſeveral Years together.

To evade which Opinion, thoſe who maintain the Eternity of the World, are forc'd to ſay, that the Matter of it is not changed, but the Accidents only, tho' this be a ſort of Argument, which they will not allow of in others, for when it is by Papiſts urg'd in Defence of Tranſubſtantiation in the Sacrament, that the Accidents of the Wafer remain, though the Subſtance of it be changed, they reject that, as a ridiculous Notion; and yet it is not one Jot more abſurd to ſay, that the Accidents remain when the Matter is changed; than that the Matter remains when the Accidents are changed: Nay of the two the Aſſerters of this latter Opinion are the leaſt excuſable; becauſe they boldly attribute it to a natural Cauſe, whereas the Papiſts have the Modeſty at leaſt, to own it for a Miracle.

But that the Weakneſs of this Imagination of ſeperating Accidents from Bodies may the plainer appear; let us examine a little what the meaning of the Word *Accident* is. *Accident* then does ſignifie a Being diſtinct from *Body* or *Matter*; but it is only a Word, whereby we expreſs the ſeveral Ways we conſider of what we find in a Body or Matter that is before us: For example, if we perceive a Body to have Length, then we conſider of that Length, as an Accident of that Body; and when we perceive a Body to have a Smell or Taſte, then we conſider of that Smell and that Taſte, as Accidents of that Body: But in none of theſe Conſiderations do we mean,

that

that any thing can have Length, Smell, or Taſte, but what really is a Body; and when any thing, that had a Smell or Taſte has left off to have a Smell or Taſte, it is becauſe that part of it which had a Smell or Taſte, is no more in it; ſo that upon a nice Examination of the whole matter I am apt to believe this will appear to be the Caſe; that there can be no changing of Accidents, but where there is real change of Bodies.

But to proceed a little further, the Queſtion being, whether it be more probable, that this World, or that God Almighty has been from all Eternity, I think I may adventure to affirm, that of two Propoſitions the leaſt probable is that which comes neareſt to a Contradiction, now nothing can come nearer to a Contradiction, than that of the ſame Being ſhould be the ſame for ever, and yet continually changed, or not abiding the ſame one moment, and therefore I conclude it is leſs probable, that this changeable World ſhould have been from all Eternity, than that ſome other Being of more Excellence, and greater Perfection ſhould be ſo, whoſe very Nature is incapable of Change.

But I have already exceeded the Bounds of a Letter, which obliges me to defer the Proſecution of my Argument till my next; who

am Yours,

BUCKINGHAM.

TO

Mr. *CLIFFORD.*

ON HIS

Humane Reaſon.

YOUR little, but valuable Book I have perus'd with a great deal of Pleaſure, tho' not without ſome Concern; for while the Truth it contained afforded me a manly Satisfaction, I was concern'd to reflect what Enemies you would raiſe by ſo honeſt an Attempt. The World is made up for the moſt part, of Fools and Knaves, both irreconcilable Foes to Truth: The *Firſt* being Slaves to a blind Credulity, which we may properly call Biggotry: The *Laſt* are too jealous of that Power, they have uſurp'd over the Folly and Ignorance of the others, which the Eſtabliſhment of the Empire of Reaſon wou'd deſtroy. For Truth being made ſo plain and eaſie to all Men, wou'd render the Deſigns, and Arts of Knaves of little uſe in thoſe Opinions, which ſet the World at odds, and by the Feuds they maintain

maintain enrich thoſe who in a charitable peaceful World muſt ſtarve.

You muſt expect, therefore, that the violent Partizans of every Side will be your profeſs'd Enemies; who tho' they *All* pretend to be zealous of the Truth, and to aim at its Triumph over Error, yet not one of them are for allowing any means of our arriving at it but by giving into their Principles; for with each Side all Truth is nothing but their Opinion: While that Love and Unity, which the divine Love of the Goſpel preſcribes, is the only thing they all forget, and wou'd perſwade the World out of, under the ſpecious Name of Zeal for the *Orthodox*. As if Religion had its Fundamentals in *Wrangling* and *Obſtinacy*.

This has made each Party ſuch Enemies to Moderation and Liberty of Conſcience, when it got to the Helm; which if once juſtly and firmly eſtabliſh'd, wou'd open the Door to that Peace, which the Goſpel was beſtow'd on us to introduce into the World. *Lucretius* from his Reflection on the ſacrificing of *Iphigenia*, for a Wind at *Aulis*, forms his celebrated *Ephiphonema*, *Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum*. But what wou'd he have ſaid if he had liv'd after the Eſtabliſhment of the *Chriſtian Religion*? Since the Heats and Animoſities betwixt the *Arrians* and *Orthodox*; the ſeveral Opinions that ſtarted up amongſt them? when once the Heathen Folly was ſunk and

remov'd, Power ſoon deboch'd the Principle, which Chriſt gave as the Characteriſtic of his Diſciples *the Love of one another*. If he had ſeen how many millions of Men loſt their Lives, in the Conteſts about the Supremacy of the Popes; and the Quarrels betwixt the Emperors, and the Biſhops of *Rome*; or the one and twenty Millions deſtroy'd by the *Spaniards* in the Reduction of the *Weſt-Indies*; who thought in the ſpreading their Religion in thoſe Parts the Maxim of *Mahomet*, preferable to that of Chriſt, when they preferr'd the Power of the Sword to that of the Goſpel, when they knock'd ſo many Millions on the head, rather than be at the trouble of converting them. If he had known the noble Methods of the Inquiſition of the *Romaniſts*, and the penal Laws of the Reform'd, by which in our Nation alone, in a few Years, threeſcore thouſand Families were ruin'd, he would have been no longer amaz'd at the Sacrificing one poor *Green-ſickneſs Girl*.

But when the Reformers had caſt off the unſufferable Bondage of *Rome*, and reſcu'd the Goſpel from the Impoſitions and Impoſtures of that Church, one wou'd have imagined they ſhould have caſt away that odious Maxim of confining and impoſing on the Conſciences of thoſe, they had ſet free; and never have dreamt of Perſecuting them for making uſe of that Liberty, they had pretended to eſtabliſh, by requiring and implicit Faith in

them, and their Doctrines, when they wou'd not allow it to thoſe of the Church, they had forſaken for her Errors, and Tyranny. For to me it is very unaccountable, that they ſhould pretend to tell us, that we ſhould now freely conſult the Word of God, and at the ſame time deny us to underſtand it for our ſelves; ſince that is but to Fool us with the name of Liberty, without letting us poſſeſs the thing, and we might as well have continu'd under our old Maſters, as be Slaves to new Lords. And this I believe has ſtopt the Progreſs of the Reformation. For when the firſt heat once was over, and conſidering Men began to reflect, that the Reformation offer'd nothing but Words, that it gave no intire Freedom to Conſciences and Enquiries, they ſaw no ſatisfactory Motive of quitting their old *Mumſimus* for a new *Sumſimus*, and cou'd find no real Advantage in withdrawing from Father *Peter*, to Father *Martin*, and Father *John*, ſince tho' theſe diſclaim'd the *Infallibility*, the other uſurpt, yet they ſtill, without that Guard, demanded our Belief of their Doctrines, tho' not leſs abſurd and ridiculous.

There is no way, indeed, left to make the *Reformation* flouriſh, but its eſpouſing ſincerely *a true and perfect Liberty of Conſcience*; that is, that it make the Empire of *Reaſon* ſacred, and not to be invaded by any Party. But till this be effected, your Book will be

attacked

attacked on all hands by Men that are ſo little Friends to God, and human Kind, that they are for deſtroying the very Diſtinction betwxit Man and Beaſt, that is *Reaſon*: As if the God of *Man* and *Reaſon*, cou'd make it eſſential to Religion, to make us ceaſe to be Men.

For my part, I hope I am as good a Chriſtian as any of theſe fiery Gentlemen, and yet from my Peruſal of the Bible, I can find no Ground for ſo monſtrous a Principle, nay, on the contrary I can find no way of confuting the Enemies of Religion, the *Papiſts* and *Atheiſts*, but by *Reaſon*, and the Interpretation of Scripture, by that *Infallible Guide*. I call it an *Infallible Guide*, becauſe without its help we muſt continually wander in the Dark, after the *Ignis fatuus* of every Opinion, that can quote Texts, or Authority for its *Orthodoxy*. But when we conſult that, all Diſputes ſoon ceaſe, and Truth ſoon ſhines out as bright, as the Noon-day Sun.

Moſt, if not all Religious Sects tell us, that a *true Faith* is neceſſary to Salvation, and yet they allow us no certain means of arriving at that *true Faith*, which muſt inevitably be, unleſs you permit us the free and uncontroul'd uſe of our *Reaſon*; and that indeed will eaſily, and ſoon, through the *New Teſtament*, lead us to the certain meaning of Chriſt and his Apoſtles.

From what I have ſaid, you will find, that 'tis my Opinion that you have done a noble

ſervice

ſervice to Religion, in aſſerting the Empire of *Reaſon*, and you have this Comfort, that all thoſe, who have any eſteem for the nobleſt of God's handy-Works, *Man*, and any Veneration for the Wiſdom, Veracity, and Juſtice of God, will be your Friends. And then I need not deſcribe the Quality, and Nature of your future Antagoniſts. Nor have you in reality, any cauſe to be alarm'd at what they ſhall ſay. You have too much Senſe to value the Cenſure of Fools, and too much Honeſty to fear the Rage of Knaves; elſe you cou'd never have ſo near a Place in the Love of,

Yours,

BUCKINGHAM.

THE

THE LATE

Duke of BUCKINGHAM's LETTER, TO Sir *Henry Thompſon.*

A Perſuaſive from his ſtanding againſt the Lord Treaſurer's Son, for Burgeſs of York.

LETTER I.

SIR,

HAving promiſed to be your Friend, I cannot but think my ſelf obliged to be always very much concern'd for you, and therefore I hope you will not take it Ill, if I adventure to give you my Advice, as often, as I think it may be for your Service: The noiſe of the Diſpute between you and my Lord Treaſurer's Son, about the being choſen Burgeſs for the Town of *York*, made me tell my Lord Treaſurer the other Day, that I thought he might make you the Complement of not letting his Son ſtand in Competition

tition with you, conſidering how earneſt you have been in the Election of his Lordſhip to the ſame Burgeſsſhip before; upon which he ſhew'd me a Letter you wrote to him, wherein you owned your ſelf to be very ſorry for having been forced to accept of it, by ſome Alderman of the Town of *York*, and that you heartily wiſhed to be diſengag'd from it by them: The only thing he ſeems to take ill of you is, that you would ſo haſtily enter into this Buſineſs, without giving him any notice of it; proteſting withall, that if you had, he would never have made the leaſt mention of his Son in the Caſe. And as to what point, I confeſs I did not well know that to anſwer, ſince it was but a Civility due to any Gentleman in *England* of the leaſt Quality whatſoever. How far you are engaged in this I cannot tell, but let it be as far as it will, if I were in your place, I ſhould not think the being choſen at this time worth the diſobliging ſo conſiderable a Friend, as my Lord Treaſurer is. In ſhort, if this Conteſt goes on, it will breed an irreconcilable Quarrel between you; and I cannot for my Life think that would be for your advantage, at leaſt I am ſure it would be very diſagreeable News to,

SIR,

Your moſt Affectionate Friend,
And humble Servant.

At the Cockpit
Sept. 4. 73.

BUCKINGHAM.

The late Duke of BUCKINGHAM's *Letter, to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of* YORK, *to perſuade them to chuſe the Lord Treaſurer's Son, for one of their Burgeſſes.*

LETTER II.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

UPON the Anſwer of a Letter I writ to Sir *Henry Thompſon*, wherein I adviſed him to put a Complement upon my Lord Treaſurer, in not oppoſing his Son's Election to the Burgeſhip of the Town of *York*, I am forced to addreſs my ſelf to your Lordſhip and your Brethren, becauſe he tells me, he would be very willing to give over this Conteſt, if your Lordſhip and the Aldermen would give him leave to do it. I know not for what Reaſons you have reſolv'd (as *Sir* HENRY THOMPSON has inform'd me) to chooſe none hereafter to ſerve you in Parliament,

liament, that are not of your own Corporation; but methinks conſidering the Zeal my Lord Treaſurer has had for your Service, and how much it may be now in his Power to ſhew it, you ought not to begin at this time to put that Rule into Practice, ſince it would look, as if you did it becauſe he had diſſerved you in that Employment, I am ſure no Man can be more paſſionately zealous for the Good of the Town of *York* than he is, of which I could give you ſome late unqueſtionable Demonſtrations, but that it does not become me to ſpeak of it, becauſe I am concern'd in it my ſelf. This at leaſt deſerves, that you ſhould not put an Affront upon him, which under favour it would be, if you ſhould refuſe to let his Son ſerve in his ſtead, ſince perhaps he is the firſt Man of his Quality, who was ever deny'd that Kindneſs upon a Removal out of the Houſe of Commons, into the Houſe of Peers. I come now to my own Part, I am ſure I have never deſerv'd your Unkindneſs, and if you have any Conſideration of me, I deſire you to ſhew it, in not putting a Neglect upon my Lord Treaſurer, ſince by it you would lay an eternal Diſobligation upon

My Lord, and Gentlemen, Your moſt affectionate and humble Servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

Doctor

Doctor SPRAT, *Biſhop of* ROCHESTER, *to Sir* HENRY THOMPSON, *about his Election for* YORK.

LETTER III.

Dear Sir Harry,

I Am commanded by my Lord Duke, to deſire you to give over your intereſt in the Election for the Burgeſs of *York*, which I do in his Grace's Name, and he ſays, you will do him a great Favour in it. In your Letter to Mr. *Clifford*, I hope you will give me an Anſwer to this requeſt of his Grace's: And ſo order it, that I may ſhew it to my Lord Duke, without your taking notice of of any Correſpondence between you and Mr. *Clifford*. I pray let the Anſwer be written with as much caution on your ſide, and Reſpect to my Lord Duke, as is conſiſtent with your true Intereſt.

I am, your moſt Faithful Servant,

Tho. Sprat.

THE

The late Duke of

BUCKINGHAM

TO

Sir *Henry Thompſon*,

About Buying a Houſe and Gardens.

Whorthrop Dec. 1ſt.

LETTER I.

SIR,

I Have receiv'd your Letter concerning the Houſe and Gardens near my Lord *Fairfax*'s Houſe in *York*, and though what is asked for them, be perhaps more than they are worth; I ſhall not ſtick at the Price, ſo I be aſſured of the convenience of having the little back way behind the Houſe ſtopped up, without which I confeſs I do not well know how I ſhall be able to live there. I do therefore deſire you to ſend me word poſitively, whether it may be done or no; and how far the Circumſtance of its being called the King's High-Way, makes it neceſſary for me to have ſome Grant of it of his Majeſty, that I may

get it done when I am at *Oxford*, which will be in a few Days, where I ſhall not fail to releaſe Captain *Mountjoy*, if he be not freed before I come. I am ſo little able to make Complements to thoſe I Love, and I Love you ſo much, that I ſhall uſe none to you, only in plain *Engliſh*, like an honeſt Country Gentleman, I ſhall aſſure you, that I am with all my Heart,

Your moſt Affectionate

Friend and Servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

The late Duke of

BUCKINGHAM

TO

Sir *Henry Thompſon*,

About an obliging order of the Lord Mayor, and City of York *in his Favour, and other things.*

Jan. 2*d.* 65.

LEETTER V.

SIR,

I Cannot expreſs to you, how extreamly I am pleaſed at the Order I received from my Lord-Mayor and the City of *York*, concerning the Lane behind my Houſe, and though the Convenience I ſhall receive by it be very great; yet I aſſure you the Demonſtration it gives me of their Kindneſs, is that in it, which I value, and eſteem moſt. When your Letter came to me, I being upon my *remove* to *Oxford*, thought it beſt to defer the ſending you an Anſwer till my Arrival there,

in hopes that I might at the ſame time ſend you ſome good News, of what the City of *York* has ſo often recommended to me, and which I ſhall induſtriouſly labour for, whether I be concern'd in it or no: But meeting with the Duke of *Monmouth* and my Lord *Arlington* upon the Way, they perſuaded me to come with them to my Lord *Croft*'s Houſe, a few Miles diſtant from this Place; ſo that I am forced to deſire you to make my Excuſe to my Lord Mayor, for not writing to him ſooner: I have appointed *Jackſon* my Bayliff at *Honſly* to wait upon you, and receive your Directions for the drawing ſuch a Paper, as will be requiſite for finiſhing that Favour which the City of *York* are reſolved to do me. As for the little Houſe and Gardens on the other ſide of the Lane; I ſhall not meddle with them at preſent, ſince they are held at ſo high a Rate; but I deſire you to conclude a Bargain immediately for the other Houſe on the Left-hand, as you come in, and for the Cloſe that belongs to it on the other ſide of the Land, where I intend to have my Stables, and I ſhall immediately provide the Money. I hope I need not tell you that I Love you, I ſhould be very unworthy if I were not from the bottom of my Heart,

Sir,

Your moſt truſty,

Affectionate Servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

THE

The Duke of

BUCKINGHAM

TO

Sir *Henry Thompſon*,

A Letter of Recommendation.

Lond. *March* 8.

LETTER VI.

SIR,

THIS Bearer came up to Town about a Buſineſs, he will acquaint you with; if there be any Probability, that the Man's Intelligence at *York* be true, I ſhall do what he deſires; but I would not be engaged upon a fooliſh thing, and therefore I deſire you to examine the Man for me, he is a Priſoner now at *York*, and his Name is *Laſſels*, of which this Bearer will give you an account.

I am,

Your moſt Affectionate
Friend and Servant,
BUCKINGHAM.

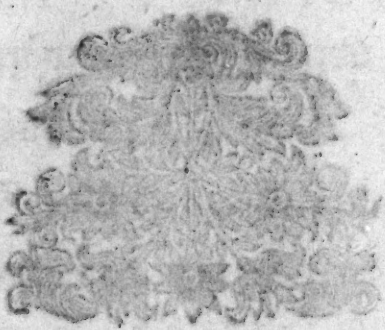
POEMS

ON

Several Occasions,

By GEORGE late Duke of *Buckingham.*

Printed in the Year, 1714.



POEMS

SAPPHO *addreſt to his Grace the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *in the Year* 1681.

Tranſlated by Madam BEHN.

I.

THE Gods are not more bleſt than he,
Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rays his Senſes chears,
And drinks with ever thirſty Ears:
The charming Muſick of thy Tongue,
Does ever hear, and ever long;
That ſees with more than human Grace;
Sweet Smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

II.

But when with kinder Beams you ſhine,
And ſo appear much more Divine:

My

My feeble Senſe, and dazzled Sight,
No more ſupport the Glorious Light,
And the fierce Torrent of Delight.
Oh! then I feel my Life decay,
My raviſh'd Soul then flies away;
Then Faintneſs does my Limbs ſurprize,
And Darkneſs ſwims before my Eyes.

III.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The Liquid Drops in Silence flow:
Then wand'ring Fires run thro' my Blood,
Then Cold binds up the languid Flood:
All Pale and Breathleſs then I lie,
I ſigh, I tremble, and I die.

To


M.rs Behn.
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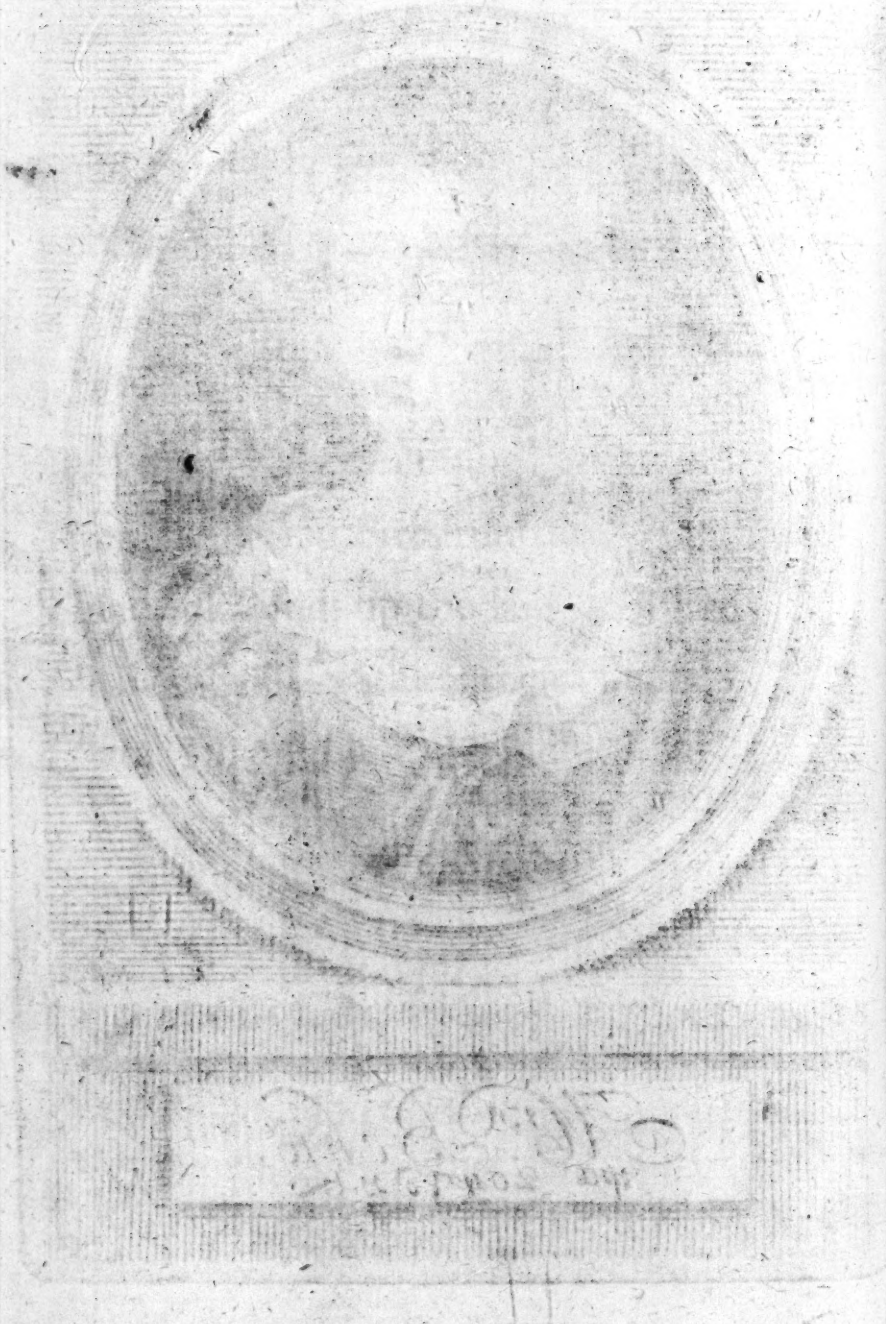

TO THE MEMORY

Of the Most

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

GEORGE

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

By Mrs. BEHN, *in the Year* 1687.

WHEN the dread Summons of *Commanding Fate,*
Sounds the *Laſt Call* at ſome proud Palace-Gate;
When both the *Rich,* the *Fair,* the *Great* and *High,*
Fortunes moſt darling Favourit's muſt dye;
Strait at th' Alarm the buſie *Heraulds* wait,
To fill the *Solemn Pomp,* and *Mourn* in *State:*
Scutcheons

Scutcheons and Sables then make up the Show,
Whilſt on the Herſe the mourning Streamers flow,
With all the rich Magnificence of Woe.
If *Common Greatneſs* theſe juſt *Rights* can Claim,
What *Nobler Train* muſt wait on *Buckingham!*
When ſo much *Wit*, *Wit*'s Great Reformer dies
The very *Muſes* at thy *Obſequies*,
(The *Muſes* that melodious cheerful *Quire*,
Whom *Miſery* could nere untune, nor tire,
But chirp in *Rags*, and ev'n in *Dungeons* ſing,)
Now with their broken Notes, and flagging Wing,
To thy ſad *Dirge* their murm'ring *Plaints* ſhall bring.
Wit, and *Wit's God*, for *Buckingham* ſhall mourn,
And his lov'd *Laurel* into *Cypreſs* turn.
Nor ſhall the *Nine ſad Siſters* only keep
This mourning Day: even *Time* himſelf ſhall weep,
And in new Brine his hoary furrows ſteep.

Time

Time that ſo much, muſt thy great Debtor be
As to have borrow'd even new *Life* from Thee;
Whilſt thy gay Wit has made his ſullen Glaſs,
And tedious Hours with new-born *Raptures* paſs.

What tho' black *Envy* with her ranc'rous Tongue,
And angry *Poets* in embitter'd Song
(Whilſt to new tracks thy boundleſs Soul (aſpires)
Charge thee with roving Change, and wan-dring Fires,
Envy more baſe did never *Virtue* wrong;
Thy *Wit*, a Torrent for the Banks too ſtrong,
In twenty ſmaller Rills o're-flow'd the Dam,
Tho' the *main Channel* ſtill was *Buckingham*.

Let Care the buſie *Stateſman* overwhelm,
Tugging at th' Oar, or drudging at the Helm·
With lab'ring Pain ſo half-ſoul'd Pilots plod,
Great *Buckingham* a ſprightlier Meaſure trod:
When o're the mounting *Waves* the Veſſel rod'

Unſhock'd

Unshock'd by Toyls, by Tempests undismay'd,
Steer'd the *Great Bark*, and as that danc'd, He play'd.

Nor bounds thy Praise to *Alban*'s narrow Coast,
Thy Gallantry shall Foreign Nations boast,
The *Gallick* Shore with all the Trumps of Fame
To endless Ages shall resound thy Name.

When *Buckingham* Great *Charles* Embassador,
With such a *Port* the *Royal Image* bore,
So near the Life th' *Imperial Copy* drew,
As even the Mighty *Louis* could not View
With *Wonder* only, but with *Envy* too.
His very *Fleur-de-Liz*'es fainting Light
Half droopt to see the *English Rose* so bright.

Let *Groveling Minds* of Natures basest Mould
Hug and Adore their deerest Idol, *Gold:*
Thy Nobler Soul did the weak Charms defie,
Disdain'd the *Earthy Dross* to mount more High.

Whilst

Whilſt *Humbler Merit* on Court-Smiles depends
For the *Gilt Show'r* in which their *Jove* deſcends;
Thou mount'ſt to Honour for a Braver End;
What others borrow, Thou cam'ſt there to lend:
Did'ſt ſacred Virtues naked Self adore,
And left'ſt her Portion for her ſordid woer:
The poorer Miſer how doſt thou outſhine,
He the *Worlds Slave*, but Thou haſt made it thine:
Great *Buckingham*'s Exalted Character
That in the Prince liv'd the Philoſopher.
Thus all the wealth thy generous Hand has ſpent
Shall raiſe thy *Everlaſting Monument.*

So the fam'd *Phœnix* builds her dying Neſt
Of all the richeſt Spices of the *Eaſt:*
Then the heap'd Maſs prepar'd for a kind Ray,
Some warmer *Beam* of the *Great God of Day*;
Do's in one hallow'd Conflagration burn,
A precious Incenſe to her *Funeral Urn.*

So

So thy bright Blaze felt the ſame funeral Doom,
A wealthier Pile then old *Mauſolus* Tomb.
Only too Great, too Proud to imitate,
The poorer *Phœnix* more Ignoble Fate;
Thy *Matchleſs Worth* all Succeſſors defies,
And ſcorn'd an Heir ſhould from thy Aſhes riſe;
Begins and finiſhes that glorious Sphear
Too Mighty for a Second Charioteer.

ADVICE
TO A
PAINTER,
To draw my *L. A----ton*;
Grand Miniſter of State.

By GEORGE *late Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

FIRST draw an arrant Fop, from top to toe,
Whoſe very Looks at firſt daſh ſhew him ſo:
Give him a mean proud Garb, a dapper Face,
A pert dull Grin, a black-patch croſs his Face,
Two goggle-Eyes, ſo clear, tho' very dead,
That one may ſee, thro' them, quite thro' his Head.

Led every Nod of his, and ſubtile Wink,
Declare the Fool would Talk, but cannot Think.

Let him all other Fools ſo far Surpaſs,
That Fools themſelves point at him for an Aſs.

Next all his Implements of Folly draw,
His Iv'ry-Staff, his Snuff-box and * *TATTA*
That pretty Babe, that makes his Lp. glad,
And all the Company beſides ſo ſad;
She who in ſtate is brought, to ſmooth his Brow,
When he has rul'd the Roaſt, the Lord knows how.
For tho' to us he's ſtately like a King,
He'll joke and droll with her like any thing.

Paint at the door, attending night and noon,
Povey the Wit, and *R*----the Beau-garzon,

* His Daughter.

Who

Who at his Entering ſhews a foot of Chin,
To let you know his Face is coming in.
Behind him let advance, in Fear and Choller,
Tit---s the Jew, the Pedant, and no Scholar.
Who for bold ſilly Jeſts, is ſo renown'd;
Then ſhut the Door, and let 'em all clinch round,
For that's their proper Talent; tho' our Fate
Has made them woeful Miniſters of State.

Upon the INSTALMENT, OF Sir *Of*----------*n*, And the late Duke of NEWCASTLE,

By George *late Duke of* Buckingham.

ALL who had hopes it e'er might be their Fate,
To have Preferment in the Church or State,
At *Windsor* were commanded to appear,
To see an Object strange, was shewing there.
Coach-fulls of Fools went thither, great and small,
Five Lords, six Bishops, and the *B---es* all:
Backwell and *Vyner*, with the merry Crew,
Of all the *Bankers*, and the *Voters* too;
Besides

Beſides a throng of Ladies, that did preſs
To pay their Duty to the Treaſureſs:
Who, tho' my Lord, to govern things may boaſt,
Does with her Honour's Prudence rule the Roaſt.
Both he, and ſhe, are Perſons of fine Parts,
And have peculiar ways of gaining Hearts.
Firſt he brings always with him a ſweet Savour
To win the Courtier's Love, and Courtier's Favour;
Then ſhe puts on a Fore-head-cloath to pleaſe
The City and the Godly Folk, ſhe ſays:
And ſo with Eaſe, and without Coſt, or Pother,
They get a World of Friends one way, or other.
For they were worſe than Devils, could oppoſe
Such taking Charms, both of the Eyes and Noſe.

Each Writer there, was fitted for his Station
Babb's for deep Senſe, *Trerice* for Converſation,
And *Lauderdale* to gratifie the Nation.

Progers did repreſent Iniquity,
And that old Cuckold *F----it* you might ſee
Kiſſing's Fore-finger for Civility.

And whiſtling gravely to himſelf a Song,
He has been practiſing, God knows how long!

This being adjuſted, on they all did prance,
Throwing their Arms out *Alamode de France*:
Which made Men ſtare, and put them to a ſtand,
Every one crying by my Troth, *'tis Grand*,
St. *George* himſelf came in upon this Summons,
Dreſt like a Member of the Houſe of Commons;
With a plain Suit, plain Belt, plain Band and Staff,
And ready ſtill from looking grave, to laugh,

For

For these brave House of Commons Men we see,
Do all both *Polls*, and *Drolls* affect to be.
More to resemble them, his look was proud,
His Gate fantastick; and he ask aloud
Of all he met with, what means all this Croud?
One of the Standers by reply'd--------they say,
Two pale Knights are to be Install'd to Day.
Strait *Albemarle* advanc'd with *Lauderdale*,
Methinks then, quoth St. *George*, these are not pale;
They look as if they had been taking Bumpers,
Yes said the other, these two Knights are Thumpers.
Who for their Bulk were chose, with much ado,
To grace the Thinness of the other two.
Well, cries St. *George*, let's see then who comes next?
It was *New-Castle*, who was much perplext,
Between the care of decently conveying,
And how to save half of his Offering.

The brave St. *George* ſtrait knew he was an Aſs,
Yet for his Father's ſake, he let him paſs.

But whiſper'd thus in pale Sr. *O*----*s* Ear,
Away thou worthleſs Rogue, what mak'ſt thou here?
How dare you in this Chapel keep a quarter,
With your blew Lips, blewer then Robes or Garter?
Go get a Shroud to match your Face and Breath,
Be dreſt, as well as look and ſmell, like Death.
'Twas that alone at firſt which Nature meant,
Your Loathſome Carcaſs ſtill ſhould repreſent,
For ſo unlively, and ſo Nauſeous too,
Is every thing you either ſay or do;
That even your baſe Ingratitude does give,
The leaſt Offenſive Tokens, that you live.
You're ſuch a ſcurvy, ſtinking, Errant Knight,
That when you ſpeak, a Man wou'd ſwear you S--te:

Then

Then in a trice he flew from thence and tore
His pert Wif's Croſlet off; who curſt and fwore,
Bit her thin Lips, and rail'd like any Punk,
Whilſt pale Sir.....*n* opened his---and ſtunk.

UPON

Upon the

MONUMENT.

By GEORGE late Duke of *Buckingham.*

HERE ſtand I,
The Lord knows why,
But if I fall,
Have at you all.

Upon the following Paſſage in the Conqueſt of Granada, *a Tragedy, Written by Mr.* Dryden.

By GEORGE *late Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

FOR *as old* Selin *was not mov'd by thee*
Neither will I by Selin's *Daughter be.*

A Py, a Pudding, a Pudding a Py,
A Py for me, and a Pudding for thee:
A Pudding for me, and a Py for thee,
And a Pudding-Py for thee and me.

A Familiar

A Familiar EPISTLE TO Mr. *JULIAN*, SECRETARY TO THE MUSES.

By George *late Duke of* Buckingham.

THOU Common-ſhore of this Poetick (Town.
Where all our Excrements of Wit are thrown.
For Sonnet, Satyr, Bawdry, Blaſphemy
Are emptied and disburden'd all on thee:
The Choll'rick Wight, untruſſing in a Rage,
Finds thee, and leaves his load upon thy

Thou *Julian*, or thou wiſe *Veſpaſian* rather,
Doſt from this dung thy well pick'd Guineas gather.
All Miſchief's thine Tranſcribing, thou wilt ſtoop,
From lofty *Middleſex*, to lowly *Scroop*:
What Times are theſe, when in that Hero's Room,
Bow-bending *Cupid* does with Ballads come,
And little *Aſhton* offers to the Bum----
Can two ſuch Pigmies ſuch a weight ſupport,
Two ſuch *Tom-Thumbs*, of Satyr in a Court?
Poor *George* grows old, his Muſe is worn out of Faſhion;
Hoarſly ſhe ſung *Ephelia*'s Lamentation.
Leſs art thou helpt by *Dryden*'s Bed-rid Age,
That Drone has left his ſting upon the Stage.
Reſolve me, poor Apoſtate, this one doubt,
What hope haſt thou to rub this Winter out?
Know and be thaukful then, for Providence,
By me has ſent thee this Intelligence.

A Knight

A Knight there is, if thou can'ſt gain his Grace,
Known by the Name of the *hard-favour'd-Face*;
For Proweſs of the Pen, Renown'd is he,
Deſcended from *Don Quixot* Lineally.
And though like him unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in Attempts of Wit and Love.
Of his unfiniſh'd Face, what ſhall I ſay,
But that 'twas made of *Adam*'s own red Clay,
That much, much Oak was on it beſtow'd,
God's Image 'tis not, but ſome *Indian* God.
Our Chriſtian Earth can no reſemblance bring,
But Ware of *Portugal* for ſuch a thing.
Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confeſs,
As no *Hungarian* Water can Redreſs.
A Face which ſhou'd he ſee but Heaven was kind,
And to Indulge his Self-Love, made him blind.
He dares not ſtir abroad for fear to meet,
Curſes of Teeming Women in the Street.

The

The leaſt cou'd happen from that hideous ſight
Is that they ſhou'd miſcarry with the fright:
Heaven guard 'em from the likeneſs of the Knight.

Such is our charming *Strephon*'s outward Man
His inward parts let thoſe deſcribe who can:
But by his Monthly *Flowers* diſcharg'd abroad,
'Tis full, brim full of *Paſtoral* and *Ode*:
E're while he honour'd *Bertha* with his Flame;
And now he Chants no leſs *Loviſa*'s Name.
For when his Paſſion has been babling long,
The Froth at laſt breaks into a Song.

But ſure no Mortal Creature at one time,
Was e're ſo far o're gone with Love and Rhime.
To his dear ſelf of Poetry he talks,
His Hands and Feet are ſcanning as he walks.
His Squeezing Looks, his pangs of Wit accuſe,
The very Symptoms of a Breeding Muſe.
And all to gain the great *Loviſa*'s Grace,
But never Wit did pimp for ſuch a Face.

There's

There's not a Nymph in City, Town or Court,
But *Strephon*'s *Billet douxe's* have made them ſport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill as ſure to miſs.
As they, that waſh an Ethiope's Face, or his.
What Fate unlucky *Strephon* does attend,
Never to get a Miſtreſs, or a Friend?
Strephon a like both Wits and Fools deteſt,
Becauſe like *Æſop*'s Bat half Bird half Beaſt.
For Fools to Poetry have no Pretence,
And common Wit ſuppoſes common Sence.
Not quite ſo low as Fool, nor quite a Top,
But hangs between 'em both, and is a Fop.
His Morals like his Wit are Motley too,
He keeps from arrant Knave with much a-do.
But Vanity and Lying ſo prevail,
That one Grain more of each wou'd turn the Scale.
He wou'd be more a Villian had he time,
But he's ſo wholly taken up with Rhime;
That

That he Miſtakes his Talent, all his Care,
Is to be thought a Poet fine and Fair.
Small Bear and Gruel are his Meat and Drink,
The Diet he preſcribes himſelf to think.
Rhime next his Heart, he takes at Morning-Peep,
Some Love-Epiſtles at his hours of Sleep.
So between Elegy and Ode we ſee,
Strephon is in a courſe of Poetry.

This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good,
The *Pelican* to feed thee with his Blood.
Thy Wit, thy Poet, nay thy Friend, for he,
Is fit to be a Friend to none but thee:
Make ſure of him, and of his Muſe betimes,
For all his Study is hung round with Rhimes.
Laugh at him, Juſtle him, yet ſtill he writes,
In Rhime he Challenges, in Rhime he Fights.
Charg'd with the laſt and baſeſt Infamy,
His buſineſs is to think what Rhimes to *Lie*:

Which

Which found in fury he retorts again,
Strephon's a very Dragon at his Pen.
His Brother murder'd, and his Mother (whor'd,
His Mistress lost, and yet his Pen's his Sword.

A

NOTION

Taken out of

TULLIE's Dialogue, *De Senectute.*

By George *late Duke of* Buckingham.

IF all the Gods ſhould now a Fancy take,
Some one of us a raw young Blade to (make;
Is there a Slave, or Lord, (for Lords we ſee,
Nothing elſe now a-days, but Slaves will be)
That wou'd not ſay, Gods! in your Doom (be ſteady.
I have been long enough a Fool already.

Name

Name but one Feat of theirs ſo little vain,
We ſhould not bluſh to practiſe o'er again.
They are ſuch beaſtly Rogues in all they do,
Their very Vices are unmanly too.
Wou'd you be dully drunk? Break open doors,
To kick a naſty Bawd, or cuff poor Whores?
Or all we meet with in the Streets abuſe,
As our brave Anti-wits and great Ones uſe?
Nay cou'd we yet do grander things than (theſe,
Murther an harmleſs Watchman on his knees;
Go travel afterwards for more Renown,
Come home again, cut Capers up and down,
And then take *Maſtricht*, hard by *Windſor* (Town.
Were not the worſt of Deaths a greater Bliſs,
Than ſuch a vile, inſipid Life as this?
There never was but one, yet Sot enough
Cou'd wiſh to live for ſuch baſe ſilly ſtuff.

THE Pump-Parliament. A SATYR.

By George *late Duke of* Buckingham.

I.

CUrſe on ſuch Repreſentatives
That tell us all, our Bearns and Wives,
Quoth *Dick* with Indignation;
They're but an Engine to raiſe Tax,
And the whole Buſineſs of their Acts,
Is to undo the Nation.

II.

Juſt like our rotten Pump at home,
We pour in Water when 'twon't come,

And

And that way get more out;
So when mine Hoſt does Money lack,
He Money gives among this Pack,
And then it runs full ſpout.

III.

By wiſe Volk I have oft been told,
Parl'ments grow naught as they grow old.
We groan'd under the *Rump*,
But ſure this is a heavier Curſe,
That ſucks and drains thus every Purſe,
By this old *Whitehall* Pump.

Optimum quod evenit.

OR,

An Epigram occasioned by the King's reproaching him with an Oversight.

By GEORGE *late Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

BY hidden *Springs* Man's smallest *Actions* (move,
Wound up by an unerring *Hand* above.
Why say you then, that this or that's amiss;
Since nothing cou'd be *Better* than what *Is*?

The *CABBIN-BOY.*

By GEORGE late Duke of *Buckingham.*

NAy he could Sail a Yatcht both nigh and (large,
Knew how to trim a Boat, and steer a Barge:
Cou'd say his Compass, to the Nations Joy.
And swear as well as any Cabbin-Boy.

But

But not one Leſſon of the Ruling Art,
Cou'd this dull Blockhead ever get by heart.
Look over all the Univerſal Frame,
There's not a thing the Will of Man can (name,
In which this ugly, perjur'd Rogue delights,
But Ducks, and loyt'ring, butter'd Buns, and (Whites.

The DUCKS.

By GEORGE *late Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

WHilſt in the State all things look ſmooth (and fair,
I'le dabble up and down and take the Air.
But at the firſt appearance of foul Weather,
I and my Ducks will quack away together.

A SHORT CHARACTER OF Charles II. King of ENGLAND.

Written by JOHN *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *Lord Preſident of Her* MAJESTY'S *Privy Council.*

LONDON: Printed in the YEAR 1714.

CHARLES II.

OF

ENGLAND,

TO

SHORT CHARACTER,

A

A SHORT CHARACTER OF King *Charles* II, &c.

By JOHN *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

Printed from the Original COPY.

I Have pitch'd on this Character of King CHARLES the Second, not for his being a *King*, nor my having had the Honour to ſerve him; the *firſt* of theſe wou'd be too *Vulgar* a Conſideration, and the other too *Particular*. But I think it a Theme of great *Variety*, and whatever is wanting in the Writer, may, I hope, be recompenced in the Agreeableneſs of the Subject, which is ſometimes enough to recommend a Picture, tho' ill drawn; and to make a Face one likes, oft'ner look'd on, than the beſt Piece of *Raphael*.

To

To begin then, according to Custom, with his *Religion*, which since his Death hath made so much noise in the World; I yet dare confidently affirm it to have been only that which is vulgarly, tho' unjustly counted none at all, I mean *Deism*. And this uncommon Opinion he owed more to the *Liveliness* of his Parts, and *Carelessness* of his Temper, than either to Reading, or much Consideration; for his quickness of Apprehension, at first View, could discern through the several Cheats of pious Pretences; and his natural *Laziness* confirm'd in an equal *Mistrust* of them all, for fear he should be troubled with examining which was best.

If in his early *Travels*, and late *Designs*, he seem'd a little biass'd to one sort of Religion; the *first* is only to be imputed to a certain *easiness* of Temper, and a Complaisance for that company he then was forc'd to keep; and the *last* was no more than his being tired, which he soon was in any Difficulty, with those bold Oppositions in *Parliament*, which made him almost throw himself into the Arms of a *Roman Catholick* Party, so remarkable *of late* for their *Loyalty*; who embraced him gladly, and lull'd him asleep with those enchanting Songs of **Sovereignty** and **Prerogative**, which the best and wisest Princes are often unable to resist.

And tho' he engaged himself on that side more fully, at a Season when 'tis in vain, and too

too late to diſſemble, we ought leſs to wonder at it, than to conſider that our very Judgments are apt to grow in time as *partial* as our Affections; and thus, by Accident only, he became of *their* Opinion in his *Weakneſſes*, who had ſo much endeavoured always to contribute to *his* **Power**.

He lov'd Eaſe and Quiet, to which his unneceſſary Wars are ſo far from being a Contradiction, that they are rather a Proof of it; ſince they were made only to comply with thoſe Perſons, whoſe diſſatisfaction would have proved more *uneaſie* to one of his Humour, than all that diſtant Noiſe of Cannon, which he would often liſten to with a great deal of Tranquility. Beſides, the great and almoſt only pleaſure of Mind he ſeem'd addicted to, was *Shipping and Sea-Affairs*; which ſeem'd to be ſo much his Talent for *Knowledge*, as well as *Inclination*, that a War of that kind, was rather an *Entertainment*, than any *Diſturbance* to his Thoughts.

If he did not go himſelf at the Head of ſo magnificent a Fleet, 'tis only to be imputed to that *Eagerneſs of Military Glory in his Brother*; which under the Shew of a decent Care for preſerving the *Royal Perſon* from danger, engroſs'd all *that ſort of Honour* to himſelf, with as much Jealouſie of any others interpoſing in it, as a King of another Temper, would have had of *his*. 'Tis certain, no Prince was ever more fitted by Nature for his

his Country's Interest, than he was in all his *Maritime Inclinations*; which might have proved of sufficient Advantage to this Nation, if he had been as careful of depressing all such Improvements in *France*, as of advancing, and encouraging *our own*: But it seems he wanted *Jealousie* in all his *Inclinations*, which leads us to consider him in his **Pleasures.**

Where he was rather *abandon'd*, than *luxurious*; and like our Female Libertines, apter to be perswaded into *Debauches* for the Satisfaction of *Others*, than to seek, with choice, where most to please *Himself*. I am of Opinion also, that in his *latter Times*, there was as much of *Laziness*, as of *Love*, in all those Hours he passed among his Mistresses; who, after all, only served to fill up his *Seraglio*, while a *bewitching* kind of Pleasure, called *Santring, and talking without any constraint*, was the true *Sultana Queen* he delighted in.

He was surely inclined to *Justice*; for nothing else wou'd have retain'd him so fast in the *Succession* of a *Brother*, against a *Son* he was so *fond* of, and the Humour of a Party which he so much *fear'd*. I am willing also to impute to his *Justice*, whatever seems in some Measure to contradict the general Opinion of his *Clemency*; as his suffering always the Rigour of the Law to proceed, not only against all *Highway-men*, but also several others, in whose Cases the *Lawyers*, according to their wonted Custom, had

had sometimes used a great deal of *Hardship* and *Severity*.

His Understanding was *quick* and *lively* in *little Things*, and sometimes would soar high enough in *Great ones*, but unable to keep it up with any *long* Attention or Application. Witty in all sorts of Conversation; and telling a Story so well, that, not out of Flattery, but the Pleasure of hearing it, we seem'd Ignorant of what he had repeated to us ten times before; as a good *Comedy*, will bear the being often seen. Of a wonderful Mixture; losing all his Time, and setting his whole Heart on the *Fair Sex*, yet neither angry with *Rivals*, nor in the least nice as to their being *beloved*; and while he sacrificed all Things to his Mistresses, he would use to *grudge*, and be *uneasie* at their losing a little of it again at *Play*, tho' never so *necessary* for their Diversion: Nor wou'd he venture Five Pounds at *Tennis* to those Servants, who might obtain as many Thousands, either before he came thither, or as soon as he left off.

Full of *Dissimulation*, and very *adroit* at it, yet no Man easier to be imposed on; for his great Dexterity was in cousening himself, by gaining a *little* one way, while he lost *Ten Times* as much another; and by caressing those Persons *most*, who had deluded him the *oftenest*; and yet the quickest in the World at spying such a *Ridicule* in another.

Easie

Easie and good natur'd to all People in *Trifles*; but in *great Affairs*, severe and *Inflexible*: In one Weeks Absence, quite forgetting those Servants, to whose *Faces* he could hardly deny *any Thing*. In the midst of all his *Remissness*, so industrious and indefatigable on some particular Occasions, that no Man would either toil *longer*, or be able to manage it *better*.

He was so *Liberal*, as to ruin his Affairs by it; for want in a King of *England*, turns things just upside down, and exposes a Prince to his *Peoples Mercy*: It did yet worse in him, for it forced him also to depend on his great Neighbour of *France*; who play'd the Broker with him, sufficiently in all those Times of Extremity. Yet this *Profuseness* of his, did not so much proceed from his over-valuing those he favour'd, as from his under-valuing any Sums of Money which he did not see; tho' he found his Errour in this, but I confess a little of the latest.

He had so natural an Aversion to all *Formality*, that with as much *Wit* as most Men ever had, and as Majestick a Mein, yet he could not on Premeditation, act the part of a King for a Moment, either at *Parliament*, or at *Council*, either in *Words* or *Gesture*; which carried him into the other Extream, more inconvenient of the Two for a Prince, of letting all *Distinction* and *Ceremony* fall to the Ground as *useless* and *foppish*.

His

His Temper, both of *Body* and *Mind*, was admirable, which made him an easie, generous *Lover*, a civil obliging *Husband*, a friendly *Brother*, an indulgent *Father*, and a good natur'd *Master*. If he had been as solicitous about improving the Faculties of his Mind, as he was in the Management of his bodily Health; tho' alas, *this* proved unable to make his Life *Long*, *That* had not fail'd to make it *Famous*.

He was an illustrious Exception to all the Common Rule of *Phisiognomy*; for with a most *Satarnine* harsh sort of Countenance, he was both of a *merry* and a *merciful* Disposition; and in the last Thirty Years of his Life, as *Fortunate*, as those of his Father had been *Dismal* and *Tumultuous*. If his Death had some *Appearance* of being *untimely*, it may be partly imputed to his extream healthy Constitution, which made the World as much surprized at his dying before threescore, as if nothing but an ill accident could have kill'd him.

I would not say any Thing on so sad a Subject, if I did not think that Silence it self would in such a Case signifie too much; and therefore, as an impartial Writer, I am oblig'd to observe, that the most knowing, and the most deserving of all his Physitians did not only believe him poison'd, but thought himself so too, not long after, for having declared his Opinion a little too *boldly*.

But here I must needs take Notice of an unusual Piece of Justice, which yet all the World has almost unanimously agreed in; I mean, in not suspecting his Successour of the least Connivance at so horrid a Villany; and perhaps there is hardly a more remarkable Instance of that invincible Power of *Truth* and *Innocence:* For it's next a Miracle, that so *Unfortunate* a Prince, in the midst of all those Advantages he lyes under, should be yet clear'd of this, even by his greatest Enemies; notwithstanding all those Circumstances that used to give a Suspicion, and that *extream Malice* which has of late attended him in all his other Actions.

The End of the Character.

Maxims of State,

Applicable to all TIMES.

Written by the Right Honourable the Marquiſs of HALLIFAX.

Never before Publiſhed.

I.

WHen a *Prince* reſolves to ſtand by his *Friends*, he is in danger of loſing his Intereſt in his *Enemies*.

II.

A *Prince*, when he changes a Miniſter, becauſe he has an Intereſt in his Enemy; ſhould be well aſſur'd that the Intereſt be not immutable.

III.

Refuſing to ſwear we will ſerve our *Prince* againſt all *Others*, is keeping a Reſerve to ſerve another againſt him.

IV.

A *Prince* that will be ſerved by thoſe who are of Opinion he has no Right to *Govern*, is rightly ſerv'd if they govern his Affairs according to that Opinion.

V.

The ſame *Conſcience* that determines the *Poſſeſſour* to have no Right, obliges the reſtoring him that has.

VI.

When a *Prince* imploys a Man that has betray'd him once, he gives earneſt for a ſecond *Treaſon.*

VII.

They that ſerve the Poſſeſſor, with Reſerves to the *Pretender*, can only injure him they ſerve.

VIII.

A *Prince* is ſure to be beſt ſerv'd by thoſe that have moſt hopes from him, and moſt to fear from his Enemies.

IX.

IX.

'Tis equally dangerous to a *Prince*, that his Miniſter be falſe in in his Maxims, or falſe in his Councils.

X.

A Knave that will act againſt his Opinion to ſerve his Intereſt, will take the firſt Opportunity to reconcile his Intereſt to his Opinion.

XI.

A Prince may have a better Information of his true Intereſt, from the publick Voice of his People, than from private Whiſperers.

XII.

'Tis worth a Prince's Thoughts, that Friends are not ſo eaſily made, as kept.

XIII.

A Prince that chuſes his Enemies for his Guards, ſhould disband his Friends.

XIV.

'Tis hard to perſuade the People that Misfortunes come by chance, when the Miniſters are ſuſpected.

XV.

The *Favourite* of the *Prince*, might be the Favourite to the *People*, if he could be as humble after Advancement, as he was before; but height of Prosperity makes most Men giddy, and their Insolence generally tumbles 'em from that Eminence to which a base Submission rais'd 'em.

XVI.

A Minister that is rais'd from a low Degree, like a Man that goes up a high Tower, forget the Steps by which he ascended, because he had but few of 'em in view at a time, and usually indangers his Neck, by looking too boldly from a Height that his Sight is not accustom'd to bear.

XVII.

Ministers taken out of the prime *Nobility*, have but a little way to ascend, and are not in danger of having their Heads turn'd by it; because they have been us'd to look a great way down.

XVIII.

Great Ministers chuse to imploy *Fools* or *Knaves* under 'em; because they think Men of

of *Senſe* and *Honeſty* wou'd ſee too much, and approve too little of their Myſteries.

XIX.

Reaſon of State, like Myſteries in Religion, is an admirable expedient for unaccountable Proceedings; yet but for one, the beſt Religion, and but for the other, the beſt Conſtitution in the World could not ſubſiſt.

XX.

The ſame trick may be put upon the *Mobb* a Thouſand Times, but if once diſcover'd, it will be dangerous to offer any Thing that bears ane Reſemblance to it, tho' never ſo juſt or neceſſary.

XXI.

The People judge by out ſides; and if you avoid the external Reſemblance, by condemning the Form, you may have the Eſſence eſpouſed by 'em. So the Puritans arraign'd the Church of *England*, of *Popery*, for uſing a *Liturgy*, the *Croſs* in *Baptiſm*, the *Surplice* and *Organs*, while themſelves retain'd *implicit Faith*, *Diſpenſation* with *Allegiance*, and the abſolute Direction of *Conſciences*, and maintain'd 'em, both in their *Synodical*, and *Congregational Aſſemblies*, which were the eſſential Politicks of Popery.

XXII.

Men ſeldom tye themſelves up to the Rules they preſcribe to others, but urge, or relax 'em, juſt as it ſerves their turns. The *Puritans* began the War upon King *Charles* I. for reviving *antiquated Laws* in his Diſtreſs; yet proſecuted it by ten times more oppreſſive Orders of their own, without the ſame Authority of Law, or Colour of Reaſon.

XXIII.

The *Diſſenters* of *England* plead only for Conſcience, but their ſtruggle is for Power; yet when they had it, have always deny'd to others that Liberty of *Conſcience* which they now make ſuch a Noiſe for.

XXV.

Thoſe that plead a ſpecial Call to the Miniſtry, ſhould prove it by *Miracle*, or *irreſiſtable Reaſon*; without 'em, their Pretences are *Hypocriſy* and *Schiſm*.

XXVI.

They that ſeparate themſelves from the Religion of the *State*, and are not contented with a free Toleration, aim at the Subverſion of it. For a *Conſcience* that once exceeds its Bounds, knows no Limits, becauſe it pretends to be above all other Rules.

XXVII.

A *Saint* in Power, is always Arbitrary. For he pleads GOD Almighty's Commiſſion, to ſuperceed human Laws.

XXVIII.

Religion is not only a good, but a neceſſa- Thing; but the uſe that *Knaves* and *Fools* make of it, almoſt beats Men of Senſe and Honeſty out.

XXIX.

Fools in Favour are always preſumptuous and undertaking; but Men of ſound Senſe will be aware, that there are thoſe who are equal to themſelves, that watch their Steps.

XXX.

The Prince that indeavours to reconcile Enemies, by neglecting his Friends, gains one for a time only, and loſes the other for ever.

XXXI.

He that ſerves his Prince voluntarily, in difficult times, does him a more meritorious Service, than all the Officers in pay can do him; and the Prince loſes more by neglecting him, than if he had forgot all the reſt; one is a Creditor, the other a Debtor.

XXXII.

XXXII.

The Minister that disobliges a Man of Parts, makes a dangerous Enemy; and he that trusts any other, makes as dangerous a Friend.

XXXIII.

He that ventures to use a Man ill, upon the security of his Principles, may thank himself for the Mischief he receives from his Presumption. For Nature will alway have the better of Principle, and Men of Sense are generally Men of Resentment.

XXXIV.

'Tis the little regard Princes have had to their words, makes so little regard be paid to them; and 'tis generally from those that they have contemptuously broken Faith with, that they meet with the greatest Mischiefs.

XXXV.

A great deal of Resentment supplies the want of ordinary Power, and gives a mean Man of Sense his Revenge upon a great one, that treats him undeservedly ill.

XXXVI.

'Tis a common mistake of great Men, first to raise Men, without merit, and then to fancy they find it in 'em; but in the end they will find themselves answerable for all their Miscarriages.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

He that's raiſed as a Creature, as ſoon as he finds his Patron decline, immediately courts the Protection of his riſing Adverſary. A Man of Honour does the contrary, makes as much as he can of his own Merit, without injuring his Patron.

XXXVIII.

No Man can be a Man of Honour, who is not a Man of Senſe, as well as Probity; for a blockhead is as likely to betray his Truſt out of Ignorance, as a Knave out of Deſign.

XXXIX.

Great Men are apt to deſpiſe the Reſentments of little ones, and yet they generally fall by 'em.

XL.

The Monarchy and the *Church of England*, cannot ſubſiſt, but together; for they that endeavour to introduce a Republican Government in one, expect to have it follow'd in t'other.

XLI.

They that think our Diſſenters more modeſt than heretofore, ought to look into *Scotland*

Land before they make a positive Judgment, and perhaps that may work their Conversion.

XLII.

In a State where there are two Parties, the Prince must gain one entirely, or both will deceive him.

XLIII.

A Prince that dissembles with his People, teaches them to do the same with him.

XLIV.

A *State* that subsists upon *Cunning*, is like a *Merchant* that Trades upon Credit; the first Misfortune breaks either.

XLV.

A Prince, and a Gamester's Word, ought to be *sacred*, on the same Reason; because their Failings are Publick, and no Body trusts them the second time.

XLVI.

A Prince that complies out of Fear, with what he does not heartily approve, Saddles himself, and must expect to be ridden by all those that have the Wit to discover it, and the Courage to mount.

XLVII.

XLVII.

A Prince that Governs by Favourites, is *felo de authoritate propria*, and loſes more Credit than he can give to his Favourite; and in a manner Eclipſes himſelf, to make the other Shine: For Men had rather enjoy a reflected Light, than none at all; and while they make their Court to the Favourite, neglect the Prince.

XLVIII.

The *Miniſter* that buys of *one* Enemy, raiſes Twenty new Ones; for it ſhows them, that knew not the Price before, what it is worth to be ſo, and almoſt every Man is willing on the Rout, to come in for the Plunder.

XLIX.

Bring over your Enemies, and your Friends will be your Friends ſtill, has been a fatal Maxim to *England*; for the purchas'd Friends loſe their Credit immediately; and the ſlighted ones turn Enemies to be brought over.

L.

A Prince ſhou'd protect all Religions, but be of none; but pretend to be Zealous for the ſtrongeſt.

LI.

Friends that are bought, are *Men at Auction*, the higheſt Bidder has them; but like the *Poles*, they are at Liberty to ſell themſelves again.

LII.

Purchas'd Friends, are the Friends of *Proſperity* only; when *Fortune* turns, they make it matter of *Merit* to be the *bittereſt Enemies*.

LIII.

An Enemy that makes a Bargain for his Friendſhip, tells you how much he expects to betray you.

LIV.

Parties often ſhake Hands againſt ſome particular one, only, when that's broken, to have an Opportunity to cut one anothers Throats.

LV.

The Government that equally indulges all Religions, muſt take to it ſelf the Power of making one for the *State*, and appointing Preachers that ſhall not dare to diſpute a Creed of their making.

LVI.

Too much Thrift in a Government is ill Husbandry; for no Man contributes chearfully, who expects no Return.

LVII. The

LVII.

The Bounty of a Prince is like a perpetual Lottery, the People put in Time after Time, in hopes, ſome Time or other, of a Benefit-Ticket; but when they ſee it confin'd to a few, they deſpair of any Advantage, and cry out a Cheat. But they are like a dry Pump, pour in a Bucket, and you may draw out as many as you pleaſe, without it, you Labour in vain.

LVIII.

The *Favour* of a Prince is no *Inheritance*: The *Minions* own Indiſcretion, or his Maſters Neceſſities, frequently make him a Sacrifice.

LIX.

Favourites are always unpopular in *England*, becauſe the People conſtantly lay all the real, or ſuppos'd ſlips in Government to 'em; for thoſe that would quarrel with the Prince, ever begin with the Favourite.

LX.

Favourites generally pay dearer Rates for particular Creatings, than they might have bought the Favour of the whole Nation.

LXI.

The Court, like a Jilt that makes you pay dear

dear for a Clap, usually makes you die a Martyr to Expectation.

LXII.

He that buys a Place of necessary Service, gives earnest to be a Thief.

LXIII.

He that cheats the People according to their own Humour, has the Name of a *Patriot*; but he that serves them against it, may be hang'd for his Pains.

LXIV.

The *Presbyters* of *Scotland*, like People that rail at the Ministry, inveigh against the *Pope*, only because they have a mind to his Place. They would transfer the Infallibility of St. *Peters Chair*, to their *Assembly*. GOD Almighty is equally subject to either of them; but the latter treats him with less Ceremony.

LXV.

Prosecution for Matters of Conscience is very unjust; but great Care ought to be taken that private Conscience is not pleaded against the security of the publick Constitution. For when private Conscience becomes a justifiable Rule of Action, a Man may be a Traytor to the State, and plead Conscience for Treason.

The END.

A Further

COLLECTION,

Of the moſt Remarkable

SPEECHES

In Both HOUSES of

PARLIAMENT.

From the Year 1640. *To this Preſent Time.*

LONDON: Printed in the YEAR 1714.

A FURTHER

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SPEECHES

IN BOTH HOUSES OF

PARLIAMENT

LONDON, Printed in the YEAR 1714.

The Lord Chancellor Shaftsbury's *Speech againſt the* Dutch, 1672-3.

My Lords, and you the Knights, Citizens and Burgeſſes of the Houſe of Commons.

THE King hath ſpoken ſo fully, ſo excellently well, and ſo like himſelf, that you are not to expect much from me. There is not a word in His Speech that hath not its *full Weight*: And I dare with Aſſurance ſay, will have its *effect* with you. His Majeſty had called you ſooner, and His Affairs required it, but that He was reſolved to give you all the eaſe, and Vacancy to your own private Concerns; and the People as much reſpite from Payments and Taxes, as the neceſſity of His Buſineſs, or their Preſervation, of would permit. And yet, (which I cannot but here mention to you) by the crafty Inſinuation of ſome ill affected Perſons, there have been ſpread ſtrange and deſperate *Rumours*, which your meeting together this Day, hath ſufficiently proved both malicious and falſe.

His Majeſty hath told you, that He is now engaged in an important, very expenſive, and indeed a *War* abſolutely neceſſary, and unavoidable. He hath referred you to His *Declaration*, where you will find the *perſonal Indignities* by *Pictures* and *Medals*, and other *pub-*

lick Affronts, His Majeſty hath received from the *States,* their *Breach of Treaties,* both in the *Surinam* and *Eaſt-India* Buſineſs: And at laſt they came to that height of Inſolence, as to deny the Honour and Right of the *Flag,* though an undoubted Jewel of this Crown, never to be parted with, and by them particularly owned, in the late Treaty of *Breda,* and never conteſted in any Age. And whilſt the King firſt long expected, and then ſolemnly demanded *Satisfaction,* they diſputed His Title to it in all the *Courts* of *Chriſtendom,* and made great offers to the *French King,* if he would ſtand by them againſt Us. But the *Moſt Chriſtian King* too well remembred what they did at *Munſter,* contrary to ſo many Treaties, and ſolemn Ingagements; and how dangerous a Neighbour they were to all *Crowned Heads.*

The *King* and His *Miniſters* had here a hard time, and lay every day under new *Obloquies.* Sometimes they were repreſented as *ſelling* all to *France* for Money, to make this *War: Portſmouth, Plimouth* and *Hull,* were to be given into the *French* Hands for Caution. The next Day News came that *France* and *Holland* were agreed. Then the *Obloquy* was turned from *Treachery* to *Folly*; the Miniſters were now *Fools,* that ſome Days before were *Villains.* And indeed the *Coffee-houſes* were not to be blamed for their laſt Apprenſions; ſince if that *Conjunction* had taken effect, then *England*

land had been in a far worse case than now it is, and the War had been turned upon us. But *both Kings* knowing their Interests, resolved to joyn against them, who were the common Enemies to all *Monarchies*, and I may say, especially to ours, their only Competitor for *Trade*, and *Power at Sea*; and who only stand in their way to an *universal Empire*, as great as *Rome*. This the *States* understood so well, and had swallowed so deep, that under all their present Distress and Danger, they are so intoxicated with that *vast Ambition*, that they slight a *Treaty*, and refuse a *Cessation*.

All this, you and the whole Nation saw before the last *War*; but it could not then be so well *timed*, or our *Alliances* so well made. But you judged aright, that at any rate, *Delenda est Carthago*, That *Government* was to be brought down. And therefore the *King* may well say to you, *'Tis your War*. He took His *Measures* from you, and they were *just*, and right ones: And He expects a suitable *Assistance* to so necessary, and expensive an Action; which he has hitherto maintained at his own Charge, and was unwilling either to trouble you, or *burden the Country*, until it it came to an *enevitable Necessity*. And His Majesty commands me to tell you, that unless it be a *certain Sum*, and *speedily raised*, it can never answer the Occasion.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Reputation is the great ſupport of War or Peace. This *War* had never begun, nor had the *States* ever ſlighted the *King*, or ever refuſed Him *Satiſaction*, neither had this *War* continued to this day, or ſubſiſted now, but that the *States* were deceived in their *meaſures*, and apprehended His *Majeſty* in that great want of Money, that he muſt ſit down under any *Affronts*, and was not able to begin, or carry on a *War*. Nay, at this Day the *States* ſupport themſelves amongſt their People by this only *Falſhood*, that they are aſſured of the *Temper* of *England*, and of the *Parliament*, and that You will not ſupply the King in this War: And that if they can hold out till your meeting, they will have new life, and may take new *Meaſures*. There are lately taken, two of their principal *Agents*, with their Credentials and Inſtructions to this purpoſe, who are now in the *Tower*, and ſhall be proceeded againſt according to the Law of Nations. But the King is ſufficiently aſſured of *His People*; knows you better; And can never doubt His *Parliament*. This had not been mentioned, but to ſhew you of what Importance the *Frankneſs* and *Seaſonableneſs* of this *Supply* is, as well as the *Fulneſs* of it. Let me ſay, the King has brought the *States* to that Condition, that your hearty Conjunction, at this time, in *ſupplying* His Majeſty, will make them never more formidable to Kings, or dangerous to

England,

England. And if after this you ſuffer them to get up, let this be remembred. The *States* of *Holland* are *Englands* eternal Enemy both by *Intereſt* and *Inclination.*

In the next place, to the Supply for the carrying on of the War, His Majeſty recommends to you the taking care of His Debts. What you gave the laſt Seſſion, did not near anſwer *your own Expectation.* Beſides, an other conſiderable Aid you deſigned His Majeſty, was *unfortunately loſt in the Birth*; ſo that the King was forced, for the carrying on of His Affairs, much againſt His Will, to put a ſtop to the Payments out of the *Exchequer.* He ſaw the *Preſſures* upon himſelf, and *growing Inconveniences* to his People by great Intereſt; and the difference through all His Buſineſs between *Ready money*, and *Orders.* This gave the King the Neceſſity of that proceeding; to make uſe of His own Revenue, which hath been of ſo great effect in this War. But though he hath put a ſtop to the Trade and Gain of the *Bankers*, yet he would be unwilling to ruin them, and oppreſs ſo many *Families*, as are concerned in thoſe Debts; Beſides, it were too diſproportionable a Burthen upon many of His good Subjects. But neither the *Bankers*, nor they, have reaſon to complain, if you now take them into your care, and they have paid them, what was due to them, when the Stop was made, with Six *per Cent.* Intereſt from that time. The King is very

much concerned both in *Honour* and *Intereſt* to ſee this done. And yet he deſires you not to miſ-time it: But that it may have only the the ſecond place, and that you will firſt ſettle, what you intend about the *Supply.*

His Majeſty has ſo fully vindicated His *Declaration* from that Calumny concerning the *Papiſts,* that no reaſonable ſcruple can be made by any good Man. He has ſufficiently juſtified it by the time it was publiſhed in, and the effects He hath had from it; and might have done it more, from the agreeableneſs of it, to His own natural Diſpoſition, which no good *Engliſh* Man can wiſh other than it is. He loves not Blood, or rigorous Severities; but where *mild,* or *gentle* ways may be uſed by a *wiſe Prince,* he is certain to chooſe them. The *Church of England,* and all good *Proteſtants* have reaſon to rejoyce in ſuch a *Head,* and ſuch a *Defender.* His Majeſty doth declare His care and concerns for the *Church,* and will maintain them in all their *Rights* and *Privileges,* equal, if not beyond any of His Predeceſſors; He was born and bred up in it; It was that it His Father died for: We all know how great Temptations and offers He reſiſted abroad, when He was in His loweſt Condition: And he thinks it the Honour of His Reign, that he hath been the *Reſtorer* of the *Church:* 'Tis *that* he will ever maintain, and hopes to leave to Poſterity, in greater *Luſtre,* and upon ſurer *Grounds,* than our

Anceſtors ever ſaw it. But His Majeſty is not convinced that *violent ways* are the Intereſt of *Religion* or the *Church*.

There is one thing more, that I am commanded to ſpeak to you of. Which is the *Jealouſie*, that hath been fooliſhly ſpread abroad, of the Forces the King hath raiſed in this War. Wherein the King hath *opened himſelf freely* to you, and confeſſed the fault on the other Hand. For if this laſt Summer had not proved a *miracle* of *ſtorms*, and *tempeſts*, ſuch as ſecured their *Eaſt-India* Fleet, and protected their Sea-coaſt from a Deſcent, nothing but the true reaſon (want of Money) could have juſtified the defect in the number of our Forces. 'Tis that His Majeſty is providing for againſt the next Spring, having given out *Orders* for the raiſing of ſeven or eight Regiments more of Foot, under the Command of Perſons of the greateſt *Fortunes* and *Quality*. And I am earneſt to recommend to you, that in your Supplies, you will take into your conſideration this neceſſary *addition of Charge*.

And after His Majeſty's *Concluſion* of His Speech, let me *conclude*, nay, let us all *conclude* with bleſſing GOD, and the *King*. Let us bleſs GOD, that he hath given us ſuch a *King*, to be the repairer of our *Breaches* both in *Church* and *State*: And the *Reſtorer of our Paths to dwell in*. That in the midſt of War and Miſery, which rages in our neighbour Countries, our *garners are full*, and *there is no*

complaining

complaining in our ſtreets. And a Man can hardly know that there is a War. Let us bleſs GOD, that hath given this King ſignally the hearts of His *People*, and moſt particularly of this *Parliament*, who in their Affection and Loyalty to their Prince, have exceeded *all* their Predeceſſors, A *Parliament* with whom the King hath many years lived with all the *Careſſes* of a happy Marriage. Has the King had a *Concern?* You have wedded it. Has His Majeſty wanted *Supplies?* You have readily, cheerfully, and fully provided for them. You have relied upon the *Wiſdom* and *Conduct* of His Majeſty in all His Affairs: So that you have never attempted to exceed *your Bounds*, or to *impoſe* upon Him. Whilſt the King on the other hand, hath made Your Counſels the Foundations of all His Proceedings: and hath been ſo tender of you, that He hath upon his own *Revenue* and *Credit*, endeavoured to ſupport even *foreign Wars*, that he might be leaſt uneaſie to you, or burthenſom to his People. And let me ſay, that though this *Marriage* be according to *Moſes*'s Law, where the Husband can give *a Bill of divorce*, put her away, and take *another*: Yet I can aſſure you, it is as impoſſible for for the King to part with *this Parliament*, as it for *You* to depart from that *Loyalty*, *Affection*, and *dutiful Behaviour*, You have hitherto ſhewed towards Him.

Let

Let us bleſs the *King* for taking away all our *Fears*, and leaving no room for *Jealouſies*: For thoſe *Aſſurances*, and *Promiſes* He hath made us. Let us bleſs GOD and the *King*, that our *Religion* is ſafe: That the *Church of England* is the Care of our Prince: That our *Properties* and *Liberties* are ſafe: What more hath a good *Engliſh* Man to ask, but that *this King* may long reign, and that this Tripple-alliance, of *King*, *Parliament* and *People*, may never be diſſolved?

Sir Lionel Jenkins's *Speech for throwing out the Bill againſt the Duke of* York. 1678.

Mr. *Speaker*,

SIR, this great Buſineſs cannot be too well conſidered, before you come to a final Reſolution therein, I will not now offer you any prudential Arguments againſt this Bill, becauſe I did offer ſeveral at the laſt reading; but Sir, I would deſire you to conſider, that this Prince is Brother to our preſent King, and Son to our late pious King

Charles

Charles the First, for whose Memory this Nation hath a great Veneration; that this Prince is enricht with excellent Endowmens, which he hath employed in the Service of this Nation, by fighting our Battels, and defending us from the the oppression of our Enemies, and is only Guilty of this one Crime, which, I hope, upon mature Deliberation, will not deserve so great a Condemnation. Sir, I know it is usual for this House, to proceed in Affairs of less Importance, with all the Calmness, Justice and Prudence that can be imagin'd; and therefore I hope you will be careful how you deviate from those Measures, in a Business of this Nature. I would once more remember you, that there are Laws already for the Punishment of the Crimes he is accused of, and therefore humbly conceive you ought not to chastise him, by making a new Law, especially with that Severity which is by this Bill now intended, before any hearing.

Sir, for my part, I have taken the Oath of Allegiance, and think my self therein bound to him as Heir, until it please GOD that His Majesty have Children. I know of no Power on Earth, that can dispense with my Oath; and therefore I cannot (so much as by being silent) give my Consent to this Bill, lest I therein wrong my my Conscience, seeing I have the honour to be a Member of this House.

I do

I do not doubt but moſt here have a great Eſteem for the Church of *England*, as Members thereof: I could wiſh they would conſider what a great Blow this Bill will give to our Religion, and to our Church. To diſinherit a Prince, for no other Cauſe, but for being of a different Opinion in ſome Points of Faith, is, I think quite contrary the Principles of the Religion we profeſs, and alſo to the eſtabliſhed Laws of this Land. And if ſuch an Act, when made, ſhould be of any Validity, I do conclude that you will thereby change the Conſtitution of this Monarchy, and make it in a Manner Elective: And therefore I humbly move you that the Bill may be thrown out.

Earl of Rocheſter's *Speech, for throwing out the Bill of* Excluſion, 1678.

Mr. *Speaker*,

SIR, Although it hath been ſaid, That no good Proteſtant can ſpeak againſt this Bill; yet, Sir, I cannot forbear to offer ſome Objections againſt it. I do not know that any

any of the King's Murderers were condemn'd without being heard; and muſt we deal thus with the Brother of our King? It is ſuch a ſevere Way or Proceeding, that I think we cannot anſwer it to the World; and therefore it would conſiſt much better with the Juſtice of the Houſe, to impeach him, and try him in a formal way, and then cut of his Head, if he deſerve it. I will not offer to diſpute the Power of Parliaments; but I queſtion whether this Law, if made, would be good in it ſelf. Some Laws have a natural Weakneſs with them; I think that by which the old Long-Parliament carried on their Rebellion, was judged afterward void in Law, becauſe there was a Power given, which could not be taken from the Crown. For ought I know, when you have made this Law, it may have the ſame Flaw in it: If not, I am confident there are a loyal Party, which will never obey, but will think themſelves bound by their Oath of Allegiance and Duty, to pay Obedience to the Duke, if ever he ſhould come to be King, which muſt occaſion a civil War. And, Sir, I do not find that the *Proviſo* that was ordered to be added for the Security of the Duke's Children, is made ſtrong enough to ſecure them, according to the Debate of the Houſe, it being liable to many Objections, and the more, becauſe the Words, *Preſumptive Heir of the Crown*, are induſtriouſly left out, though much inſiſted on when debated

debated here in the Houſe. Upon the whole matter, my humble Motion is, that the Bill may be thrown out.

Sir William Temple's *Speech for Blowing up the* Mold *at* Tangier, 1679.

Mr. *Speaker*,

SIR, This Debate hath more of weight in it, than the Buſineſs of *Tangier*, I think. As Affairs now ſtand, the moſt part of Chriſtendom is concerned in it, I am ſure all the Proteſtants. And therefore I hope your Patience will hold out to have the whole Circumſtances of it fairly examined: For the Arguments that have been offered in the conſideration of this Meſſage, have inlarged the Debate further than was at firſt intended, and have brought the whole State of the Nation in ſome Meaſure before you, inſtead of that one particular Buſineſs of *Tangier*; ſo that now what Reſolve you make will be a Diſcovery of your Inclinations, not only as to what you intend to do as to a Supply for *Tangier*, but

but as to giving Money for Alliances and all other Occaſions, upon which Reſult the good or bad Succeſs of this Parliament doth depend. As to *Tangier*, I do agree with that worthy Member that ſpoke before, (though many are of a different opinion) that it is not of any great uſe to us upon the Account of any Advantage we ſhall make by it. But however, I think it is very well worth our keeping, becauſe of the Diſadvantages we ſhould receive by it, if it ſhould fall into the Hands either of the *Turk*, or *Spaniard*, but eſpecially the *French*; who will not only be thereby enabled to fetter us, as to our Trade in the *Levant*, but to curb alſo all other Nations whatſoever, and be ſuch an Addition to the too great Power he hath acquired, both by Sea and Land already, that I am of Opinion, we ought to be very cautious, how we weaken the Security we now have that it ſhall not fall into his Hands. But if the Mold and the Town could be blown into the *Air*: or otherwiſe reduced into it firſt Chaos, I think, conſidering the Charge it will coſt keeping, *England* would not be much the worſe for it; but to move you to conſider any thing about that, at this time cannot be proper, becauſe the *Moors* have ſo beſieged it, that the firſt thing that muſt be done, whether in order to keep it or deſtroy it, is to beat them off, by ſome ſpeedy Supplies which muſt be preſently ſent, or elſe the Town, accord-

ing

ding to the beſt Information, come from thence, is like to be loſt. And, Sir, I think this ſingle conſideration may be a Perſuaſive to move you to give ſome ſuch Supply as may be preciſely neceſſary for the Defence and Protection of this Place. A ſmall Sum of Money, in compariſon of what this Houſe hath formerly given, may be ſufficient to ſatisfy his Majeſty's Expectation, and ſecure the Place too. But I muſt confeſs, Sir, it is not the Conſideration of *Tangier*, that makes me preſs you to it; but the deplorable Eſtate of the Proteſtants abroad. Sir, I have had the honour to ſerve His Majeſty in ſome publick Imployments, and by that means may be a little more ſenſible of the State of Affairs in reference to our Neighbours, than others may be, having not only had the Advantage of Information, but was under a Neceſſity of uſing my beſt Endeavours to get a true Account of them. Sir, *I am confident the Eyes of all* Europe *are upon this Parliament, and not only the Proteſtants abroad, but many Catholick Countries* (*who ſtand in fear of the Power of* France) *do think themſelves as much concerned in the Succeſs of this Parliament, as this Houſe, and will be as much perplexed to hear any ill news thereof.* This, Sir, as well as the neceſſities of our Affairs at home, make me trouble you at this time to deſire you to be careful of what you do, that we may not occaſion in His Majeſty any diſlike to this Houſe. What-

ever you do as to the Buſineſs of Money for *Tangier*, I pray, let there be no notice taken in your Addreſs, of the Lords having caſt out your Bill, for we have no reaſon to think the King was any ways concern'd therein. To throw out a Bill of ſo great Importance, without a Conference, was, in my humble Opinion, very ſtrange, and contrary to the uſual Proceedings of that Houſe. But pray, Sir, let it lye at their doors that did it, for the King could not be concerned in a Parliamentary Way. For by this means we may obviate all Miſunderſtandings with His Majeſty about this Affair, and I hope, create in him a good Opinion of this Houſe, upon which the Welfare not only of this Nation, but of *Europe* doth much depend.

Sir, His Majeſty in His Meſſage put you in mind of giving Advice as well as Money, I think if we make that expreſſion, the ground of our Addreſs, we may naturally graft very good things thereon, eſpecially what may conduce to the Preſervation of a fair Correſpondence. Sir, *Though a King alone cannot ſave a Kingdom, yet a King alone can do very much to ruin it; and though Parliaments alone cannot ſave this Kingdom, yet* Parliaments alone may do much to ruin it. And therefore we cannot be too circumſpect in what we do. It is our Fortune to ſit here in a critical Time when not only the Affairs of this Nation, but the Proteſtant Religion abroad need our Continuance,

tinuance, and for the ſame reaſon we may juſtly fear that there are thoſe who endeavour to contrive the putting off this Parliament. I pray, Sir, let us not give them any Advantage, and then I doubt not but His Majeſty's Care and Goodneſs, will at laſt overcome all Difficulties, and bring this Seſſion to a happy Concluſion.

A SPEECH of Lord Chancellor Finch, *made in Parliament on the 30th of* April, 1679. *About the Security of the* Proteſtant Religion *againſt a* Popiſh Succeſſor.

My Lords, and you the Knights, Citizens and Burgeſſes of the Houſe of Commons.

THAT Royal Care which his Majeſty hath taken for the general Quiet and Satisfaction of all his Subjects, is now more evident by theſe new and freſh Inſtances of it which I have in Command to open to you.

His Majesty hath consider'd with himself, that 'tis not enough that your Religion and Liberty is secure during his own Reign, but he thinks he owes it to his People to do all that in him lies, that these Blessings may be transmitted to your Posterity, and so well secur'd to them, that no Succession in After-ages may be able to work the least Alteration.

And therefore his Majesty, who hath often said in this Place, that he is ready to consent to any Laws of this Kind, so as the same extend not to alter the Descent of the Crown in the Right Line, nor to defeat the Succession, hath now Commanded this to be further explain'd.

And to the end it may never be in the Power of any Papist, if the Crown descend upon him, to make any Change either in Church or State, I am commanded to tell you, that his Majesty is willing that Provision may be made, first, to distinguish a Popish from a Protestant Successor; then so to limit and circumscribe the Authority of a popish Successor in these Cases following, that he may be disabled to do any Harm.

First, in Reference to the Church; his Majesty is content that Care be taken, that all Ecclesiastical and Spiritual Benefices and Promotions in the Gift of the Crown, may be conferr'd in such a manner, that we may be sure the Incumbents shall always be of the

moſt pious and learned Proteſtants; And that no Popiſh Succeſſor, while he continues ſo, may have any Power to countroul ſuch Preſentments.

In reference to the State and civil Part of the Government; As it is already provided, That no Papiſt can ſit in in either Houſe of Parliament; ſo the King is pleaſed that it be provided too, That there may never want a Parliament when the King ſhall happen to die, but that the Parliament then in Being may continue indiſſoluble for a competent Time; or, if there be no Parliament in Being, then the laſt Parliament which was in Being before that Time, may re-aſſemble and ſit a competent Time without any new Summons or Elections.

And as no Papiſt can by Law hold any Place of Truſt ſo the King is content that it may be further provided, That no Lords or others of the Privy-Council, no Judges of the Common-Law, or in Chancery, ſhall at any Time, during the Reign of any Popiſh Succeſſor, be put in, or diſplaced, but by the Authority of Parliament. And that Care alſo be taken that none but ſincere Proteſtants may be Juſtices of the Peace.

In reference to the military Part; the King is willing that no Lord Lieutenant, or Deputy Lieutenant, nor no Officer in the Navy, during the Reign of any Popiſh Succeſſor, be put in or remov'd, but either by Authority of

Parliament, or of ſuch Perſons as the Parliament ſhall intruſt with ſuch Authority.

'Tis hard to invent another Reſtraint to be put upon a Popiſh Succeſſor, conſidering how much the Revenue of the Succeſſor will depend upon Conſent of Parliament, and how impoſſible it is to raiſe Money without ſuch Conſent. But yet if any thing elſe can occur to the Wiſdom of the Parliament, which may further ſecure Celigion and Liberty againſt a Popiſh Succeſſor, without defeating the Right of Succeſſion it ſelf, his Majeſty will moſt readily conſent to it.

Thus watchful is the King for all your Safeties; and if he could think of any Thing elſe that you do either want or wiſh to make you happy, he would make it his Buſineſs to effect it for you.

God Almighty long continue this bleſſed Union, between the King and his Parliament and People.

A SPEECH in the House of Commons, October *the twenty sixth* 1680. *By Sir* Henry Capell, *afterwards Lord, and Lord Lieutenant of* Ireland. *Upon a Motion made by the Lord* Russel, *for the Bill of Exclusion, and against Toleration, and other Mismanagements of the several* Factions *of those Times.*

Mr. *Speaker,*

I Stand up to second the *Motion*, and to give some *Reasons*, with your Permission, why I agree to it, not doubting but other *Persons* will be of the same *Opinion*, if they have the same Sentiments what Influence the *Popish Party* have had in the Management of most our *Affairs*, both at *home* and *abroad*, for many Years last past: And how the *Party* hath increased and been encouraged. Sir, I remember, that after His *Majesty*'s happy Restoration, it was thought convenient that an *Act* of *Uniformity* should pass, as the best *Law* that could be invented, to preserve the *Church* from the Danger of *Papists* and *Fanaticks*, and accordingly it did pass in the Year, 1662. But in the Year, 1663. Some that managed

the great *Affairs of State*, or at leaſt had the greateſt *Intereſt* with His Majeſty, were of another Opinion. For they had prevail'd with him, to *Grant a Toleration and Indulgence*, and to make a *Declaration* to that Purpoſe. The *Parliament* aſſembled ſoon after, thought it very ſtrange that in one Year an *Act of Uniformity* ſhould be the beſt way to *ſecure the Church*, and that in the next Year a *Toleration* and *Indulgence*; therefore after a ſerious Debate about it, in *February* 1663. they made an Addreſs to His Majeſty, humbly repreſenting how it would reflect upon the Wiſdom of that Parliament, to have ſuch an Alteration made ſo ſoon, and that ſuch *Proceedings*, for ought they could foreſee, would end in *Popery*. Upon which His Majeſty, out of his great Goodneſs, ſtopt the iſſuing out of the ſaid *Toleration*, hearkning rather to the Advice of his Parliament, than to any *private Councellors*. Sir, I cannot inform you who it was that gave that Advice to His Majeſty, nor certainly affirm they were Popiſhly affected, but if I may take the Liberty to judge of a Tree by its Fruit, I have ſome Reaſon to think ſo; becauſe I find by *Coleman*'s Letters, and other Diſcoveries, that a *Toleration* and *Indulgence* ſhould be one of the great *Engines* they intended to uſe for the *eſtabliſhing* of *Popery* in this Nation. But the Project thus failing at this time, they were forced to wait with Patience until they could have another Opportunity; employing in the mean

mean time their Diabolical Counſels, in weakning their Proteſtat Intereſt (in order to a general Deſtruction of it) by *engaging* Us in a War with *Holland*. In which the *French* acted the ſame part in the behalf of the *Dutch*, as they did afterwards in our behalf againſt them, 1672. very fairly looking on both times, while we poor Proteſtants with great fury *deſtroyed* one the other. But this was not ſo ſtrange, nor ſo plain, as the *dividing* of our *Fleet* under the Command of Prince *Rupert* and General *Monk*, and the Deſign of deſtroying them as well as their Ships, and the reſt of our Navy Royal at *Chatham*. And as they thus acted their part at Sea, ſo they did not forget to do their beſt Aſhore; in *April* 1666, ſome Perſons that were then hanged, fairly confeſt they had been *treated* with and had treated with others, to burn the City of *London* in *Sept.* following, of which Confeſſion we then took as little notice as we have of other Diſcoveries againſt *Papiſts* ſince; however, accordingly in *Sept.* 13000 Houſes of the City of *London* were burnt. And thoſe that were taken in carrying on that Work, generouſly *diſcharged*, without any Tryal; and one Papiſt that confeſt that himſelf and others did ſet the City on Fire, was in great haſte hanged, and ſo the Buſineſs was huſht up as compleatly as the late great *Plot* is like to be now, branding *Hubert*, that then made that Confeſſion, with *Madneſs*; as now theſe laſt Witneſſes,

Witneſſes, with *Perjury*, *Sodomy*, and what not. However theſe Buſineſſes were not ſo carried, but His Majeſty diſcerned ſome of the Intrigues of them, which made him alter his Councils, and contrary to the Endeavours of that Party, enter into new Alliances, by making up that excellent *League*, uſually called the *Tripple-League*; which put a ſtop to theſe Mens Deſigns as to Affairs abroad, but not to their Deſigns here at Home. For having obtained the *Oxford* Act, and ſome others againſt the *Diſſenters*, great Endeavours were uſed to have them executed ſeverely, in Expectation, that the *Diſſenters* would ſo be made weary of living quietly under them, and in the end be glad of a Toleration; but the *Diſſenters* deceived them, and ſubmitted to the Laws, inſomuch that in 1670 and 1671. there was hardly a Conventicle to be heard of in *England*. And might never have been more, if that Party had not been afraid of a great Diſapointment thereby; wherefore to revive our *Diviſions*, and to bring in (as they hoped) their own *Religion*, they imployed all their force again, to get a again, to get a *Toleration*. I ſay they did it, becauſe it cannot be imagin'd it could be from any Proteſtant Intereſt, both Churchmen and Diſſenters publickly declaring their Deteſtation of it. And in 1672 it was obtained, Printed, and Publiſhed. After we had, in order to the carrying it on, *broke* that never

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to be forgotten *Tripple-League*, *ſacrificed* our *Honour* to the *French*, not only by making a *ſtrong Alliance* with them, but by *ſeizing* the *Dutch Smyrna* Fleet, and then afterwards proclaiming War with them. Which War was continued, in order to ruin us both; for the *French* proved but *Lookers on* at *Sea*, (as they had done when engaged with the *Dutch* in 1665) though great *Conquerours* at *Land*, eſpecially of the *Proteſtants* in *Germany* and *Holland*.

And as this *Toleration* was accompanied with theſe great Alteration in Affairs abroad, ſo it was backt. 1. With a great *Miniſter* of State that ſate at the Helm at home, who was ſo confident of the re-fixing Popery here, that he could not to forbear declare himſelf to be of that Religion, I mean my Lord Treaſurer *Clifford*; as alſo, 2. With a great Army at *Black-heath*, ready upon all Occaſions; 3. With the greateſt Violation on the Property of the Subject, that ever happened in this Nation, the ſeizing of one Million and half, or thereabout, in the *Exchequer*. All which indeed made our Condition deſperate, and as many thought, paſt retrieve. But, Mr. *Speaker*, here again the Goodneſs and Wiſdom of His Majeſty ſaved us, refuſing to follow ſuch pernicious Counſels; upon which *Clifford*, not only loſt his Place, but his Life too, breaking his Heart (as is by moſt believed) to ſee himſelf ſo diſapointed in this great Deſign. And here,

here, as we can never too much *deteſt* my Lord *Clifford*, and ſuch others, who contrived our Ruin, ſo we can never ſufficiently admire His Majeſties royal Care, in working out our Security, by refuſing to follow any Advice that tended to thoſe Ends. And therefore, to the great Diſappointment of that Party; at the Requeſt of the Houſe of Commons at their next Meeting, He recalled the ſaid *Toleration*, *disbanded the Army*, and in convenient time *made a Peace* with *Holland*. But though this Party were thus defeated of their Deſign, yet not ſo diſcouraged as to give it over. They changed their Meaſures, but not their Principles; and although they deſiſted from further *aiming* at a *Toleration*, yet they no ways neglected *purſuing a Reformation*, but in order thereto proſecuted a Correſpondence formerly begun for that Purpoſe with the *French* King, and by promiſing him conſiderable Supplies to carry on the War he was then engaged in, ſecured themſelves as they thought, of his Aſſiſtance for the ſetling of Popery here. Accordingly, it is not unknown; what a Party of Men, and what Quantity of Ammunition and other Neceſſaries for War, were ſent to the *French King*, during the War he was then engaged in, and how it was done contrary to the *Advice of the Parliament*, and the *Sollicitations* of moſt of the *Princes* of *Europe*, and true *Intereſt* of *England*, to the Aſtoniſhment of all good Men; eſpe-

especially because it was contrary to his *Majesties* own *Proclamation*; and when the *French* had declared they made that *War* for *Religion*, endeavouing to force the *Dutch* to allow of *Popish* Churches. However, such was the Strength of this Party, that this Assistance was continued until the *French King* was willing to make a Peace, and then who more instrumental than our Ministers to effect it. Several *Ambassadors* and *Plenepotentiaries* too, being sent as well to the Court of *Spain*, as *Germany* and *Holland*, for that Purpose. And at last, the *Dutch* being weary, and consumed with a War, they were perswaded to be willing of a Peace, and accordingly, the 10*th* of *January*, 1677. entred into a Treaty with us for a general Peace, to be accomplished by such ways and means as are therein prescrib'd. Which *League* was kept *private* for some time, and instead of any Discovery thereof, about the end of *February* following (the Parliament being then soon after to assemble) a great Noise was made of entring into a War with *France*, it being concluded, that nothing like that would incline the Parliament to give Money, nor the People freely to part with it, because it was the only way to extinguish those Fears they lay under, by reason of the growing Greatness of *France*.

At the meeting of the Parliament, the Project was set on Foot with all the Art and Industry imaginable, and so far were the *ma-*

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jor part of the Members perſwaded of the reality thereof, that they were inclinable to give a great Sum of Money for the carrying on of the War; but while they were in Conſultation about it, the *League* formerly mention'd, agreed at the *Hague*, was unluckily made (in ſome meaſure) publick, and occaſion'd a great Jealouſie of the reality of the pretended War. And the greater, becauſe upon an Inquiry they could not find there were any Alliances made to that Purpoſe. And yet notwithſtanding this, and the great Endeavours of ſome worthy Members of that Parliament (now of this;) an Army of Thirty Thouſand Men were raiſed, and a *Tax* of above 1200000 Pound was given. And then inſtead of a War, a general *Peace* according to that Treaty agreed with *Holland*, was preſently made. By which that Party thought they had ſecured not only the Power of *France*, but the Men and Money here raiſed at home, to be made ſerviceable for their ends; there wanted nothing but a *Popiſh King* to perfect all theſe Deſigns. For which we have great reaſon to believe they had made all neceſſary Preparation, as well by imploying Men and Money to find out wicked Inſtruments to *take* away the *King's Life*; as by providing one *Claypool* to be a Sacrifice, to make an *Atonement* for the Act, and to caſt the *Wickedneſs* thereof on the *Phanaticks*. To which Purpoſe the ſaid *Claypool* was really impriſon'd ſome time

time before in the Tower, upon the Evidence of two *Witneſſes*, that he ſhould ſay, that he and two hundred more had ingaged to kill the King the next time he went to *New-Market*. For which in all Probability he had as really been hanged, if the Breaking out of the Plot had not prevented their Deſigns. Then was *Claypool* the next Term after publickly *clear'd* at the *King's-Bench* Bar, the Witneſſes appearing no more againſt him.

Thus were we again reduced to a miſerable Condition, but it pleaſed GOD, by the Diſcovery of the Plot by Dr. *Oats*, once more to ſave us; whoſe Evidence (he being but one Witneſs) they thought at firſt to have out-braved, but ſome of them being ſo infatuated as to kill *Juſtice Godfrey*, and *Coleman* ſo unfortunate as to leave ſome of his *important Papers* in his Houſe, notwithſtanding the Time he had to convey them away, it wrought ſo great a Fermentation in the People, as that there was no Remedy, but that there was no Remedy. but that the further Purſuit of the Plot muſt be again laid aſide, and a fair Face put upon things. And ſo accordingly there was for a few Months, but how after *Wakeman*'s Tryal things turn'd again, what Endeavours have been ſince uſed to *ridicule the Plot*, to *diſparage the old Witneſſes*, to *diſcourage new ones*, to *ſet up Presbyterian Plots*, and to increaſe our *Diviſions*, I ſuppoſe muſt

muſt be freſh in every Man's Memory here, and therefore I ſhall not offer to trouble you therewith.

But, Sir, I cannot conclude, without begging your Patience, while I obſerve how things have been carried on in *Scotland* and *Ireland*, anſwerable to what was done here.

In *Ireland* the *Papiſts* are at leaſt five to one in Number for the *Proteſtants*, and may probably derive from their Cradle, an Inclination to maſſacre them again; at leaſt the *Proteſtants* have no Security, but by having the *Militia*-Arms, and the Command of *Towns* and *Forts* in their Hands. But about the ſame time or a little before that the *Toleration* came out here in 1672, an Order went from hence which after a long Preamble of the Loyalty and Affection of the Papiſts to his Majeſty, *requir'd the Lord Lieutenant and Council to diſpence with the Papiſts wearing of Arms, and living in Corporations*, and a great many other things in their Favour; of which they have made ſuch uſe, as that the Plot there was in as good Readineſs as that here; but how carried on, and how Endeavours were there alſo to ſtifle it, will appear, when your Leiſure may permit you to examine thoſe Witneſſes.

In *Scotland*, the Government is quite alter'd, the uſe of *Parliaments* in a manner *aboliſh'd*, and the *Power of that Government lodg'd in a Commiſſioner* and *Council*, a ſtanding *Army* of

Twenty

Twenty two Thousand Men setled, all Endeavours used to *divide* the *Protestant Interest*, and to *incourage* the *Papists*. By which we may conclude, that the same Interest hath had a great hand in the Management of Affairs there also.

And, Sir, may we not as well believe, that the World was at first made of *Atoms*, or by chance, without the Help of an Omnipotent Hand, as that these Affairs in this our little World have been thus carried on, so many Years together, so contrary to our true Interest, without some great original Cause, by which the popish Interest hath so far got the Ascendant of the Protestant Interest, that notwithstanding all his Majesty's Endeavours, things have been strangely over-ruled in Favour of that Party: how and which way, His Majesty's Declaration made in *April*, 1679, is to me a great Manifestation.

Sir, I hope the weight of the Matter I have discours'd on, will plead my Pardon with the House, for having troubled you so long, I submit what I have said to your Judgment, humbly desiring a favourable Construction, and although I have said some things that are very strange, and other things grounded only on Conjectures, yet I believe that no Man will have just reason to doubt the Probability of the Truth, if they will but consider, what a potent Friend the Papists have had of *James Duke of York*; and how imboldened by the

hopes of having him for King. And as it is not to be doubted, but that they have had his Aſſiſtance, ſo they have had the *French* Ambaſſadors too, who by his Frequency at the Palace, had ſeemed rather one of the Family and the King's Houſhold, than a Foreign Ambaſſador; and by his Egreſs and Regreſs to and from His Majeſty, rather a prime Miniſter of State of this Kingdom, than a Councellor to another Prince.

And the Truth of all hath been ſo confirm'd by *Coleman*'s Letters, making the Duke's Intereſt, the *French* Intereſt, and the Papiſts Intereſt, ſo much one, and by the many Witneſſes that have come in about the Plot, that I think we may rather be at a Loſs for our Remedy, than in the doubt of our Diſeaſe. And therefore, though I know the Difficulties I may bring my ſelf under, by having thus laid open ſome Mens Deſigns, yet ſeeing my King and Country have called me to this Service, I am reſolved, that as my *Father loſt his Life for King* CHARLES *the Firſt*, ſo I will not be afraid to *adventure mine* for *King* CHARLES *the Second*, and that makes me expoſe my ſelf in His Service in this Place.

Sir, I think (ſeeing things are thus) without neglecting our Duty to our King and Country, nay, to our GOD too, we cannot defer endeavouring the ſecuring of the King's Perſon, and Proteſtant Religion,

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by all lawful Means whatſoever; and therefore I ſecond the Motion that was made, That we may, in the firſt Place, take into our Conſideration, how to ſuppreſs *Popery*, and prevent a *Popiſh Succeſſor*; that ſo we may never return again to Superſtition, Idolatry and Slavery, but may always preſerve that pure Religion, to be the Religion of this Nation, for which ſo many of our Forefathers have ſuffer'd Martyrdom. I mean the Proteſtant Religion, as long as the Sun and Moon endures.

A SPEECH in the HOUSE *of* COMMONS, *againſt the Naturalizing of* Foreigners; *ſhewing the ill Conſequences of paſſing any ſuch Act*, &c. *By Sir* John Knight, *of* Briſtol, *In the Year*, 1693.

Mr. *Speaker*,

I Have heard of a Ship in a violent Storm, in danger of periſhing every Moment; [it was not ſuch a ſham Storm as we were entertain'd with in the *Gazette*, which deceives People, that many Ships going for *France*, laden with Corn, were caſt away, tho' thoſe Ships, and many more are ſince ſafely arrived in *France*; but it was ſuch a real Storm, as the 7th of the laſt Month, deſtroy'd on the Coaſt of *Cornwall*, upward of 70 Sail of our *Engliſh* Ships, moſt of which were laden with Corn, and ſeveral ſorts of Proviſions, for the uſe of our *Dutch* Allies, to enable them to live cheap, by making the ſame dear at Home: (perhaps ſome was for the Support of our half-ſtarv'd and unpay'd *Engliſh* Soldiers now in *Flanders*;) where periſhed likewiſe more than 700 Sailors, who have left Thouſands of Widows, Children and poor Relations to curſe our Conduct at Sea, the Cauſe of this Calamity:] In ſuch a dreadful Storm

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it was that the aforesaid Ship was in, when the good Commander seeing the Danger, and apprehending Death, desired his Crew to assist with Resolution, and preserve themselves and the Ship; which the Sailors refusing to do, he retired to his Cabbin, humbled himself in Prayer, and implored the Powers, that alone can save in time of need; that tho' the Ship and the Company might be swallowed up for the Disobedience of the Sailors, yet that he and his Cabbin might suffer no damage.

Sir, I cannot, as that good Commander did, be so vain as to hope, that either my self, or the Place for which I serve, can be preserved from the general Inundation, which this Bill, we are now debating, lets in, on the Liberties of my native Country and Countymen, and therefore be unconcerned for the good of *England*, provided *Bristol* were safe: To hope for and expect Happiness in Life, when all Mankind but my self are dead, would not be more deceiving, than to propose Comfort and Security to my self and *Corporation*, when Strangers, are admitted to possess and enjoy, by a Law, all that's valuable in this Kingdom; for this Bill doth enfranchize all Strangers (that will swear and protest against *Popery*) with the Liberties of every *English* Man, after the vast Expence of Treasure, and *English* Blood, it hath cost this Kingdom in all Times and Ages of our Forefathers, to secure them to themselves, and their Posterity.

Wherefore, Mr. *Speaker*, I muſt beg Pardon, if at this time I cannot ſit ſilent, but expreſs a zealous Concern, as well for the Kingdom in general, as for the Place I repreſent in particular; and I am more moved thereunto, whilſt I ſee ſo many Members, ſent here by their Country, for the Conſervation of the *Engliſh* Mens Liberties, ſo warm as to part with all to Strangers with one Vote.

The Argument of the Honourable Perſon near me, to render all the care of our Forefathers of no eſteem amongſt us, who are, or ought to be the Repreſentatives of the Kingdom, was to prove, That this Age and Generation are *Wiſer*, (he did not ſay *Honeſter*) than the former.

I remember a Weſt Countryman, many Years paſt, undertook to prove the ſame to me, and my Company beyond Sea, by declaring his Father was a Fool to him; I yielded him that Point, by concluding both to be ſuch, and yet our Forefathers might be wiſe Men; I ſhall not at this time queſtion the Wiſdom of thoſe who promote the *Bill*, or their Fathers: For my ſelf, I declare in behalf of the Wiſdom and Honeſty of our Predeceſſors; nor can I aſſent to the yielding up of the Liberties and Laws they derived unto us, only becauſe ſome Gentlemen think better of themſelves (and perhaps miſtakingly) than of their Parents.

Sirs, I was early instructed in a Principle of Difference to the Wisdom of our Ancestors; and at this time I tremble, when I reflect on the Correction given me by my Master, that I might not forget, but imitate and defend in all times these Rules: *Let them be accounted Good, Just, and wise Men, who regard and defend the Statutes, Laws, Ordinances and Liberties, which our Forefathers Wisdom and Experience obtained for themselves and Posterity.* Now it is my Opinion, Mr. *Speaker*, that if those Gentlemen who approve of this *Bill*, had not only been taught that *Rule*, but as well corrected as my self, they would be of my Judgment; and I wish that they who depart from that *Rule*, and sacrifice our *English* Liberties, to a number of mercenary Foreigners, may not meet with a much more rigorous and exemplary Chastisement from their enraged and ruined Countrymen.

The Arguments used for the *Bill*, are in Substance: *First*, A want of Purchasers for our Lands. *Secondly*, Of Merchants. *Thirdly*, Manufacturers, who can work cheaper than the *English*. *Fourthly*, Of Husbandmen to till the Ground.

To all these I shall return short Answers: But if I debate not on them, with that Advantage and Reason, as our Land-Admirals can, no doubt with great Ingenuity, on Sea-Politicks, I hope the *House* will pardon me; for my Observations never cost the Kingdom

ſuch Expence of Money at Home, and Loſſes at Sea, as hath the Experience of thoſe honourable Perſons in Sea Affairs.

Firſt, It's argued by ſome, That we want Purchaſers for our Lands: This is a melancholly Conſideration, I therefore deſire thoſe Gentlemen, who approve of this *Bill*, to tell me, what it is hath brought us to this Condition that the Landed Men of *England* are reduc'd to ſo low an Ebb, that they muſt ſell, and none left able to buy, unleſs Foreigners and Naturaliz'd? Doth this prove our Foreſathers wanted Underſtanding: Or, doth it not rather conclude it's occaſioned by our Want of theirs, and not following their Examples, who never taxed their Country to the Ruin both of themſelves and their Poſterity; nor did they expend the Money of the Kingdom on ſuch Allies as ours, who, as we have been informed by ſome of the *Privy Council*, are not in our Intereſt, and will ſpare us none of their Men for our Pay, without great Penſions likewiſe for themſelves? Can any Man hope to perſwade me, that our Foreſathers would have brought foreign Soldiers into *England*, and pay them, and naturalize them likewiſe, and at the ſame Time ſend the *Engliſh* Soldiers abroad to fight in a ſtrange Land without their Pay?

Let us abate our Taxes, and after the wiſe Precedent of our Fathers, pay our own Seamen at Home, and ſend the Foreigners back.

Then

Then the Money will be found circulating at Home in ſuch *Engliſh* Mens Hands, who may buy the Lands that are to be ſold without naturalizing Strangers.

Secondly, It's ſaid we want more Merchants: Whom may we thank for bringing ſo many to Poverty? But I ſhall forbear grating, and deſire the Liberty to conſider in ſhort, how the Trade of *England* hath hitherto been carried on. Gentlemen placed their younger Children to Merchants, and their Maſters obſerving their Honeſty and Diligence, when they have gained ſome Experience in the neceſſary part of Trade, generally ſent them Abroad to *Turky*, all parts of the *Levant*, *Spain*, to *Portugal*, the Eaſt and Weſt *Indies*, and all Parts where *England* holds any conſiderable Commerce: There the young Men are employed by, and entruſted with the Stocks and Eſtates of their Maſters and Friends, whereby all Parties, both the Principals at Home, and the Factors abroad, are advantaged, and *England* enriched (for there in the end all centers) and at laſt, when they are ſatisfied with Gain, they return to their native Soil, their Friends and Relations, for Eaſe and Enjoyment, to ſucceed them in their profitable Employments. Thus hitherto this Kingdom hath advanced in Riches, whilſt Foreigners could not with Succeſs plant their Factories on us, thro' the Advantage we had by our Laws. Let us but turn the Tables; and conſider the Conſequence:

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Suppoſe we paſs this *Bill*, and the *Dutch*, (who no doubt will take the Oaths, as this *Bill* directs, and proteſt againſt *Popery* and *Paganiſm*, and on occaſion, *Chriſtianity* too, as at *Japan*) ſend their Servants and Factors hither, and we naturalize them, and let the capital Stock, which gets an Employ to theſe new made *Engliſhmen*, belong to their Maſters and Friends, who never did or ever will live amongſt us: Will it not then follow, that the Profit will be theirs, and not *England*'s; and will not the new made *Engliſh* (yet *Dutchmen* ſtill) return to their Country and Friends with their Gain, as our People hitherto have done? We may obſerve by Inland Trade, that it's ſeldom they who make the Manufactures, gain Eſtates; but thoſe who imploy their Stocks in buying and ſelling what others make: And it's the ſame with the Merchants, thoſe that export and import, are the Gainers; the firſt Maker very ſeldom, the Conſumptioner never.

The Concluſion of this Experiment muſt be this: That what hath hitherto been Gain to *England* by *Engliſh* Merchants and Factors, will be turned to a foreign Land, by the foreign Merchants being naturalized, for their own Good not *England*'s.

But this is not all, for at once the Art of Navigation will be rendred uſeleſs; and where then will be a Nurſery for Seamen? For foreign Merchants will naturalize foreign Seamen, and when the Preſs-Maſters find them, they

they will *Dutch ſpraken*, *Ya Min Heer*, and avoid the Service; but at the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, *Exchange*, and in all Corporations, they will be found as good *Engliſh* Men as any be in this *Houſe*; from whence it followeth, that Trade will be carried on by foreign Merchants and Seamen, and the *Engliſh* Seamen condemned to our Men of War, and perhaps live there, as hitherto, without their Pay, till another Million be owing them for Wages, and in the *interim* have this only Conſolation and Reward for Service done, and to be done; that their Wives and Children may be ſubſiſted with the Alms of the Pariſh, whilſt foreign Soldiers are maintained at home and abroad with their Pay.

A Third Argument for admitting *Foreigners*, is upon a ſuppoſed Want we have of *Manufacturers*, eſpecially of ſuch as will work cheaper than the *Engliſh*: In my Opinion this Reaſoning is extraordinary, and ought not to take air out of this *Houſe*, leſt the old *Engliſh* Spirit ſhould exert it ſelf in defence of its Liberties; for at this time, when all Proviſions are become exceſſive dear, by the great Quantities exported to *Holland*, which puts the poor *Engliſh* Manufacturers on ſtarving in moſt Parts of *England*, for want of a full Employ to enable them to ſupport their Families, by their honeſt and painful Labour and Induſtry, ſhall an *Engliſh* Parliament let in Strangers to underſell our Country? Which they may eaſily

ſily do, whilſt they live in Garrets, pay no Taxes, and are bound to no Duties: How ſhall we anſwer this to our Country who ſent us here? When by ſo doing, inſtead of making the Kingdom more Populous, we provide only for Subſiſtence of Foreigners, and put our Countrymen to the Choice of ſtarving at Home, or to turn Soldiers, and be ſent to *Flanders*, and ſtarve there for want of their Pay; for it's well known at this time, more Commodities are made in *England* than can be conſumed abroad, or at home; which makes the poor Manufacturers ſo miſerable.

All country Gentlemen within this *Houſe* have for ſeveral Seſſions laboured what they could to raiſe the Price of the Proviſions which their Lands produce, and ſome think it not great enough yet, and they would deſpiſe that Man, who ſhould endeavour to lower the Rates, by propoſing a free Importation of *Iriſh* Cattel and Corn, tho' he had no other Deſign, than that charitable and neceſſary one, of relieving the poor; and yet theſe very Gentlemen are for this *Bill*, becauſe they would have the Labour of the Poor brought to a lower Advantage. In my Opinion this is a very unequal way of Reaſoning, that whilſt we raiſe the Price of the Product of the Land, for the Gentlemen to live in greater State, at the ſame time our Conſults are how to make the half-ſtarved Manufacturers, that live by their daily Labour, more and more miſerable.

What

What Opinion will the Common People of *England* have of this *Houſe*, and the Gentlemen of the Kingdom, whom nothing can pleaſe, but what is made by Foreigners, or comes from abroad?

Our Palates for a long time have been ſo nice, that nothing but *French* Cooks could pleaſe, nor could we perſwade our ſelves that our Cloathing was good, unleſs from Head to Foot were *a la mode de France*: The Gentleman was not well ſerved without a *Frenchman*, and the Lady's Commode could not ſit right, if her *Frenchwoman* did not put it on: Now on a ſudden, the Change is as violent in favour of the *Dutch*, who are great Courtiers, and the only taking People: And our *Engliſh* are a ſort of clumſy-fiſted People, if compared with the modiſh *Dutch Hans and Frows*; in ſhort, fit for nothing, but to be ſent to *Flanders*, and there either to fight, ſteal, or ſtarve for want of Pay. There is one thing, *Mr. Speaker*, which comes into my Mind, with which I ſhall cloſe this Conſideration. What reaſon was there to blame the Mayors, Aldermen, Common-Councils, and other Governours of Corporations, for ſurrendring the Charters, tho' they ſtill retain the Rights for *Engliſhmen* only to come into New Charters, and at the ſame time hope to juſtifie our Proceedings, tho' we throw up the *Great Charter* of *Engliſh Liberties*, to admit Strangers?

A Fourth Pretence for this *Bill* is, A want of Husbandmen to till the Ground: I ſhall ſay little on this Head, but requeſt the Honourable Perſon below me, to tell me of the *Forty Thouſand French*, which he confeſſeth are come into *England*, how many does he know, that at this time follow the Plow-tail? For it's my firm Opinion, that not only the *French*, but any other Nation this *Bill* ſhall let in upon us, will never tranſplant themſelves for the Benefit of going to plow; they will contentedly leave the *Engliſh* the ſole Monopoly of that Slavery.

Upon the whole, *Sir*, it's my Judgment, that ſhould this *Bill* paſs. it will bring as great Afflictions on this Nation, as ever fell upon the *Ægyptians*; and one of their Plagues we have at this time very ſevere upon us. I mean that of their Land bringing forth *Frogs* in abundance, in the Chamber of our Kings for there is entring in the Courts of St. *James* and *Whitehall*, the Palace of Hereditary Kings, for the great Noiſe and Croaking of the *Frog-Landers*.

Mr. *Speaker*, This Nation is a *Religious*, *Juſt*, and *Zealous* Nation; who, in ſome of their Fits of Zeal, have not only quarrelled and fought for the ſame, but have murthered and depoſed *Kings*, *Nobles*, *Biſhops* and *Prieſts*, for the ſake of their Religion and Liberties which they pretended to prove from the *Bible*. We are the *Religious Repreſentatives* of this *Religi-*

ous

ous People. Let us therefore learn Inſtruction in this Caſe before us from that Good *Book*; where we may be informed, that St. *Paul* by being born free of Heathen *Rome*, eſcaped a Whipping, and valued, and pleaded that Privilege; and the chief Captain of the *Romans* prides himſelf, that he, with a great Sum, hath obtained that Freedom, and feared greatly when he had violated St. *Paul*'s Liberty only by binding of him; and ſhall we ſet at nought the Freedoms of the *Engliſh* Nation, who are a Religious Chriſtian Kingdom, and part with the ſame to Strangers, for nothing unleſs the Undoing of our own Countrymen, who ſent us here, but not on this Errand? Certainly we ſhould follow the Example of the *Roman* Captain, and fear and tremble when we conſider the juſt Provocation we ſhall give to the Kingdom, who will expect that we preſerve, and not deſtroy every *Engliſhman*'s Birthright.

Sir, We may further learn from that *Book*, the Fate of the *Ægyptians*, who experimented on the ſcore of Charity, what it is a People may expect from admitting Strangers into their Country and Councils: *Joſeph* was a Stranger ſold a Slave into *Ægypt*, yet being taken into *Pharaoh*'s Council, he, by Taxes, and other fine Projects, brought the ſeven Years Plenty *God* had bleſt the *Ægyptians* with, into the Granaries of *Pharaoh*: But when Dearth came on the Land, and the People cried to their King

King for Relief, they were ſent to the Stranger, *Joſeph*, who getteth from them, for that which was once their own, all their Money, their Cattel, their Lands, and laſt of all, their Perſons into Slavery; tho' at the ſame time, he did far otherwiſe by his own Countrymen, for he plac'd them in the beſt of the Land, the Land of *Goſhen*, and nouriſhed them from the King's Stores. This Example ſhould teach us to be wiſe in time, ſeeing all this was done by the Advice of one Foreigner in the Privy Council; and what may that Country expect, where the Head, and many of the Council, are Foreigners?

Sir, I perceive ſome Gentlmen are uneaſy, perhaps I have offended them, in ſuppoſing they are religious Repreſentatives; or concluding that their Religion is to be proved from the *Bible*: If that be it which diſpleaſeth, I beg their Pardon, and promiſe not to offend again on that ſcore; and will conclude all with this Motion, that the *Serjeant* be commanded to open the Doors, and let us firſt kick the *Bill* out of the Houſe, and then Foreigners out of the Kingdom.

A SPEECH in Parliament, By Sir Charles Sedley, *On the Bill for disbanding the Army,* Anno 1699.

Mr. *Speaker*,

I Hope my Behaviour in this Houſe has put me above the Cenſure of one would obſtruct his Majeſty's Affairs; I was as early in the Apprehenſions of the Power of *France* as any Man: I never ſtuck at Money for Fleets, Armies, Alliances, or whatever Expences ſeem'd to have the Preſervation of our new-ſettled Government for that end. I am ſtill of the ſame Mind; but that was War, and this is Peace; and if I ſhall now differ from ſome worthy Gentlemen, who ſpoke before me, they will be ſo juſt as to believe it is not about the End, but the Means we contend.

Some may think *England* cannot be ſafe without a ſtanding Army of 30000 Men; and will tell us the King of *France* has 200000 in Pay, diſciplin'd Troops; that all our Neighbours are armed in another manner than they were wont to be; that we muſt not imagine that we can defend our ſelves with our ordinary and legal Forces.

All this is very material, and wou'd have great Weight with me, if *England* were not

an Iſland acceſſible only by Sea; and in that caſe, not till they have deſtroy'd our Navy, which is or may be made ſuperiour to any Force that can be brought againſt us.

It is very difficult to land Forces in an Enemy's Country; the Spaniſh Armada was beaten at Sea, and never ſet foot on Engliſh Ground; his preſent Majeſty with all the Shipping of *Holland*, cou'd bring over but 14000 or 15000 Men, and that ſo publickly, that nothing but an infatuated Prince would have permitted their landing. Our Attempts upon *Breſt* ſhew us, that it is eaſie with a ſmall Force to prevent an Aſſault from t'other Side of the Water. As we are capable of being attack'd in ſeveral Places, ſo it may be urg'd, as Reaſon, for ſeveral Troops more than our Purpoſes can bear; but if we burthen the People thus far in Peace, it may tempt ſome to wiſh for War again, every Change carrying a Proſpect of better Times, and none can make it worſe than a ſtanding Army (of any number of Men) will at preſent, If we are true to our ſelves, 10000 Men are enough, and if not, 100000 too few.

The

The Lord Haverſham's *SPEECH in the Houſe of Lords*, Thurſday, Nov. 3. 1704. *On our Neglect of our Sea-Forces and Trade; On the Exportation of our Bullion; On the Proteſtant Succeſſion, and Act of Security in* Scotland, *and the arming the Heritors*, &c.

My Lords,

I Am very ſenſible to what Cenſure he expoſes himſelf, who addreſſes your Lordſhips in ſuch a Manner, at ſuch a Time; but this being the only proper Place for me to mention what I have to offer of Complaint, the more confidently hope your Lordſhips Forgiveneſs.

I would be far from detracting or leſſening any Man's juſt Praiſe, and do really believe, that the wonderful Victory obtained over the *French*, under the Conduct and Command of Prince *Eugene*, and the Duke of *Marlborough*, if conſider'd in all its Circumſtances, eſpecially the unuſual Secrecy with which the Orders were executed, is the greateſt any Hiſtory can ſhew us.

And tho' our Succeſs at Sea was not equal to what it was at Land, yet the *Engliſh* Courage and Bravery ſhew'd it ſelf the ſame. I cannot,

indeed, congratulate Sir *George Rook*'s entire Victory over the *French*, but I can, and do moſt heartily, his ſafe Delieverance from them, and that with a Fleet ſo unprovided, and ſo weaken'd by five or ſix Dutch Ships being call'd home a little before the Engagement, ſeems to me a conſiderable Piece of Service. To ſay more, would look like Flattery; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt.

My Lords, The Navy of *England*, is its Glory and its Guard; 'tis that which ſhould protect our Trade, and ſecure our Coaſts, Your Lordſhips were ſo ſenſible of this, that you recommended theſe two Heads to Her Majeſty, in the two Addreſſes laſt Seſſions, full of reſpect, and yet very preſſing; but we have been ſo far from receiving the Fruits we expected from your Lordſhips Care, that whoever will but take a View of what was done laſt Summer, will ſee our Coaſts left naked, and our Trade expoſed, St. *Paul* riding in the Channel and our Merchants ſo far from being protected, that even our Men of War themſelves are taken in our Soundings. And what ſharpens our Misfortunes, is to ſee our Enemies making uſe of our own Ships againſt us, and to be provided with their very naval Stores from us, as the Count *de Tholouſe*'s Squadron was, if an Eye-witneſs thereof, now at the Door, may be believed.

My Lords, Let our Victories be what they will aſhore, while *France* is thus powerful at

Sea,

Sea, and more ſo daily, not only by his new Additions, but by our too eaſie Conceſſions, as were thoſe of St. *Chriſtophers*, *Newfoundland* and *Hudſon*'s Bay; while our Trade is thus neglected, and your Lordſhips faithful and provident Advice baffled, by the dark Counſels of no Body knows who, *England*, in my Opinion, can never be ſafe.

Another thing, that I ſhall take notice of, is the preſent State of the Coin; and I dare venture to ſay, that if ſuch vaſt Exportation be much longer continued and allowed, we ſhall have very little left at home; *France* may be beaten, but *England* muſt be beggar'd. I know we are not ſo ſenſible of this, becauſe there is a Paper Money now currant; but, ſhould there ever happen to be a ſtop there, I pray God preſerve us from ſinking all at once.

The laſt Thing that I ſhall mention to your Lordſhips, is with Relation to *Scotland*: I think I need but lay before your Lordſhips the true Matter of Fact to convince you how much it deſerves your Conſideration. A little before the ſitting down of the Parliament there, it was thought neceſſary to make ſome Alteration in that Miniſtry, and accordingly ſome were diſplaced to make room for others, taking ſome from each Party, who might influence the reſt: Things being thus prepared, and a motly Miniſtry ſet up, the Parliament met about the 6th of *July* laſt; and tho' the Suceſſion to the Crown in the Proteſtant Line, was the

main thing recommended with the greateſt Earneſtneſs by the Queen in her Letter to them, yet was it ſo poſtpon'd and baffled, that at length it came to nothing, partly becauſe the Miniſtry was ſo weak and divided, that inſtead of doing every Thing, they could do Nothing; and partly from a received Opinion, that the Succeſſion it ſelf was never Sincerely and cordially intended, either by the Miniſtry there, or by thoſe that managed the *Scotch* Affairs here.

This is evident for; at the very opening of the Seſſion, my Lord Secretary himſelf, diſtinguiſhes between a ſecret and revealed Will. And not only, but upon the fourth Sederunt, (as they call it) a Motion was made for a Bill of Excluſion; I take it formerly to be ſo, tho' it bears the Title of an Act of Security, which was read the firſt time on the ſeventh, and ordered to lye on the Table till they heard from *England*; and on the tenth it paſt into a Law. Now can any reaſonable Man believe, that thoſe who promoted a Bill of Excluſion there, or thoſe who here adviſed the paſſing of it, could ever be really and cordially for the Engliſh Succeſſion? I know there is an Exception in the Act it ſelf, but 'tis ſuch an one as might have full as well been left out; for he that asks what he knows before will never be granted, asks the Denial: And yet this is not all, but in this very Bill of Excluſion, as I call it, all the Heritors and Boroughs are not only allowed,

lowed, but ordained (as the Word is) to be armed, and to exerciſe their ſenceable Men once every Month.

This being the Fact, (and I think I have ſtated it very truly) ſurely my Lords, it is what deſerves your Conſideration, and I ſhall make but one or two Obſervations to your Lordſhips. There are two Matters of all Troubles, much Diſcontent, and great Poverty and who ever will now look into *Scotland* will find them both in that Kingdom. 'Tis certain the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland* are as learned and as brave as any Nation in *Europe* can boaſt of; and theſe are generally diſcontented: And, as to the common People, they are very numerous, and very ſtout, but very poor: And who is that Man who can anſwer what ſuch a Multitude, ſo arm'd, ſo diſciplin'd, with ſuch Leaders, may do, eſpecially ſince Opportunities do ſo much alter Men from themſelves? And there will never be wanting all the Promiſes, and all the Aſſiſtance, *France* can give.

Beſides this, my Lords, I take it to be of the laſt Danger to *England*, that there ſhould be the leaſt Shadow or Pretence of a Neceſſity to keep up regular and ſtanding Troops in this Kingdom in Time of Peace; for I ſhall always be of the ſame Opinion, That what has been, may be.

In ſhort, my Lords, I think every Man wiſhes theſe Things had not been; and in my Opi-

nion, there is no Man but muſt ſay they ſhould not have been. I ſhall end with an Advice Advice of my Lord *Bacon's*, *Let Men*, ſays he, *beware how they neglect or ſuffer Matter of Troubles to be prepared, for no Man can forbid the Spark that may ſet all on fire.*

If any thing I have ſaid deſerves it, your Lordſhips will take it into your Conſideration; if not, I'm ſure I ought to ask a thouſand Pardons for ſo long Abuſe of your Patience.

The Lord Haverſham's *SPEECH in the Houſe of Peers*; Nov. 15. 1705. *On the March of our Army to the* Moſelle; *The Buſineſs of* Overiſch; *On our Trade*; *and for inviting over the Preſumptive Heir of the Crown to reſide among us.*

My Lords,

IT may perhaps be expected, ſince I mov'd you about the State of the Nation, that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat to you upon this Occaſion; And tho' I never laboured under

der more Difficulties than I do at preſent, yet being conſcious to my ſelf of a Heart as full of Loyalty and Duty to Her Majeſty, and Zeal for Her Service, as is poſſible for any Subject to have; and knowing that the beſt Way of preſerving Liberty of Speech in Parliament, is to make uſe of it, I will mention three or four general Heads to your Lordſhips, and ſpeak to them with a great deal of Freedom and Plainneſs.

The firſt Thing I ſhall ſpeak to, is the preſent confederate War, in which we are engaged: And becauſe the beſt Way of judging what we may reaſonably expect for the future, is to conſider the Actions that are paſs'd, give me leave a little to tell your Lordſhips of the Operations of the laſt Campaign: I ſhall not ſay much of our forcing the French Lines, and our beating the French Troops afterwards, (tho' that was a very great and brave Action) but becauſe there was ſuch a Mixture of Victory and Misfortune; and that this is ſuch a chequer'd Piece, I purpoſely forbear taking further Notice of it.

But there are two other Actions, which I think take in your whole Campaign, the March of our Army to the *Moſelle*, and the Buſineſs of *Overiſch*: In both which, give me leave to ſay, (not to give it a harder Term) I think we were not uſed as we might have reaſonably expected. Our General, with a great deal of Conduct, cover'd Prince *Lewis*

of

of *Baden*'s Army; nor can it be doubted he might eaſily have joined us if he had pleas'd, without the leaſt Danger from the *French*; which if he had done, by the beſt Account I could ever get, (and I think I have a very true one) we had been at leaſt five and twenty Thouſand ſtronger than the *French* there; but being diſappointed of being joined by Prince *Lewis*, and of the Aſſiſtance we expected from him, that great Deſign proved abortive.

The next was the Buſineſs of *Overiſch* where by the Conduct of my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*, we had a fair Opportunity of putting an End to the War at once; The Dutch held our Hand, and would not let us give the deciding Blow.

Thus ended your Campaign, tho' it began with more promiſing Hopes of Succeſs than this next I believe will: You had then an Enemy to deal with, whoſe Counſels were diſtracted, whoſe Troops were broke, and the Courage of his Army ſunk.

From all this give me leave to conclude, That it is neither Men nor Money, Courage, nor Conduct, that are the only Things neceſſary to carry on a ſucceſsful confederate War.

Thoſe who cammand your Army are Men of that Bravery, and every common Soldier hath ſo much Courage, that no equal Number of Men in the World, I think, can ſtand before them; but let our Suplies be never ſo

full

full and ſpeedy, let our Management be never ſo great and frugal, yet if it be our Misfortune to have Allies that are as ſlow and backward, as we are zealous and forward, that hold our Hands, and ſuffer us not to take any Opportunity that offers, that are coming into the Field when we are going into Winter-Quarters, I cannot ſee what it is we are reaſonably to expect,

The next thing I ſhall take the Liberty to ſpeak of, is the Point of Trade: Every one ſees our Merchants go off daily, and how low the Trade of this Nation at preſent is. I know, my Lords, there is a Word we are very fond of, which we call the Balance of Power, but the Dutch, who are a very wiſe People, have a double View, and take as much care of the Balance of Trade, as they do of the Balance of Power; and are as fearful of our Power at Sea, as the Power of *France* by Land. My Lords, the beſt Knowledge of Things is by their Cauſes; 'tis Trade begets Wealth, as Wealth begets Power; and it ſeems very hard for *England*, that while the Dutch live at Peace under the Protection of our Arms, we if we will have any part of Trade with them, muſt have it under the Protection of their Paſſes: But it will be much harder, if after their having the Advantage of a trading War, we ſhould make a Tradeleſs Peace.

I know,

I know, my Lords, the Dutch generally complain they are very poor; but give me leave to ſay, I cannot ſee how they have been out of Pocket one Shilling ſince this War, for for they have more by Remittances, and Money from *England*, than all the Money that goes out of their Country to *Portugal*, *Savoy*, and the *German Princes*.

There is one Thing more which I take to be of the greateſt Importance to us all, 'tis this I had chiefly in my Intention, and with which I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay.

But before I come to it, give me leave to take Notice of one Thing to your Lordſhips: My Lords, 'Tis the Happineſs of *England*, and that which ever did, and ever will keep the greateſt Miniſters in Awe, That by the Law and Cuſtom of Parliament, the meaneſt Member of either Houſe, has an undoubted Right to debate on any Subject, and to ſpeak his Thoughts with all Freedom, without being liable to be call'd in Queſtion by any Perſon whatever, till the Parliament it ſelf hath firſt taken notice of them. This is grounded on the greateſt Equity and Reaſon, becauſe that which concerns all, ſhould be debated by all: Nor is it poſſible for a Parliament to debate, or come to a clear Reſolution on any Queſtion, or to give any Advice to Her Majeſty, as they ought, without this Freedom. I have good Authority to juſtifie what I ſay; Sir *Robert Atkins* tells us in his Treatiſe of the Power

and

and Privilege of Parliaments, *fol.* 54. of the Caſe of one Sir *Thomas Haxey*, in the Time of King *Richard* II. who having deliever'd a Petition to the King, with which he was diſpleaſed, the King ſent to the Speaker, to know who it was that deliever'd that Petition: *By which* (ſays Sir *Robert*) *it is apparent the King cannot take notice of any thing done in Pariliament*, (he names the Houſe of Commons) *but as it is repreſented to him by the Houſe it ſelf.*

Having ſaid this, give me leave to read to your Lordſhips a Paragraph of Her Majeſty's Speech to Her laſt Parliament laſt Year: *My Lords and Gentlemen, We have, by the Bleſſing of God, a fair Proſpect of this great and deſirable End, if we do not diſappoint it by our own unreaſonable Humour and Animoſity, the fatal Effects of which we have ſo narrowly eſcaped in this Seſſion, that it ought to be a ſufficient Warning againſt any dangerous Experiments for the future.*

I ſhall not go about to ſhew the grammatical Conſtruction of theſe Words, but chuſe rather to ſay, That as we enjoy many Bleſſings under Her Majeſty's happy Government, ſo I hope we ſhall have this too, that Her Majeſty will never give ear to any ſecret and private Information, but as it comes to Her in a Parliamentary Way by the Houſes themſelves.

The laſt thing, my Lords, is that which I take to be of the greateſt Concernment to us all,

all, both Queen and People: I love always to ſpeak very plain, and ſhall do ſo in this Point.

My Lords, I think there can be nothing more for the Safety of the Queen, for the Preſervation of our Conſtitution, for the Security of the Church, and for the Advantage of Us all, than if the Preſumptive Heir to the Crown, according to the Act of Settlement in the Proteſtant Line, ſhould be here amongſt us; 'tis very plain, that nothing can be more for the Security of any Throne, than to have a Number of Succeſſors round about it, whoſe Intereſt is always to defend the Poſſeſſor from any Danger, and prevent any Attempt againſt him, and revenge any Injury done him. Is there any Man, my Lords, who doubts that if the Duke of *Glocester* had been now alive, Her Majeſty had not been more ſecure than ſhe is? We cannot think of that Misfortune without the greateſt Grief, but yet we are not to neglect our own Safety; and tho' a Succeſſor be not the Child of the Prince, yet is he the Child of the Queen and the People.

Beſides, my Lords, the Heats and Differences which are among us, make it very neceſſary that we ſhould have the Preſumptive Heir reſiding here: The Duty and Reſpect we pay Her Majeſty, and the Authority of the Law, can hardly keep us in Peace and Union amongſt our ſelves at preſent; what then

then may we not fear, when theſe Bonds ſhall ever happen to be broken?

And would it not be a great Advantage to the Church, for the Preſumptive Heir to be perſonally acquainted with the Reverend the Prelates? Nay, would it not be an Advantage to all *England*, that whenever the Succeſſor comes over he ſhould not bring a Flood of Foreigners along with him, to eat up and devour the Good of the Land?

I will ſay no more to your Lordſhips, but conclude with this Motion:

That an humble Addreſs be preſented to Her Majeſty by this Houſe, that Her Majeſty will be graciouſly pleaſed to invite the Preſumptive Heir to the Crown of *England*, according to the Acts of Parliament made for ſettling the Succeſſion of the Crown in the Proteſtant Line, into this Kingdom to reſide here.

The Lord Haverſham's *Speech*, Satur. Feb. 15. 1706-7. *For a Federal, and againſt an Incorporating Union.*

My Lords,

WHAT my noble Lord has mention'd to your Lordſhips, occaſions my ſtanding up; I find my ſelf under the ſame Difficulties; I have ſeveral Things to ſay to this matter

matter of the Union to your Lordſhips, and 'tis very indifferent to me when I offer them. I have a Right of ſpeaking my Thoughts, and entring my Proteſt too, to any thing I diſlike, and I ſhall certainly find ſome time to do ſo before this Matter can paſs into a Law. I am in your Lordſhips Judgment, whether you will allow me to ſpeak what I have to ſay now.

My Lords, With what Diſpoſition I come hither, I hope may be evidenc'd by the Motion I made your Lordſhips laſt year, for repealing certain Clauſes that were grievous to *Scotland*. I would do any thing that were for the Benefit and Good of both Nations.

Theſe Articles come to your Lordſhips with the greateſt Countenance of Authority, that I think it's poſſible any thing can come; your Commiſſioners have agreed to them; the Scots Parliament has, with ſome few Amendments, ratify'd them; and the Queen herſelf from the Throne approves of them; and yet you muſt give me leave to ſay, That Authority, tho' it be the ſtrongeſt Motive to incline the Will, is the weakeſt Argument in all the World to convince the underſtanding. 'Tis the Argument of the Church of *Rome* makes uſe of, for their ſuperſtitious Worſhip, were there are ten *Ave Maries*, to one *Paternoſter*; juſt as unreaſonable, as if ten times the Application and Addreſs were made to a She-

Favourite,

Favourite, as to the Perſon of the Soveraign, which is a kind of State-Idolatry.

I would not, my Lords, be miſunderſtood as if I were againſt a Union. A Fœderal Union, a Union of Intereſt; a Union in Succeſſion, is what I ſhall always be for. Nay, were it whether a People inhabiting the ſame Iſland, ſpeaking the ſame Language, and having the ſame Religion, ſhould be under one and the ſame Form of Policy and Government, I cannot ſee how any Man could be againſt it; but this is a Matter of a quite different Nature, it is, whether two Nations, independant in their Soveraignties, that have their diſtinct Laws and Intereſts, and, what I cannot forget, their different Forms of Worſhip, Church Government and Order, ſhall be united into one Kingdom.

A Union made up, in my Opinion, of ſo many miſmatch'd Pieces, of ſuch jarring incongruous Ingredients, that, ſhould it ever take effect, I fear it would carry the neceſſary Conſequence of a ſtanding Power and Force, to keep us from falling aſunder, and breaking in pieces every Moment: For, as my Lord *Bacon* well obſerves, (who I take to have been a very great Man, though ſometimes the Courtier got the better of the Philoſopher:) *A Unity*, ſays he, *that is piec'd up by a direct Admiſſion of Contraries in the Fundamental Points of it, is like the Toes of* Nebuchadnezzar's *Image, which were made of Iron and*,

Clay, they may cleave together but can never incorporate.

Another Reaſon why I am againſt an incorporating Union, is for the ſake of the good old Engliſh Conſtitution, juſtly allow'd to be the moſt equal and beſt poiz'd Government in all the World: the peculiar Excellency of which lies in that well-proportion'd Diſtribu- of Powers, whereby the Greatneſs of the Monarch, and the Safty of the People, are at once provided for; and it is a Maxim in all all Policy, That the ſureſt Way to preſerve any Government, is by a ſtrict Adherence to its Principles: So that whilſt this Balance of Powers is kept equal, the Conſtitution is ſafe; but who can what Alteration ſo great a Weight, as ſixty one Scots Members, and thoſe too return'd by a Scots Privy-Council, when thrown into the Blance may make?

Beſides, my Lords, I muſt own I am apapprehenſive of the Precedent, and know not how far it may be carried hereafter, or what Alteration future Parliaments may think fit to make; it is evident, by the two and twentieth Article, that above a hundred Scots Peers, and as many Commoners, are excluded from ſitting and voting in the *Britiſh* Parliament; who perhaps as little thought of being ſo a Year or two ago, as any of your Lordſhips do now; for they had as much Right by Inheritance of ſitting there, as any one Lord in this Houſe has of ſitting here; and

and that Right too as and as well ſtrongly fenced and ſecur'd to them by the fundamental Laws of their Kingdom, by Claim of Right and Act of Parliament, which made it Treaſon to make any Alteration in the Conſtitution of that Kingdom; and yet have they not loſt this Privilege? And what one Security has any Peer of *England*, by the Laws of this Land, to his Right and Privilege of Peerage, that thoſe Lords had not? My Lords, the Biſhops, have once been voted out of this Houſe by the Temporal Lords already, and who knows what Queſtion may come hereafter. I will venture my Life in Defence of the Church of *England*, and yet at the ſame time own my ſelf an occaſional Conformiſt. But if my Lords, the Biſhops, will weaken their own Cauſe ſo far as to give up the two great Points of Epiſcopal Ordination and Confirmation, if they will approve and ratifie the Act for ſecuring the Presbyterian Church-Government in *Scotland*, as the true Proteſtant Religion and Purity of Worſhip. they give up that which has been contended for between them and the Presbyterians theſe thirty Years; and which I will undertake to prove to my Lords the Biſhops, has been defended by the greateſt and learneded Men in the Church of *England*. I hope, when 'tis proper, my Lords will pleaſe to give ſome Light to one who deſires Inſtruction, that I may not ignorantly do any thing to their Prejudice in this Matter.

There is another Reaſon why I am againſt this Union, becauſe I cannot think it an intire Union; the exempted Articles, I mean the twentieth Article, whereby heritable Offices and Superiorities are reſerv'd. And alſo the one and twentieth; both which *Oliver*, by an Act of Sate, was ſo wiſe as to aboliſh. Eſpecially their Act for ſecuring their Presbyterian Church-Government, and general Aſſemblies, ſeem to me like thoſe little Clouds in a warm calm Summers Day, that are generally the Seeds and Attractives of approaching Tempeſts and Thunder. I the rather take notice of theſe becauſe tho' the Articles of Union are ratified by the Scotch Parliament, yet the Bulk and Body of that Nation ſeem to be againſt them. Have not the Murmurs of the People there been ſo loud as to fill the whole Nation? and ſo bold too, as to reach to the Doors of the Parliament? Has not the Parliament it ſelf thought fit to ſuſpend their beloved Clauſe in their Act of Security, for arming their People during the Seſſion? Nay, has not the Government, by Advice of Parliament, ſet out a Proclamation, which I have here in my Hand, pardoning all Slaughter, Bloodſhed, Maiming, *&c.* that is committed upon any who are found in any Tumults there, and diſcharging all Proſecution for the future? I do not mention this to find fault with any thing that is done in *Scotland*, but only to ſhow to your Lordſhips, that when

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such an unusual Proclamation as this is set out by Advice of Parliament, and cannot stay the Forms of a Law, when we know, that upon extraordinary Occasion, if it be but to grace a Complement, a Bill may be read three times in one Day: Sure, my Lords, it shews a very great Ferment that requires so very speedy an Application. After all, Has not what we desire. I mean their being upon the same foot of Succession with us, been offer'd without this Union? In short, my Lords, I think an incorporating Union one of the most dangerous Experiments to both Nations, in which, if we happen to be mistaken, however, we may think of curing things hereafter, the Error is irretrievable.

My Lords, This is the last time that I believe I shall ever trouble your Lordships in an English Parliament, give me leave therefore to say but one Word.

In King *Charles* the First's Time, the Caveliers were the Persons that ventured their Lives, and lost their Estates to serve him. And in King *Charles* the II's Time, they were forgot, and left starving. At the Restoration, the Presbyterians were as zealous for that as any Man whatever, and none were more persecuted all his Reign. Towards the latter end of that Reign, the Bishops threw out the Bill of Exclusion, and King *James* put them into the Tower. At the Revolution the *Londonderry*-Men, *&c*, were the Persons that

made the firſt and noble Stop to King *James* in *Ireland*; and I my ſelf have fed ſome of them at my own Table, when they were ſtarving, with the greateſt Commendations and Promiſes in their Pockets; which I have ſeen under King *William*'s own Hand. In the laſt Reign, every Body knows who they were that made their moſt conſtant Court at St. *James*'s, and we ſee what Favour they are in at preſent.

Now there is a great deal of Zeal for this Union, I wiſh from my Soul, that the Advantages may attend it of Tranquility and Security, Power, Peace and Plenty, as is intended by it; but yet it is poſſible Men may be miſtaken, I won't ſay they will ever repent of it; but I will take leave to ſay what I have formerly ſaid in this Place, *That what has been, may be.*

A Speech for the Bill againſt Occaſional Conformity. By Sir John P——, *Bart.*

Mr. *Speaker*,

HER Majeſty has been pleas'd in all Her Speeches, to give us ſo many Aſſurances of ſupporting the Church of *England* as by Law eſtabliſh'd; and alſo ſuch Inſtances of being punctual to Her Promiſe in this particular, that I think ſhe very juſtly deſerves the Title of *Defender of the Faith.* Her Deſire to ſee this Bill ſucceed the laſt Seſſions of Parliament, was ſufficiently ſhewn by the Prince of

Denmark's

Denmark's conſtant Attendance upon it; and I believe the Reaſon why ſome Perſons opps'd it, was becauſe the Queen ſeem'd to eſpouſe it.

But pray, Gentlemen, let us conſider, how this Bill came to be loſt? Why two or three noble Lords were by Turns to be abſent? The Miſcarriage of the Bill was imputed to their Want of Attendance; whenat the ſame time they were deſired to be out of the Way. And is it not a Shame, that we, who have given fourſcore Millions of Money for the Preſervation of the Proteſtant Religion, ſhould have trimming at laſt in a Bill to prevent Hypocriſie?

It was a Law among the *Athenians*, that when any Mutiny or Difference aroſe in the City of *Athens*, the Inhabitants ſhould take one ſide or other, or elſe they baniſh'd them the City; and truly, Sir, when Members of Parliament and Miniſters of State ſtand Neuter, in Matters that nearly concern the Intereſt of the Church of *England*, and have not Courage to own their Opinion, I think they very well deſerve to be turn'd out. Every Gentleman here is ſent up to give his Vote, and when he declines that, he can't be properly ſaid to ſerve the Place he repreſents. This I take to be the worſt ſort of Cowardice.

But, pray Sir, let us enquire into the Meaning of all this Trimming. Are we afraid to diſoblige a Party of Men, that againſt are the Church and Government? Whoſe Principle of Hatred and Malice to the Family of the *Stuarts* deſcends to them by Inheritance? Men, Sir, that offer'd open Violence to her Majeſty's Royal Grandfather; Men that have not only the Impudence at this time to juſtifie that Fact, but to turn the Day of his Murder into Ridicule, and keep a *Calves-Head Feaſt* in the *City*. And can we imagine that thoſe who are Enemies to Her Maje-

ſty's Perſon and Office, and that were for hindering her from coming to the Throne, would not be glad of any Opportunity to ſhove her out of it.

Are theſe the Men to be countenanc'd and encouraged? This, in plain Engliſh, makes me believe this Miniſtry has too great a Reſemblance of the laſt; that my Lord *S....d* is riſen from the Dead, and now become prime Miniſter of State.

And now I am upon this Subject, give me leave to tell ſome Gentlemen here, who have been bellowing and roaring againſt Perſons for taking Places in the late Reign, that it is a Reflection upon them to hold and continue their Places, in the Company of thoſe that they have been exclaiming againſt.

They may remember, if they pleaſe to recollect, the Language of the late Reign ..... *Sir, you muſt turn this Gentleman out, or elſe I can't ſerve you* ..... And if any Gentleman was in the Intereſt of the Church of *England*, 'twas a ſufficient Exception againſt his being employ'd. No Gentleman of that Principle was then thought fit to be a Deputy-Lieutenant, or a Juſtice of the Peace. If we would take the ſame Reſolution, and the ſame Spirit, things might be better managed than they are.

I did wonder to hear ſo many B....s againſt this Bill, but that Wonder ceas'd, when I conſidered whom they ow'd their Preferment to. The A. B..p of *C...y*, I think was promoted to that See by my Lord *S...d*'s Intereſt; and being ask'd what Reaſon he had againſt this Bill, replied, he had not well conſidered the Bill, but that my Lord *S---rs* told him it ought not to paſs. ----- This was a very weighty Reaſon for the Head of our C...h to give; and yet I dare ſay, none of the reſt of them could give a better. One would be provok'd by the late Behaviour of the B.....s, to move for leave to bring

bring in a bill for the Toleration of Ep... cy; for, since they are of the same Principles with the Dissenters, it is but just, I think, that they should stand on the same Foot.

Now, Sir, give me leave to answer some Objections made against this Bill. The first is, That it's unseasonable at this time. Why unseasonable? Is it not as seasonable for us to pass a Law for the further Defence of the Church of *England* here, as it was for *Scotland* to pass an Act last Session for the Security of their Kirk there? Why unseasonable? Does the Success of our Arms abroad, or the levying Money at home depend upon it? No Gentleman can say that either of them do; and since there can be no Objection made against the Goodness of the Bill, why should we defer the putting it in Execution?

Another Argument against this Bill is, That it will create Division. Are we to allow a Schism to avoid Division? The Dissenters hold it lawful to communicate sometimes, and if so, why unlawful to communicate at other times? But, Oh! the Fear of offending Dissenters, is to be urg'd as an Argument. and not provoking the Church of *England*: Either the Ministry must think we are so good natur'd, as not to be displeas'd at any thing they do, or else that our Number is so inconsiderable, that they do not value it if we are displeased.

Another Argument against this Bill proceeds from the Number and Strength of the Dissenters. This I take to be an excellent Argument for the Bill, for if they are so strong and numerou, it is high time for us to guard our selves against them; and I appeal to every Gentleman here, whether one Dissenter in Place, is not capable of doing more Mischief to the Church of *England*, than ten out of it. Suppose, Mr. *Speaker*, the Dissenters had the Pow-

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er in their Hands (as they will certainly in a ſhort time, if not reſtrain'd) would they admit the Church of *England* into Places of Truſt, and into the Legiſlature upon Occaſional Conformity?

Her Majeſty has been ſo generous as to offer what further Security they think fit for the Religion in *Scotland* how comes it, that ſome Gentlemen ſhould repreſent her Majeſty ſo much concern'd to preſerve a Religion ſhe is not of, and ſo unwilling to grant a Security for the Church in which She expects to be ſaved? According to this Method, one might expect the Scotch Covenant to be brought again into *England*, and that the Presbyterian Party of that Kingdom, ſhould remonſtrate (as they did to Her Royal Grandfather) the Neceſſity of having one Religion, and one Worſhip in both Kingdoms.

We have been under great Expences in keeping theſe Gentlemen out, and have been traduced as Perſons deſigning a French Government; and all the Return we are like to have for our Services and Sufferings, in our Purſes and Reputations, is, that theſe Perſons are like at laſt to become our Maſters, which is a very great Diſcouragement.

Mr *Speaker*, I take this Practice of Occaſional Conformity, to elude the Force of one of the beſt Laws made in the Church of *England*'s Defence, that it is ſcandalous and knaviſh in it ſelf, and I will pretend to foretel this, that by the Benefit of this Occaſional Conformity, the Diſſenters will come to be the Majority of this Houſe, and then I'll venture to pronounce the Days of the Church of *England* few. I may not ſee ſuch diſmal Effects of our pretended Moderation, I heartily wiſh Succeſs to this Bill.

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The End of the Second Volume.